MISCELLANY POEMS:

AS

SATYRS, EPISTLES, LOVE-VERSES, SONGS, SONNETS, &c.

BY

W. WYCHERLEY, Esq;

——— *Et precor integra*
Cum mente, nec turpem Senectam
Degere, nec Cithara carentem. Hor. lib. 1. Ode 31.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jeffery Wale*, at the *Angel* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1706.

MISCELLANY
POEMS:
A

SATYRS, EPISTLES,
LOVE-VERSES, SONGS,
SONNETS, &c.

BY

W. WYCHERLEY, Esq;

LONDON:
Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the Lower
Grand-Walk of the New Exchange. 1704.

THE PREFACE TO MY *CRITICKS ante manum*,

Who were my *Criticks*, before they were my *Readers*.

TO you (I say) you Anti-Wits, I direct my Discourse; who, like Gamesters *ante manum*, venture your little Stocks of Wit, or Credit, in *Parnassus*, but to deprive others of theirs, tho' you have no other sort of Wit, but what you first borrow or purloin, from the Bold Pushers for Fame, the Scriblers, your Adventurous Benefactors; whom you, like Rooks at Play, (when you have gotten all you can by 'em) attack, and push with their own Coin, and Stores of Sense; so, like the other Rooks, live on the Destruction of your best Friends, and Main-

tainers of your Credit: Thus, you Judges of Wit, as Judges of the Law, ſupport the Reputation, and Juſtice of your Judgment and Equity, by the Severity of your Humour, rather than the Juſtice of your Senſe; by your Partiality to your own Judgment, rather than your Juſtice to that of Others; by your condemning your own Faults in other Men; ſo, by your own Weakneſs or Frailties, become Cenſurers and Judges of theirs: Thus you, the Damn'd Authors, or Criticks above, like the Damn'd below, are the greateſt Perſecutors of your Guilty Brethren, the Scribling Wits; for generally they are the moſt Faulty, Damn'd Scriblers, who are the ſevereſt Judges of other Mens Faults or Offences; ſo Thieves in Poetry, as other Thieves, have their moſt guilty, faulty Brethren, to be their Accuſers, and Informers of their Crimes, nay, Perſecutors and Executioners of them, who ſave themſelves from Condemnation by bearing Witneſs againſt 'em; Thus you, Damn'd, Damning Wits! call'd Criticks, damn others to juſtifie your ſelves, which is the Reaſon you have condemn'd me before-hand; and, like the Midnight Judicature, (or the *Poſſe* of the Street) down with a Man firſt, and examine

him

him afterwards; who live, O you Mobb of *Parnassus!* upon Gutting a Book, as the others upon Gutting a House (if a Writer or Author may be said to have Guts in his Brains); so you have condemn'd me before you have read me, or heard me; but for your being conscious (like other Mobbs) of your own Want of Brains, will not allow of any Sound ones, in any other Head whatever; Wherefore, Damn'd, Damning Readers! Criticks! or Anti-Wits! I (well-knowing from Experience, the Severity of your Malice) will anticipate it by my own Self-Condemnation; and, since Detraction is your Pleasure, I will deprive you of it, by owning more Faults, or Follies than you can lay to my charge: First then, (that you may not say it) I will say, and own, That he who is too much a Poet, or Author, is too little a Wit; that there is no greater Sign of a Little Wit, than a Great Book, and a Man may Rhime, till he has no Reason for it; wherefore, (as malicious as you are) I hope you think not so ill of my little Wit, or Judgment, as to judge them capable of falling into the Damn'd Scribler's last Folly, that of Vindicating my Book, or Writing, or that of endeavouring your

Converſion, (O Inflexible Criticks!) from your wonted Malice to Writers; eſpecially, ſince the Scribler's Vindication of his own Cenſur'd, Self-conceited Performances, gains even a tolerable, modeſt Man, of Senſe or Wit, the Attribute of the moſt harden'd, impudent Fool, and is rather a new Provocation to the Critick's Cenſure of his True Senſe, than a Juſtification of it, or an Excuſe for the Want of it; ſince Glory here, as hereafter, is obtain'd and preſerv'd by the Self-denying Man, and Self-accuſer, as loſt by the Preſumptious Pretender to Immortality; So, there cou'd be no greater Folly, in a Book, than its own Vindication of itſelf, eſpecially of a Great Book, whoſe Outſide condemns its Inſide before 'tis open'd; for, Great and Vaſt Bodies, or Volumes of Books, like Great and Vaſt Bodies of Men, have their Outſide-Bulks to diſcredit their Inſides; ſince Greatneſs of Body or Proportion, is every where judg'd a Mark of Littleneſs of Wit or Senſe, as a Great Houſe is often thought and found emptieſt, and worſt furniſh'd, or a Great Garden worſt cultivated; thus 'tis with Books, as Women, when a large or diſproportion'd Bulk is ſeen, 'tis odds, but Crookedneſs, or

ſome

ſome inward, hidden Defects, are the Cauſe of it; ſo, the Senſe of a Book, ſtuff'd out to an unuſual Magnitude, will be Cenſur'd to be Bombaſt, for or by ſome hidden Inſufficiency of Nature within; for 'tis with Books, as with Women, who are generally bigger, with Falſe Conceptions than True Ones; and which, likewiſe give their Teeming Producers into the World, more Labour and Pain, as they are leſs True, and Live the leaſt while, as they are moſt Monſtrous in Size; ſo Shining, or Sparkling Wit, in too great a Proportion, or Volume of a Book, like the True Jewel's Greatneſs of Size or Proportion, often begets the World's Cenſure, of its Littleneſs in Value, nay, of its being True or Right; for True Wit, like a True Diamond, beſt appears, as it is leaſt drown'd, by its ſetting off.

But, let the Book be what it will, the Author's Juſtifications or Encomiums of it, like the Prating Trader's Commendations of his own Wares, (which he wou'd recommend to the World) rather give Cuſtomers Suſpicion of their real Value, than are Invitations to the taking them off of their Hands; But of all ſorts of Traders, for Fame, as thoſe for

Money,

Money, the Poet is leaſt allow'd to commend his own Works, or Wares, which other Tranſlators or Botchers, (Thieves, like the Poets) have Privilege to do: In ſhort then, there is nothing more ridiculous in any Man (who deals with the Publick) than to talk of his own Performances, or of Himſelf, much more to Write of Himſelf, ſince the Teſtimony of a Man's ſelf, for himſelf, is never taken by others, but to be againſt himſelf; for Self-Juſtification is our Cauſe's, Reaſon's, or Wit's Condemnation; and the more a Man Talks, or Writes of Himſelf, or endeavours to prove his Wit or Judgment more True, he demonſtrates them, the more Falſe or Impertinent; and inſtead of Vindicating his Good Senſe, or Fame, he but more Expoſes his Folly and Vantiy, more to his Guilt, or Shame; eſpecially, ſince, O Readers! as you are ſuch, you are Curious, and 'tis your Deſire of being inform'd of ſomething you know not, makes you Readers, for you ſeldom ſee a New Book, but you ſtreight are Inquiſitive after the Author, and perhaps wondering he became ſo Voluminous, if he deſign'd to paſs with you, O Criticks! for a Wit; which is indeed, no great Sign of one, or Reaſon for your thinking him one,

ſince

ſince you generally ſuſpect the Goodneſs of his Ware, of which the Publiſher is ſo Laviſh; but Poets, as they are Singers, like other Muſical Fops or Fidlers, force (uninvited) their Songs upon Men, and never care how much they give you for your Money, by which, the Poet, as he wou'd demonſtrate his Wit more, proves his Judgment leſs: But you muſt know, Poets as Soldiers, (who are both Vain Fame-Seekers, rather than Fortune-Seekers) are generally made Wits and Hero's by their Misfortunes, and the Poet, as the Soldier, moſt often lays about him, rather from the Uneaſineſs of his Condition or Life, than altogether for Vengeance or Fame; which makes neither of them give over their Trades, when once they have undertaken them, (tho' they ſtarve by 'em); and one good Reaſon for their Perſeverance, is, becauſe when once Men have been Adventurers for Fame, in Poetry or Arms, they ſcarce ever after are fit for any Civil, Thriving, or Uſeful Employment whatever, but live in Peace, as War, upon Thieving from others both their Senſe, Money and Fame; ſo, becauſe Fear'd, are never Belov'd, becauſe Vain Seekers of Fame, are the more Deſpis'd by the reſt of

Mankind, as they more Over-value themſelves; whence, 'tis Fortune has always Frown'd upon 'em, and the World Laugh'd at 'em; tho' by the Labours and Arts of theſe Adventurous Fame-Seekers, both the Safety and Honour of Nations, and their Rulers, have been Preſerv'd and Maintain'd; whilſt one's Buſineſs is to make Men Mortal, as the other's Immortal, (as they call it) in ſpight of Detractors, Satyrs or Criticks; Judges of Poetry and Wit, who live, like the Judges of the Laws, upon the Fools and Knaves, the Authors and Thieves of Wit, as Robbers of Men's Fame, whom they bring to Shame and Judgment for Faults they are all alike Guilty of, till by their falling out, right Owners reaſſume what does to them belong; and the firſt Impeacher frees himſelf from Shame by his Accuſation of his Brother-Thief, who will confeſs himſelf Guilty of Frailties, not to be Suſpected of Crimes; ſo Criticks, like Hypocrites, will own ſome ſmall Imperfections, to have a Pretence to the Virtue, Honeſty, and Sincerity of Self-Accuſers; to prove their Wits good, will own their bad Memories; to magnifie their Fancies, will leſſen their Judgments; to commend their Judgments, will own their Flegm, or Slowneſs

of

of Thought, and call that their Mature Conſideration, which was their Crude Stupidity; So the Vain Wits, like all Conceited Talkers of themſelves, divulge their Petty Faults, not to be thought to conceal greater: Therefore, O Damn'd, Damning Reader! or Critick! if thou wou't but confeſs, thou art a Malicious, Envious, Captious Coxcomb, I will confeſs my ſelf a Vain One; if thou wou't but own thy Want of Wit to Write, I will my Want of Judgment for Writing too much; if thou wou't own thy Judgment to be Falſe to prove it True, I will own my Senſe to be Wrong, to think that thine cou'd do it Right; or cou'd expect that thou (who doſt gain thy Reputation by taking it from other Men) ſhou'dſt give me any from thy Selfiſh-ſelf; but, if thou wou'dſt once ſhow thy Ingenuity, and own thou doſt but aim at Praiſe, or Fame, by thy Detraction from Others, I will own my Flattery of thy Judgment is but *Irony*; if thou wou't own, thou haſt more Satisfaction in being diſpleas'd with other Men's Writings, than pleas'd, I will own my Vanity and Folly, in endeavouring to pleaſe you and yours, with my Little Senſe; which yet it ſhould do more, as it proves yours more, ſince the Deficience

of mine is the Juſtification of yours, which gives you your greateſt Satisfaction, Contempt for others, to the magnifying your ſelf: Then, if you ſhou'd ſay, (in Proof of your Judgment) you wonder I come to Write ſo ill; in return, I ſhall wonder you come to Judge ſo well: If in thy Opinion, what I Write cannot well entertain the Ill-natur'd World with much True Wit of my own, I ſhall at leaſt, with thy Cenſure, or Satyr, upon what I have written, which muſt pleaſe the Brutiſh, Captious World more, ſince it always lov'd Falſe, Dull Scandal, more than True Senſe or Wit: Thus, an Ill Poet obliges the Ill-natur'd World better than a Good One, ſince the Carping Readers, who are made Good Criticks by Bad Authors, wou'd take it ill of a Good Author to be well Pleas'd; Then, if an Ill Poet cannot be Witty on others, he can make (at leaſt) others ſo on him, which is the ſame thing for the Entertainment of the Ill-natur'd World; nay, rather a better Thing for them, whoſe Pleaſure, as Honour, is their finding Fault with others; nay, have the moſt Honour and Satisfaction, as they can find moſt Fault with Men of moſt Wit: Then an Author's Vindication

of

of his Senſe, is his Critick's Provocation, to their Arraigning and Condemning both him and it more; So he, who Vindicates his own Writings, does not only forbid others doing it, but provokes their Calumny and Cenſure, nay, deſerves them; as he, who laughs at his own Jeſts, prevents others from doing it, nay, gains Contempt inſtead of Applauſe; So that Vanity loſes its End, Reputation, or Fame, by ſeeking them; and a Sturdy Beggar of Fame, forfeits that which otherways wou'd be his Due, if it were not his Claim, ſince Modeſty is the beſt Proof and Aid of True Wit, as Humility is the beſt Sign of True Merit, as the beſt Pretence to Popularity, Honour, and Publick Fame: But why ſhou'd Modeſt, Rare, and Friendleſs Wit, expect Friends in the World, where Fools are the greateſt Party? And the Proud, Politick, or Great, are moſt ſhie of Wit, ſince it is commonly too Familiar with its Betters, and is the greateſt Spy in, and upon Courts, where Proud, Guilty Men, wou'd leaſt be known what moſt of 'em (in truth) are; where they, whoſe Crimes are their State-Secrets, hate Wits, becauſe they are Diſcoverers; where the Proud and Ambitious think,

they never have enough of Wealth or Honour; but no Man, at leaſt, ever doubts that he has not enough of Wit: The Merry Fool, Droll, or Buffoon, thinks he has it, becauſe he ſuppoſes Men laugh at his no Jeſt, when it is at him, who is one; ſo he has (at leaſt) the Wit not to take the Contempt of others to himſelf, which wou'd ſpoil his Good Humour, that depends but on his Self-conceitedneſs, which is the real Happineſs of Mankind; for Man is not Happier as others think better of him, but as he does ſo of himſelf, for his Folly, Vanity, and Want of Knowledge of himſelf; ſo is the better Wit, as he leſs Underſtands himſelf, the Reaſon why he thinks better of himſelf; whilſt t'other Nice, Captious Wit, is ſtill but leſs pleas'd with himſelf, as his Wit is more; who, for being more hard to be Pleas'd, Diſpleaſes and Diſeaſes himſelf, to Pleaſe and Humour others more, who are moſt ſatisfy'd in being leaſt Pleas'd with others, and laugh at them, for the Pains they take, to Pleaſe them againſt their Wills; tho' the Scribler's Vanity makes him think, they laugh not in Contempt, but rather to the Applauſe of him, for what he Says, Writes,

or does; ſo turns his Falſe Wit, or Senſe, to True Prudence, by his Vanity: But, True Wit, in the Wiſe of the World, is as hard to be found as True Faith, from the Multiplicity and Variety of its Profeſſors, which every Man has a different Notion of, according to his Education, or particular Humour, Fancy, Inclination, or Complexion: The Melancholy Man, thinks Reſerv'dneſs, or Silence, Wit, or (at leaſt) Judgment; the Jovial or Converſable Man, thinks much Prating Noiſe, and Laughter to be Wit; the Confident, Open Courtier, thinks Lying Invention, and much Babling much Wit; the Cautious, Cloſe Politician, thinks his Silence the Proof of his Senſe; the Airy Court-Wit, believes his Wit is ſhown beſt, by the Quickneſs of his Apprehenſion or Reply, which proves but the Immaturity of his Judgment; the Heavy, or Dull Talker, judges his Wit or Senſe, to lie in his Slowneſs of Thought or Speech, which others think Stupidity, but he calls Deliberation and Judgment: In fine, Wit in the City is Craft, where they call Couſ'ning, Cheating, or Betraying a Man, Out-witting him; amongſt Lawyers, Wit is Having the Laſt Word in any Diſpute, Right

or

or Wrong; ſo with them, 'tis Impudence and Lying, which are the Supports of their Reputation; amongſt Little Courtiers, 'tis call'd Addreſs, which is Fraud and Flattery; amongſt Men of Honour, and the Great, 'tis Policy, which is Treachery, and Villany, amongſt the Poor, and Little Men; Old Men think Senſe, or Knowledge, the Effects of Years and Experience, the Young believe it to be Novelty of Thought, and to proceed rather from ſprightly forward Nature than tardy Deliberation, tedious Art, Obſervation or Experience; from Levity of Fancy, rather than Weight of Judgment; from its own Conceitedneſs, rather than the Opinion of others; not what Wiſe Men thought, or ſaid before, but that which was never thought or ſaid by any before; ſo that Wit in the flaſhy, fantaſtical Young Man, is Fancy, which is no more True Wit, than the Old Man's Cunning or Craft, True Judgment or Prudence; Fear is often call'd Wit, by the Name of Caution; Boldneſs, or Impudence, is often term'd Wit by the Name of Aſſurance; ſometimes Wit is thought Wit, becauſe it ſcorns Imitation; another time 'tis Wit, becauſe it is nothing elſe but Imitation,

Imitation, that is, Mimickry, and makes a Man to Play the Fool to be thought a Wit, (which is no more than all ſorts of Wits do); tho' a Droll (in truth) is no more a Wit than a Jack-pudding is an Actor, who, like the Fool, Plays upon the Low Rope, (for the Diverſion of the People) but to ſet off him who Plays his more Dangerous Part on the High One; ſome are Wits, not from their Good Senſe, but Ill Nature, who call themſelves Criticks, or Satyrs, but indeed are no otherways Satyrs, than half Men, half Brutes; but, becauſe they have the Vanity of Men, and the Brutality of Beaſts, wou'd Pleaſe ſome by Offending all Mankind; ſuch is the Inhumane Critick, who thinks he makes his Fame Immortal, by Murthering in Cold Blood that of others; by which, he leſs ſhows his Spirit, or Vigour of Mind, than his Conſcious Fear of the Bold, Satyrical Writer; which makes him firſt fall Foul upon him, out of his Apprehenſion of t'other's falling firſt on Him, and his Fame, as the Conſcious Strumpet cries *Whore* firſt: In ſhort, The Wits or Geniuſes of Men, differ as much as their Faces, or Opinions; ſome Wits are Great Talkers and no

Thinkers, as others are Thinkers and no Reaſoners; ſome, for too much Thought, are leſs Intelligible; others, from too much Talk, or Scribling, are leſs Converſable, or leſs Read, or Heard, as more Voluminous in Writing, or Diſcourſe; ſome are more Tedious for their Unintelligible Brevity, or Quickneſs of Speech; others leſs Comprehenſive, for their Multiplicity of Words, and Deliberation in Thought, or Speech; ſome Talk ſo little, that their Meaning can but be known by their Gaping; others Talk ſo much, that their Meaning ſeems leſs, or none, by their Gaping; ſo are but leſs Intelligible for their much Speaking, and perhaps are cry'd up by the Ignorant, not for their Underſtanding much, but for being little Underſtood; others, by their Want of Speech, prove their Judgment, and make their Silence, or Little Talk, their beſt and greateſt Arguments, of their good and much Senſe; for many Men, from their Silence and Modeſty, are eſteem'd Wits, more for concealing the Defects of their Underſtandings, and their Blind Sides, by their Silence, than by endeavouring to demonſtrate their Senſe more, by their Talking too much; for Conceited Fools,

or

or Half-Wits, by much Talking, give Proof of their Little Senſe, or Want of it, which (perhaps) might remain in Doubt, (at leaſt, with thoſe who are not their Acquaintance) by their Silence; So moſt Men Talk, or Write away their Senſe, Judgment, and Reputations, by endeavouring to prove and maintain them more; ſince Good Senſe, or Judgment, (they who have them, know) are as ſeldom found by, or with an abundance of Scribling, ſuperfluous Babling, or plenty of Words, as true Generoſity with plenty of Wealth, or much Courage, and Honour, with much Boaſting, or Pride; and Men's Tongues, or Pens, (as Swords) drawn too often in Publick, in Defence of their Underſtandings, or Fame, moſt expoſe 'em to Cenſure and Diſgrace, nay, cauſe them to be Worſted by that which they deſign'd their Reputation's, or their Underſtanding's Defence; for ſome Men have been thought Wits, till they us'd their Tongues, or Pens, in Defence of their Wit, as Bullies have been thought Stout, till provok'd to uſe their Tongues more than their Swords, in Defence and Proof of their Honour; ſo that they, who are moſt Capable, tho' moſt Slow or Negligent, to break

a Jeſt,

a Jeſt, like thoſe who are moſt Slow to Anger, or to Break a Head, ſeldom Talk much, or Reply to much Talking, till they are forc'd by Strength of Argument, as t'other by Strength of Arm, to knock their Oppoſer, or Aggreſſor, down, to Stun or Silence him: Fluency of Words, like that of Waters, makes often Current Senſe, flow the faſter on, to its Diminution, or End, to the Diſcovery of its Shallowneſs by its Precipitation, and loſes its ſelf in an Ocean of Words, as the River in the Ocean of Waters; ſo, from Gliding, Smooth Eloquence, becomes boiſterous, turgid, ſuperfluous Tautology of Senſe, as well as Words; Water flows, but Honey drops; and the moſt Spiritous Wine, is not that which is preſs'd by Weight, or Force, but voluntarily drops; The Words of True Wits are Slow, becauſe they ſtay to drag Weighty Judgment along with 'em, well knowing, if their Wit loſes its Guide, (their Reaſon) it may loſe its Way, and End; The Brain's Coſtiveneſs, in Converſation, is like the Body's, but ſhows, and proves more its Heat, and Strength of Nature, when a Flux of Words, like the Body's Flux, demonſtrates but the Weakneſs of the Parts they come from;

from; The Tardy, or Slow, to bring forth, are not Barren; but ſtay for Perfect Productions, whilſt the Haſty, or Precipitated, are often Abortive, Imperfect, or Monſtrous; the Brains, ſlow to bring Forth, are not Barren, no more than Heavy Soil's Unfruitful, but, for being a little too Hard-bound, or Cloſe, are at firſt uneaſily improv'd to Fruitfulneſs; but when once, by Induſtry, they are made Productive, bring Forth Pow'rfully and Plentifully, and preſerve themſelves longer from being Worn-out; whilſt the Light Brains, like the Light Sandy Soils, for receiving Impreſſions ſooneſt, ſooneſt loſe 'em; and as they are eaſieſt prepar'd, or fitted for Production, bring forth little to laſt long, and hardly any thing, without Help or Foreign Aſſiſtance, to their Improvement; ſo are ſoon Reduc'd, or Worn-out, to Barrenneſs; But of all ſorts of Wit, that which Men call Craft, or Cunning, is generally found amongſt the Weakeſt Animals of Men, as well as in the Weakeſt and moſt Inconſiderable of other Animals, which are yet held the moſt Miſchievous, Contemptible, and Ridiculous; as appears by Stotes, Pole-Cats, Foxes, and Monkies; whilſt Lions and Elephants, who

have moſt Courage, Sagacity, or Conduct, are heavieſt in Motion; but the quickeſt and nimbleſt of Underſtanding, and ſureſt in Thought or Action, as ſloweſt and moſt circumſpect; who, tho' they have more Power, to be more Head ſtrong, are more Flexible or Docil; and as all the moſt Thoughtleſs, Stupid, Brutal Animals, ſeem by Nature, deſign'd more for Preying on their Fellow-Creatures, than the Sagacious or Tractable; ſo are the Heavy, Laborious, Thick-Scull'd Brutes of Men, (who are leaſt fit for Thought, or Contemplation) deſign'd moſt for Drudgery, or Buſineſs in the World; (which is amongſt Men, as amongſt Beaſts) Preying on one another; and the Folly of the moſt Stupid Brutes, as that of the moſt Brutal Men, is diſtinguiſh'd, by their making more a Stir, or more Noiſe, than others of a more Noble, and Uſeful Kind; as the Monkey is more Active, than the Man, (his neareſt Likeneſs) as he is more Miſchievous and Ridiculous; who, like the Ambitious, Active, Riſing, Proud Man, is always Climbing, tho' the Higher he goes, the more he ſhows his Breech, to his Shame, and Hazard of Falling; ſo, the Humane Ape's Pride, and

Buſie,

Buſie, Impertinent Induſtry, expoſe him to more Danger, or Shame, as they are more, and the Higher he riſes by them; then the moſt Ridiculous of Brute-Men, as the moſt Ridiculous of Beaſts, or Birds, are more Loud and Noiſie, than the reſt of a more Noble Kind, as the Braying of the Aſs, is much Louder than the Neighing of the Horſe, and the Hollowing or Whooping of the Owl much Louder, than the Notes of the Nightingale, which we covet to hear, yet cannot do it but at a Diſtance, and with Difficulty; ſo is it amongſt Mankind, The Humane Aſſes, and Owls, who reſolving to hear none but themſelves, are always Louder, in Publick, as they leſs deſerve to be heard, or minded by others; Such is the Noiſie, Miſchievous Screech-Owl, the wou'd-be Wit, call'd the Critick, who, as he wou'd be liker a Nice, Captious Wit, or Man of True Senſe, is the more Noiſie, Impertinent Brute, or more Offenſive Animal, as the Chattering Monkey, for being likeſt a Man, is the moſt Impertinent, Miſchievous, and Ridiculous of Beaſts; ſo the Snapping, Chattering Critick, by his ſcurvy Reſemblance of a Man of True Wit, the Cenſurer of Mankind, wou'd eſtabliſh the

Reputation

Reputation of his Senſe, and the Dominion of his Judgment, over the reſt of Mankind, and Theirs; who expoſes his own Faults, and Follies in others, to hide them in himſelf, believing that his Detraction from another's Senſe becomes the Praiſe of his; who wou'd have you think, that finding a Fault is mending it, and his Diſcovery of another's Folly, is the Demonſtration of his Wit, or Good Senſe, whereas, it was rather a Proof of his Ill Nature, than of his Good Senſe, or Good Will, rather to Expoſe t'other's Ignorance than to Inform it; ſo is the greater Enemy, as ſeeming the greater Friend; and the more he is like a Captious Wit, is more a Perſecutor of thoſe, whom he wou'd Reſemble, as the Fox's worſt Foe, the Terrier, is likeſt him; Then the Critick is a Kind of Vermin-Wit, who invades and frequents the Receſſes, and Retirements of *Parnaſſus*, and the *Muſes*, only to deſtroy them, as Stotes, and Pole-Cats, live in, and amongſt Warrens, only to live by, and to the Deſtruction of thoſe, whom they are beholding to, for their Shelter, and Security, from Cruel Men, their Common Foes; ſo make their Benefactors Receſſes, Labours, and Securities of their Lives,

Lives, their Hiding-holes, or Retirements, the Ambuſcades of their Treachery, to the Ruine, or Diſturbance of their Friends they live by, or upon; Thus Ill Natur'd, Lazy Brutes, who call themſelves Satyrs, or Criticks, (the Vermin, I ſay, of *Parnaſſus*) Aſſociate with Men of Senſe, not out of Friendſhip, but Malice to them, call themſelves Judges of Mens Senſe, and Reputation, when they are but Lazy Murtherers of them; and by the Appearance or Pretence of Friendſhip, are the ſevereſt Enemies; and the Critick, who is a Quarrelſome, Cenſorious, Bully Wit, endeavours to get, and ſupport his Reputation, by taking it away from others, as the Barbarous *Indian* thinks, he ſhall enjoy the Parts and Fame of thoſe, whom he deſtroys in Fight; and generally, they who have leaſt Wit, have moſt Malice; So the Ill-humour'd, Croſs-grain'd Cenſurer, is more Ill-natur'd, as more Imperfect in Mind, as the Crooked, Lame, Deficient, or Deform'd in Body, are the greateſt Satyrs, and Scoffers at other Mens Imperfections of the Body, as they have more of their own; Thus the Ridiculous Buffoon, whoſe own Deformity, or Folly, has made him a Jeſt,

is moſt Induſtrious (out of Envy) to bring down his Superiours in Senſe to his own Level; and, as he is moſt Ridiculous himſelf, is moſt a Derider or Contemner of others, whoſe Want of Reputation, makes him a Detractor from that of others; as the Aſs's Malice is moſt, for being the moſt Stupid of Beaſts, or the Mule's, for being liker the Aſs; ſo the Mongrel Wits, or Humane Aſs's Malice, is more, as his Senſe, or Credit in the World leſs; and the Mongrel-Wit, the Critick, will (thoſe, whom he cannot keep Pace with in Wit, equal, or at leaſt imitate) obſtruct, puſh down, or leſſen, to the Raiſing, or Magnifying himſelf, and will ruine their Credit to ſupport his own, whoſe Fear of them is the Cauſe of his Malice to them; as the Envy of their Good Reputation, the Cauſe of his Detraction from them: Then know, O you moſt True, ſince moſt Captious Wits! becauſe you have the Wit, to chuſe rather to be Judges than Criminals, rather Criticks than Writers; if you wou'd yet paſs for Great Wits, you ſhou'd meddle with your Matches in Wit, ſince the Weakneſs and Submiſſion of the Conquer'd, not prevailing upon the Conqueror's Mercy,

turns to his Shame; eſpecially, ſince the Honour you will get, by taking away my Little Reputation, will be as Little as the Credit I ſhou'd get by your Commendations, who moſt often commend, as accuſe in the Wrong Place; and are rather glad of an Occaſion of ſhowing your Wit, in the Detraction from that of others, than in your Approbation of them, to the leſſ'ning your own; Therefore, if you are True Wits, and never Write your ſelves, but to the Diſparagement of others, you ſhou'd be glad you have an Old Fop of an Author, to give you an Occaſion of Juſtifying your Senſe, by Railing at, and finding Fault with his; and, if you are Fools, and Write your ſelves, you ſhou'd be pleas'd, that you have gotten another Sharer with you, of the World's Scorn, or Malice; ſince you, Damn'd, Damning Wits above, like the Damn'd below, have a kind of Pleaſure, to ſee others in no better Condition than your ſelves, *Quia cupiunt Fortunâ, aut Ingenio, infelices, cæteros omnes, in pari ſecum gradu, videre,* D. Cart. ſince they, who cannot be Lower in Mens Eſteem, are for levelling all Above 'em, to their own Infamy; becauſe they cannot raiſe themſelves

to

to their Glory; *Sperantes illorum dignitatem, ſuæ tenuitati æquare, aut glorioſis inimicitiis inclareſcere, & per ruinam alienæ exiſtimationis, ad Famam graſſari.* In fine, Readers! or Criticks! in either Capacity, or of no Capacity, to oblige me, ſay not one Word in my Praiſe, or Vindication of this Book; let not the Witty Man Praiſe me, leſt his Commendations ſhou'd be thought Abuſes, ſince (moſt often) all he ſays, is in Raillery, or Jeſt; nor let the Fool, or Man of Wrong Senſe, Praiſe me, leſt his Praiſe of me ſhou'd be thought in Earneſt, to the making me a Jeſt; ſince, there is a ſort of Praiſing, which is the worſt ſort of Calumny from ſome Men; *Sic laudant quos in odio habent, ut maligna deinde inſerentibus, ſit pronior fides, & interdum, æmulos æmulis laudibus attollunt.* Some Praiſe Maliciouſly, but to provoke others to Contradiction of their Aſſertions, and call in queſtion the Truth of their Praiſe by the Exceſs of it; ſo, never Defame their Friends ſo much as when they Praiſe 'em moſt; for Ignorant, or Malicious Flatterers, are never more Enemies, than when they wou'd ſeem moſt Friends; who turn, by Immoderate and Profuſe Commendations, their Praiſe into Raillery, or Abuſe; *Peſſimum*

genus inimicorum, Laudantes, ſays *Tacitus*: In fine, Then Reader! or Critick! Courteous or Diſcourteous! ſpeak well, or ill of me, 'tis all one to me; for, (to ſpeak Truth, my ſelf) I am more afraid ſtill of the Fool's, or the Flatterer's Compliment, than of the Wit's or Satyr's Railing; ſince the firſt is to my Face, and in my Hearing, more to my Shame, and Confuſion; but t'other's Railing, is more obligingly behind one's Back, and out of one's Hearing; ſo is rather the Proof of Envy, than Contempt: Therefore, O Readers! or Criticks! whom I wou'd call my Friends, to make you ſo; but to expect you to be ſo, or hope, that you (who have no other way of gaining your Reputations, but by taking other Men's from them) ſhou'd, for any Cauſe, ſpeak well of any Author, or Book, I ſhou'd more Diſparage my Little Senſe, Judgment, or Wit, than you wou'd, or cou'd do for me, by your Satyr, or Wit: Therefore, to conclude, O Incorrigible, Correcting Criticks! ſince you think, doing Right to any Man's Underſtanding, is doing Wrong to your own, you ſtill ſpeak worſt of the Men of beſt Senſe, becauſe the greateſt Deſpiſers of your Judgments, or Praiſe, who never think, or ſpeak

well of any Man's Senſe, but your own; then, ſince your Ill Nature (in your Opinion) is your Good Senſe, or Wit, your Vanity your Honour, and you approve, like, and depend upon your own Underſtandings only, to the Diſparagement of your Judgments, which are ſo Little, or ſo Wrong, as to paſs Ill Nature for Wit; Envy for Judgment, and to expect the Praiſe of all Mankind, for your Detracting from all Men; pretending to be Friends to Judgment, by being Enemies to Wit, and Authors; the beſt of which, you hate moſt, becauſe you can Detract from 'em leaſt; Then ſpeak of me, Friend Readers! or Criticks! to be my Friends, as if you were my Enemies; for, as ſome Peoples Tongues are no Slander, ſome Peoples Commendations are no Praiſe; and, ſince Men of True Senſe are moſt Diſparag'd, by the Friendſhip of Men of Falſe Judgments, pray, ſpeak Ill of me, to deal well with me; for, if Mens Underſtandings are judg'd Good or Bad, by the Choice of their Friends, ſpeak of me as if you were my Enemies, to oblige me to be your Friend; ſay, if you will, I am no Poet, ſince a Lover of Truth, and no Wit, ſince the

POSTSCRIPT.

IN fine, It is with the Beauties, and Graces of the Mind, as with thoſe of the Body; with one's Fine Thoughts, or Parts; as with t'other's Fine Features, or Parts, which may Diſpleaſe, or Diſguſt moſt, by affecting to Pleaſe all too much; ſo 'tis the Good Management of Good Senſe, or Wit, as that of Money, or Beauty, which proves the Man's as Woman's Good Underſtanding, ſince Ill-imploy'd Wit, as Ill-imploy'd Money, is often to the Shame, rather than Honour, of the Vain, Profuſe Squanderer on the Publick; and there is no way of making Wit, as Beauty, ſeem leſs, but by their Owner's Affectation, to make either appear more, ſince True Wit, as True Beauty, takes more by its Natural Modeſty, or Negligence, than Pains, or Art, to ſet it off more; for none are more Offenſive than the Vain, and too Officious to Pleaſe:

Sedulitas autem ſtultè quem diliget urget.

---- Hor. Lib. 2. Epiſt. 1.

As

As to, or for the following Book, I have nothing elſe, or more to ſay, than that it was Written at a certain Time, when 'twas not ſo much my Head's Need to Write, as my Pocket's, when I had rather my Works ſhou'd have made me Live, than I to have made them Live; ſo that it was my then Neceſſity (which is always an Excuſe for all Thefts) made me ſince, a Poor Wit, a Scribler, or Thief in Poetry;

---- *Paupertas impulit audax,*
Ut Verſus facerem. -----

Therefore, I Wrote not to give Pains to my Mind, but to Eaſe it from Pain, to Play the Fool with Ridiculous Thoughts, rather than to be Mad with Anxious Ones:

Prætulerim, Scriptor delirus, inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant;
Quam ſapere, & ringi: ---- Hor.

But to ſhow you, Inquiſitive, Cenſorious Reader! I have, or had ſome Modeſty, moſt of the following Sheets were Written Nine or Ten Years ſince; which, according to

Horace

Horace his Rule, may not make a Book the worſe;

----- *nonumque prematur in Annum.*

ſince Good Senſe, no more than Good Wine, can be the worſe for Keeping, before 'tis Vented:

Si meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit.

---- Hor.

To conclude, O you moſt Sour, yet not Tart Criticks! I muſt needs ſay, (from my Obſervation) moſt often, Ill, and Weak Senſe, makes the Sharpeſt Criticks, or Criticiſms, as Weak, and Ill Wine the Sharpeſt Vinegar: Now, I am to beg my Reader's Pardon, not only for my Faults of the Book, but the Stationer's, for the Badneſs of the Paper, ſince even Good Senſe, on, or in Ill Paper, is like a Beauty, in Courſe, or Foul Linen; In fine, Since a Preface is generally, a Vain Excuſe for

 Writing

Writing too much, by Writing more; in Good Earneſt then, (Friend, or Foe-Reader) Farewel, as you let me Farewel.

The End of the Preface.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Dedication. *To the Greateſt* Friend *of the* Muſes, Vanity. *Page* 1

The Author *to the* Bookſeller, *who deſir'd his* Picture *before his Book, in Front of his* Follies; *pleading the Cuſtom for it.* 10

Upon the Diſcretion *of* Folly, *by which Men are Fortunate and Innocent, which is better than to be Wiſe. To a Lady, who, in Contradiction to the* Author, *ſaid,* It was not better to be Happy, than Wiſe. 12

Upon the moſt Uſeful Knowledge, Craft *or* Cunning; *which is more* Wiſdom, *as 'tis leſs* Wit. 17

A Song, *againſt Delays in* Love. *To a Lady, who ſaid,* Love was to little purpoſe, ſince ſo long in Acquiring, and ſo ſhort in Enjoying; and that the Fear of the Future, wou'd hinder our Preſent Joy. 21

In Vindication of Simplicity *and* Good Nature. *To an Ill-natur'd Lady, who ſaid,* Good Nature was Folly, and the Diſgrace of Good Senſe. 22

Upon a Fine Woman's Fine Breaſts, given by her Companion for a Subject to Write upon. 25

The Double Diſappointment; *or, Love retarded, by meeting too ſoon. A* Song, *to* Celia. 26

To Love. 28

A Song, *againſt Reaſon in* Love. *To one who requir'd her Lover to give a Reaſon for his* Paſſion, *to convince her of it.* 33

Upon Friendſhip, *preferr'd to* Love. 36

Injuſtice out of Honour. *To the too Honourable* Jilt, *who, to be true to her* Marriage-Vow, *and her* Husband, (*whom ſhe own'd ſhe hated*) *was falſe to her* Love-Promiſe, *and*

and her Lover; *whom she confess'd, she lov'd, and lov'd first.* *A* Song. 39

Upon Jealousie. *To an Affected Mistress, who ask'd,* What it was? *To whom, 'twas answer'd,* 'Twas Mischief out of Caution, Shame out of Honour, Hatred out of Love, and the Punishment of the Innocent for the sake of the Guilty; *which she bid him make out.* 41

To a False Fickle Mistress, accusing me of her own Fault; Love of Change, in Love. 45

An Heroic Epistle. *To the Honour of* Pimps *and* Pimping; *dedicated to the* Court; *and written at a Time, when such were most considerable there.* 46

Too much Choice, too little. A Song, *against* Variety *in* Love. 50

For Variety *in* Love. *To a Mistress, who accus'd her Lover of* Inconstancy; *saying,* She lov'd most and best; *whilst he prov'd,* He lov'd her most, for loving more. 52

A Song, *against Delays in* Love. *To a Demurring Mistress.* 55

The Reconciliation. *To a Mistress, who swore,* She wou'd never see her Lover more; *yet afterwards own'd,* She wou'd, but for her Oath. 57

Love's Dilemma, *a* Song. *Upon a proud Mistress, who said,* A Lover's Silence was the best Proof of his Love and Respect to his Mistress; and the best Way of making Love to her. 59

To a Mercenary Mistress; who said, Love was the Greatest Blessing in the World, and therefore shou'd be purchas'd at the Greatest Price. 60

To a Talkative, Loud, Shallow, Conceited Coxcomb, *who used to say,* A Man show'd his Wit more or less, but as he talk'd much or little. 63

A Song *sent to a* Lady, *who gave the Subject for it, by complaining of the hard Fate of* Women; *who, for refusing* Love, *must be hated; yet for granting it, despis'd.* 63

To a General Detractor, *and* Ill Critic; *who condemn'd his own Faults and Follies in other Men; shewing, 'tis the General Folly, and Injustice of Mankind.* 65

To an University-Wit, *or* Poet; *who had written some ill Verses, with an ill* Play *or two; which, not succeeding, he resolv'd to turn* Parson. 67

A Song. *To a Conceited Mistress, who ask'd her Lover,* What Love was? and a Reason for it; *saying,* If he did really love

love her, he wou'd have told her ſo before. 71
To a Peeviſh Captious Coxcomb, who call'd himſelf a Critic, *upon his Fraternity the* Wits. 73
Upon the Good and True Critics, *on thoſe* Wits, *who to prove their Wit, ſhow they are out of their Senſes.* 75
Upon the Gun-powder Spot *on a* Lady's *Hand; given by her for the Subject of a* Song. 78
To a fine Young Woman, *who being ask'd by her Lover,* Why ſhe kept ſo filthy a thing as a Snake in her Boſom; *anſwer'd,* 'Twas to keep a filthier thing out of it, his Hand; *and,* that her Snake was to play with, and cool her in hot Weather; *which was his Averſion.* 80
A Song. *To a ſuppos'd Friend's Miſtreſs, who call'd me Ungrateful, for making Love to her, (ſince, my Friend's Miſtreſs) tho' I had made Love to her firſt, and lov'd her longeſt.* 82
To the Miſtreſs, *and no* Miſtreſs, *who was ſaid to be an* Hermaphrodite, *and who accus'd her* Lover *of being weary of her Company before he knew her.* 84
Againſt Pride *and* Ambition; *a* Satyr. *To a Vain Paſſionate* Young Man, *who us'd to ſay,* If a Man did not ſhow himſelf more than a Man, he was leſs than a Beaſt. 87
A Drinking-Song. *To one who ſaid,* He never lov'd to Drink, till the Sun was down. 89
Sober Thoughts on Drunkenneſs. *To a Miſtreſs, who ſaid,* She hated it, becauſe it was a Foe to *Love.* 91
A Song, *to* Phillis; *who was angry that her* Lover *gave her a* Green-Gown, *calling him* Rude *and* Ill-manner'd *for it.* 93
To W. O. *my* Jocky-Friend, *and a* Match-maker *for* Horſe *and* Man; *upon his Offer of a* Wife *to me, ſaying, in Commendation of her,* She was Soft-Wax, Virtuous, Pious, and Charitable. 95
A Song. *To a Miſtreſs, who call'd her Lover Ungrateful, Mad-Man, or Liar; for owning, he only ſpoke Ill of her, becauſe he lov'd her too well.* 98
In Anſwer to a Miſtreſs, who deſir'd her Lover to Marry her; to ſhow his Love more to her, and make both's Love more ſure to each other. 100
Honour loſt by keeping It. (*A* Song.) *To a* Lady, *who ſaid,* She muſt break her Word with her Friend, *(to whom ſhe promiſed a Meeting,)* to be an honeſt Woman. 104
The Invocation to Fortune, *the beſt Aid, and Encourager of* Wit, *tho' call'd the Patroneſs of* Fools. 165

A Song. *To a Miſtreſs, who call'd her Lover* Beaſt *for Drinking; commending his Rival for a Wiſe Man, for drinking nothing but Water.* 108

Upon a Lady's Fall *over a* Stile, *gotten by running from her* Lover; *by which ſhe ſhow'd her* Fair Back-ſide, *which was her beſt Side, and made him more her Purſuer than he was before.* 110

A Song. *Proving* Love *more Pleaſure, as more Pain. To a too Eaſie Miſtreſs, who yet complain'd, there was more Pain, than Pleaſure in* Love. 113

To a Poor Lover, who was refus'd by his Miſtreſs, tho' he had fought for her. 114

A Song. *Upon* Celia's *Recovery of her Lover, by Singing at his Deſire; whom ſhe had almoſt loſt by Talking.* 116

Upon the Idleneſs of Buſineſs. (A Satyr.*) To one, who ſaid,* A Man ſhow'd his Senſe, Spirit, Induſtry, and Parts, by his Love of Buſ'neſs. 117

A Song. *To an Incredulous Diffident* Miſtreſs, *who ſaid,* She was reſolv'd to keep her Reputation, in ſpight of her Love. 126

To a Vain Woman, *who being ask'd,* Why ſhe did not Marry? *anſwer'd,* Becauſe ſhe cou'd love nothing under the Degree of a Lord. 128

The Scourer. *(A* Song.*) To a* Lady, *who ſaid,* She wou'd never Marry any Man, who was not Mad with Love for her. 129

The Fickle Lover's *Apology; to a Miſtreſs, who accus'd him of Want of Love, by his Love of Change.* 131

A Drinking-Song, *againſt all ſorts of Diſputes in Drinking. To one, who always bawl'd to have Reaſon done him, and was Noiſie, and Quarrelſom in his Cups.* 133

To an Unhappy, Impatient, Querelous Friend, ſtill complaining of his Ill Fate; when his Ill Management was in Fault, and his Want of Conſtancy, not Money, his Diſgrace. 136

A Drinking-Song. *To an Affected Sober Coxcomb, who ſaid,* It was miſerable to Live without Thought; and that no Man cou'd be Wiſe, or Happy, without Thinking. 141

An Epiſtle *from the* Country, *to my Friend Sir* C.S. *in* Town; *in Anſwer to one of his, wherein he wonder'd, I did not Anſwer his laſt.* 143

To a Witty Young Man; *Who neglected the Study of the* Law, *for that of* Poetry. 145

The Requeſt. (*A* Song.) *To* Dorinda; *to give her Lover more Love, or more Deſpair.* 148
Upon Two Deformed Lovers, *of Defective* Sights; *one being Purblind, t'other having but one Eye.* 150
To an Affected, Antiquated, Gloting, Painted Woman, *who call'd her ſelf,* A Taking, Laſting Beauty. 151
The Apology. *To his Ingenious Friend; for not Anſwering ſo ſoon as he expected, his too long, as too Witty Letter.* 153
The Dilemma: *Or, the Caſe of the Poor* Coiner *of Falſe Money; in his Name, and Defence.* 154
A Drinking-Song: *in Contradiction to an Heroic Amorous Sot, who ſaid,* A Man loſt as much his Honour as his Senſe, by Drinking. 155
Upon the Injuſtice *of the* Law. *A* Satyr. 157
A Song. *In the Name of a* Lover *to his* Miſtreſs, *whom he us'd to call his* Life; *who told him,* That a True Lover ſhou'd part with his Life, when his *Miſtreſs* wou'd have him, to prove his Love; *tho' ſhe own'd,* His Death might prove hers. 165
Upon the Tyranny of Cuſtom. Given by a Friend, for a Subject to write upon. 167
A Song. *To a Fine* Woman, *ſomething in Years, yet too apt to loſe her Time; ſent her with a very ſmall* Almanack, *for a* New-Year's-Gift. 170
To an Affected, Painted Miſtreſs, *ſtill Quarelling with her* Lover's *Falſe Looks, Diſſembling Words, and Artificial Love; ſaying,* He was never what he ſeem'd to be, to her. 172
A Song *to* Celia, *in Tears, for his* Ungrateful Rival. 174
Upon the Folly *of* Wit. *To a* Witty Lady, *yet a great* Talker, *who ask'd the* Author, What Wit was? *Who anſwer'd,* Too much was too little: *Which ſhe bid him make out.* 176
A Song. *Againſt Indifference in* Love. *To an Offended* Miſtreſs, *deſir'd to be more Cruel, to be more Kind.* 180
Upon the Impertinence of Knowledge, *the Unreaſonableneſs of* Reaſon, *and the Brutality of* Humanity; *proving the Animal Life the moſt Reaſonable Life, ſince the moſt Natural, and moſt Innocent.* 182
A Song, *againſt Delays in* Love; *to* Celia. 190
To the Sappho *of the* Age, *ſuppoſ'd to Ly-In of a* Love-Diſtemper, *or a* Play. 191
Upon an Old Worn-out Picture *of* Juſtice, *hung over the* Judges Heads *in a* Court *of* Judicature. 192

To

To a Covetous, Rich, Proud Man, who us'd to say, He was only Frugal, to make what he had Last; *and said,* He was only his own Steward, but that he might be sure not be Cheated. 194

To a Young Writer, *and* Critic, *who sought his Reputation, by Writing against those who writ before him, saying,* He wou'd spare none. 197

In Praise of Healthful, Free, and Careless Poverty; *which is but* Man's Want *from his* Avarice, *his* Shame *but from his* Pride. (*A* Song.) 199

A Panegyric, *on* Quibling; *to the, that way, Ingenious Mr.* Swan. 202

(*A* Song.) *To a* City-Friend, (*a* Rich Banker,) *who offer'd his Poor Friend to lend him Money, or to give him Wine, or any thing to make him Merry.* 205

To a Witty Man *of* Wealth *and* Quality; *who, after his Dismissal from* Court, *said,* He might justly complain of it. 206

Upon a Lark's *Singing in the Air, and follow'd by his Mate; given by* Celia *to her Lover, (whilst she was walking with him in the Fields) for a Subject to Write upon.* 209

To a Pretty Young Woman, *who opening Oisters said,* She wou'd open for her, and me too; since 'twas for her Pleasure. (*A* Song.) 210

To a Lawyer's *Fine Daughter, who said,* A Love-Suit, like a Law-Suit, was justly lost, by Non-Appearance, and Non-Claim. 212

To a Mistress, The Worst Way insatiable; *who yet said,* She car'd not for Money, or Presents, but as they were greater Proofs of Her Gallant's Love. 214

(*A* Song.) *To one, who ask'd her Lover,* What Feature, or Part of her, he lov'd best? *She being all together handsom, but in no particular Part so.* 216

To a Coy, Cruel Mistress, *who did yet forbid her* Lover *to Complain of her, or to her; saying,* A Lover's Silence was his first and last best Proof of his Love and Respect. 218

To a Little Crooked Woman, *with a Good Face and Eyes, tho' with a Bunch before, and behind.* 220

(*A* Song.) *To one, who thought to get his* Mistress, *by Scribling to her; tho' refus'd by her, after Fighting for her, and being Wounded.* 221

To a Fine Singer, *who had gotten a* Cold; *and, whose Lover endeavour'd to ſtop her* Tongue *in her* Mouth *with his, to ſave her* Honour, *(as he call'd it.)* 221

To Celia; *who ſaid*, Jealouſie was the Contradiction of Love, inſtead of the Proof of it; *and*, That no Man cou'd love a Woman well, of whom he thought ill. 224

In the Name of a Witty, Poor Man, *to a* Proud, Rich Coxcomb, *who upbraided him with his Want or Poverty; ſaying*, There was a great deal of Difference between 'em. 226

Too much Love, too little. (*A* Song.) *To* Celia; *afraid her Lover ſhou'd boaſt of her Favour, whom too much Paſſion for her had made but leſs kind to her; the Cauſe of which, was not his too little Love, or her too little Beauty.* 229

The Poor Poet's *Anſwer to his* Mercenary Miſtreſs, *who told him*, She deſir'd a Proof at once, of his Love and Wit, rather by his Money, than his Verſes. 230

A Drinking-Song. *To a Formal, Proud, Sober* Coxcomb; *who wonder'd any* Man *cou'd be ſo Idle, as to ſit long in a* Tavern. 234

A Letter *from* Sea, *to a* Jilting Miſtreſs aſhoar; *in Anſwer to a* Letter *of hers, which told him*, He wou'd forget her at Sea; *adviſing him*, Not to purſue Danger there, but to return home, to her Arms, to be ſafe. 236

An Epiſtle *to a* Witty Friend; *in Excuſe, for not Anſwering a Long One from him, as ſoon as it was expected.* 238

The Apology. *To a* Jilting Miſtreſs *of another* Man, *for Railing at the Inconſtancy of her Humour.* 239

To a Witty Young Man; *who thought by his* Wit, *to Recommend himſelf to the Favour of the* Court, *and Succeſs there.* 241

To an Empty Coxcomb, *who call'd himſelf a* Lover of Learning; *becauſe he had a Fine* Study *of* Books, *better Bound than Read.* 243

A Song, *againſt* Whining Love; *to a Timerous, Deſpairing* Lover. 245

To my Lord Chancellour Boyle, *at once Chancellour and Primate of* Ireland: *Written when the Author had a Suit depending before him.* 247

(*A* Song.) *Upon a* Sober Coxcomb, *who ſaid*, He never Drank in a Tavern, becauſe he wou'd not forfeit his Reaſon, and Reputation, to be a Sot; ſince Drinking debaſ'd a Man, to the Degree of a Beaſt. 250

Upon

Upon Life, *and* Death; *and the Vain Love, or Fear of them.* 252

To a Fine Young Woman, *who lent him Money after a* Loss *at* Play; *telling him,* His Luck was not so bad as he thought it. 254

To a Mistress, *disappointed by her* Lover's *Meeting her too soon; whom therefore she accus'd,* Of Want of Love for her. 256

(*A* Song:) *In the Name of a* Lover, *to his Mistress; who said,* She hated him for his Grey Hairs, which he had at Thirty. 257

(*An* Epistle:) *To a Handsome, Brave* Young Man, *making a* Campaign *in* Flanders, *upon Mistaken* Honour. 259

To a Handsome Young Woman, *who lov'd Play, and sitting up at Cards a Nights; who told her Friend,* She wou'd Play with him, and lose her Discretion to him, but that she was afraid he wou'd brag of his Winnings. 262

(*A* Song:) *To an Angry* Mistress, *who rail'd at her* Lover's *Drinking, calling him a* Sot, for living so Senslessly. 264

An Epistle *from the* Country, *in Answer to one from the* Town; *written jointly by a Man of* Wit, *and another of* Quality. 265

An Epistle, *to a Brave* Young Man, *making a* Campaign *in* Flanders; *said to have done Wonders there, by which he was Wounded.* 268

To a Witty, Peevish Mistress; *who, to her Lover, who begg'd her Picture, sent a* Cat. 270

(*A* Song.) *To a* Proud Mistress, *who said,* She wou'd Marry no Man, who cou'd not carry a Coronet behind his Coach, or had not some Crown, or other; *declaring,* She wou'd Exchange her Love for nothing but Honour. 272

To a Little Drawer, *and my Great Friend, since the* Poet's *only Friend, in* Lombard-street. 276

The Wasted Lover's *Complaint, of a Mercenary Mistress, and a Pocky One.* (*A* Song.) 278

In the Praise and Defence of Old Age: *To a Vain Young Man, who said,* There was nothing to be said for it; and that it was more dreadful than Death, since it made the Best Life more Contemptible than the most Ignominious Death. 279

Upon Gold; *Preferring* Steel *to it, as the more Useful, and therefore the Better* Metal. 283

In Answer to a Merry Doctor's *Advice, which was,* To drink my Spleen and Love away. 286

(*A*

(*A* Song.) *To an* Old Miſer, *who drank out of a* Cup *of* Gold, *which he never had a above a quarter fill'd, and generally with Ill Wine.* 288

To a very Noiſie, Talkative, Shallow Coxcomb; *who ſaid,* He wou'd Cure my *Spleen*, by his *Converſation* and *Diſcourſe*, if I wou'd hear Him. 290

The Covetous Lover's *Anſwer to his* Kept Miſtreſs, *who ſaid,* If he lov'd her ſo well, as he pretended he did, he wou'd not keep her ſo Ill; more to his Shame and Diſhonour, than hers. 292

(*A* Song.) *In the Name of an* Engliſh Lover, *to a* Spaniſh Miſtreſs, *who ſpoke* Engliſh, *and call'd him a* Borracho, *that is,* A Hogskin of Wine. 293

To a Sickly, Peeviſh, yet Ambitious, Vain Malecontent; *Angry with the* World, *yet Afraid to Die, and leave it.* 295

The Counſel; (*A* Song:) *To a very Proud* Miſtreſs, *pretending to be very peculiar in her* Love, *and angry, ſhe was call'd a* Common Good. 298

To Nath. Lee *in* Bethlem, (*who was at once* Poet *and* Actor) *complaining, in his Intervals, of the Senſe of his Condition; and and that he ought no more to be in* Bethlem *for Want of Senſe, than other* Mad Libertines *and* Poets *abroad, or any* Sober Fools *whatever.* 300

(*A* Song:) *To a* Jilting Falſe Miſtreſs, *who ſwore Fidelity to her* Lover, *by his Eyes, which afterwards grew Sore.* 307

To a French Doctor, *whoſe Name was* Le Roy, *or* King; *and who was as Generous as an* Emperour. 308

(*A* Song:) *To the Indifferent in* Love. 309

To an Affected, Proud Jilt, *who Quarrel'd with her Friend, for calling her,* A Common Good, or Bleſſing; *tho' ſhe ſaid,* She, for her Honour, had no Lovers at all. 311

To a Proud Miſtreſs, *who us'd to ſay,* Her Lover's Courtſhip was her Diſhonour; *bidding him ſtill,* to be Gone. 315

Upon the Favour of a Cook-Maid, *who ſtaid a Hungry* Lover's *Stomach, in her* Larder. 316

(*A* Song.) *Upon a Vain, Fooliſh* Coxcomb, *who was Baniſh'd the* Court, *for owning a* Witty Libel, *Written by Another.* 319

To a Young Courtier, *who was as great a* Gamester *as a* Talker, *and* Adviſer *of others, and too Open in declaring his* Mind. 320

Damon's *Requeſt to* Phillis; *to give him more Love, or more Deſpair.* (*A* Song.) 322

(*A*

(*A* Satyr.) *Against* Ambition, Avarice, Oſtentation, *and* Vanity. 323

(*A* Song.) *To* Chloris *the Mercenary; who ſaid,* There was nothing more Diſhonourable to a Woman, than to be ſaid to be Cheap. 329

To an Old Miſer, *who call'd his* Gold *his* Miſtreſs; *therefore ſaid,* He cou'd not part with it, to any body. 331

To a Great Country-Drinker, *valuing himſelf upon his* Hoſpitality, *calling himſelf* Good Company; *and having a Handſome* Wife, (*whom yet he neglected for the Bottle*) *who drank for me all the Glaſſes I refus'd.* 332

The Interpretation *of the* Fable *of* Pegaſus, *ſhowing what ſort of* Horſe *he was.* 334

(*A* Song.) *To a* Lewd Woman *of* Affected Modeſty, *who had yet the* Art of Bluſhing. 336

The Diſappointment, *by Meeting too ſoon; to* Celia. 337

To the King, *my Maſter; after his Mercy, to a Fault, ſhown to ſome* Conſpirators *againſt his Power and Life.* 339

To a Lady, *who wore Drawers in an Ill Hour.* 343

(*A* Song.) *To a* Young Woman, *who ſaid,* She cou'd not be weary of Dancing; and that ſhe Danc'd to no other End, but to mend her Motions at other times. 345

The Good Conſcience, *the only Certain, Laſting* Good; *ſince, the only in Our own* Power, *and out of Fortune's.* 347

The Apology *for* Kindneſs *on* Compulſion; *to a Forc'd Miſtreſs, who accus'd her Lover,* for Want of Love, by his Want of Reſpect for her, in forcing her to her Pleaſure in ſpight of her Honour; which, *ſhe ſaid,* ſhe loſt by him. 350

Upon an Ill Phyſician's *putting out the* Candle, *by Snuffing it: Given, by a* Witty Woman *preſent, for a Subject to Write upon.* 351

To a Proud, Painted Lady, *Handſome in Face, but Stiff and Formal in her Motions and Humour; uſing Affectedly, and too often to ſay,* I proteſt. 352

(*A* Song.) *To the Proud, Faithleſs, and Perjur'd* Jilt; *deſiring her to Promiſe me leſs Faith, and Conſtancy, not to Deceive me more.* 354

In Praiſe of a Priſon, *call'd by its* Priſoners *their* College; *and written there.* 356

(*A* Song.) *To a Proud, Mercenary Miſtreſs, who ſaid,* A Poor Man's Love, like his Wit, was Nonſenſe. 360

The World Unmask'd. (*A* Satyr.) *Against all Vain Pretenders, their Hypocrisie, Affectation, and Vanity; which generally make Men disappoint their own Ends, by their own Desires.* 362

A Song *to* Lucinda: *Upon the News of her Returning to Town in* Winter; *and, her Enquiry by Letter,* How things went in Town, since her Departure. 366

To Play the Fool in General, is to be Wise in Particular: To a Conceited Fop, *who pretended to be more Wise, as more Singular.* 367

(*A* Song.) *To an* Antiquated Mistress, *accused by her of Falseness, and not being the same Man he was once to her; but call'd a* Renegade *to* Love *and* Beauty. 369

Upon a Lady's *Fine* Back-Side, *it being her best Side; seen by chance, and given for a Subject to Write upon.* 372

A Song, *in Praise of* Solitude. 376

In Praise of Industry *and* Action, (*preferr'd to* Good Sense, Thought, *or* Wit,) *in* Business *or* Love; *to a* Mistress, *who commanded her* Lover *to sit still, and be more Quiet, to be less Idle.* 377

The Recantation. (*A* Song.) *To a Vain, Insensible Mistress, who said,* Her Beauty, as her Heart, was her own; *asking her* Lover, What he thought of her and them. 379

Against Industry: *To a* Laborious Poetaster, *who preferr'd* Industry *to* Wit. 381

To a Lady, *with* Sleepy Eyes, *and a* Cloudy Look; *affecting to make her* Eyes *more* Sleepy *by* Art, *than they were by* Nature. 382

The Poor Lover *to his* Rich Mistress, *about to* Marry *his* Concombly Rival; *but for his making better* Presents, *and offering* Better Settlements *to her.* 383

(*A* Song.) *To* Phillis, *the Cruel, and Proud.* 388

In Praise of Lazineſs. 389

(*A* Song.) *To a* Lady *something Superannuated, who stood more upon her* Good Name, *than the* Ill Deed *of* Love; *and told her* Lover, She was afraid, he cou'd not keep a Lady's Secret. 392

To the Duke of B-----, *Imprison'd in the* Tower, *by a* Court-Faction. 394

An Heroic Epistle. *To the Most Honourable* Match-Maker, *a* Bawd, *call'd* J. C. ----; *proving Free Love more Honourable, than Slavish, Mercenary Marriage.* 397

To a Rich, Mercenary, Matrimonial Miſtreſs; *who ſaid*, The moſt Honourable Match, was that, which was made for moſt Money. 401

(*A* Song.) *To One who ſaid*, She did not believe her Gallant's Love, becauſe he had never ſaid any thing of it to her before. 403

To a Paſſionate, Noiſie Friend. 404

To the Univerſal Friend. 407

(*A* Song.) *To an* Impertinent Miſtreſs, *who affected Reſiſtance to her* Lover's *Kindneſs; and Crying out, which diſcover'd her Intrigue, ſo became her Shame by her Modeſty; whoſe* Lover *endeavour'd to ſtop her Tongue in her Mouth, by his.* 411

To the Delaying, Vain, yet Mercenary Friend. 414

To the Upbraiding Friend. 417

A Dialogue, *betwixt* Chloris *and* Thyrſis, *after a Forc'd Favour; to be Set and Sung.* 420

To a Loud, Talkative, Minor Wit, *who us'd to repeat often, in his Vindication the* Latin *Saying*, Loquere, ut te videam. 423

(*A* Song.) *To a* Lady, *who ſaid*, Men of Wit were Atheiſts in Love, as well as in Religion; *and that* Fools were every way Faithful Adorers; ſince True Believers. 425

Upon Avarice. *To a Miſerable* Wretch, *who pretended to hate Vanity, more than he lov'd Money.* 426

A Song, *to* Phillis; *Reviving her Friend's Old Love, by Singing a New Song of his, written on her.* 429

An Epithalamium *on the Marriage of Two very Ill Natur'd* Blacks, *who were to have their Liberty, in conſideration of their* Match. 430

Thanks to a Scornful Miſtreſs, *for her Pride, and Indifference in her Love; being to all Men alike.* (*A* Song.) 432

In Praiſe of Ignorance; *which is, as leaſt* Knowledge, *moſt* Wiſdom. *Dedicated to the* Court; *nay, to all Sorts of* Courts. 433

DEDICATION

ERRATA,

In General the Whole BOOK:

In Particular,

PAge 3. l. 2. *for* Or Age won't leave, *read* Nor Age wou't leave. p. 4. l. the laſt, *f.* who can't do, *r.* who can do. p. 17. l. 24. *after* Wiſdom, *add* s *with an Apoſtrophe.* p. 53. l. 28. *f.* fix long Love, *r.* fix my Love. p. 54. l. 4. *f.* or Reſerv'dneſs is beſt ſhown, *r.* or Reſerv'dneſs beſt is ſhown. p. 59. l. 11. *f.* She may better know my Mind, *r.* That ſhe may better know my Mind. p. 124. l. 21. *f.* 'tis all but his End, *r.* 'tis but all his End. p: 125. l. 6. *f.* well own, *r.* we'll own. p. 143. l. 5. *f.* my ſmall Senſe which, *r.* my ſmall Senſe with. p. 179. l. 7. *f.* more the Shame, *r.* more its Shame. p. 203. l. 20. *f.* more than he true, *r.* more than the true. p. 269. l. 18. *f.* his Miſtreſs to ſpare, *r.* his Miſtreſſes to ſpare, *Idem*, l. 20. *f.* your Miſtreſs's Diſgrace, *r.* your Miſtreſſes Diſgrace. p. 275. l. 15. *f.* which to love, *r.* who to love. p. 332. l. 5. *f.* who drank for me, *r.* and drank for me. p. 410. l. 11. *f.* to get more Credit or, *r.* to get more Credit as. p. 426. l. 8. *f.* By knowing moſt, *r.* Knowing you moſt.

The CONTENTS.

PART I.

In General the whole BOOK:

In Particular,

BRITISH 30 GG JUN

PAge 3. l. 2. for Or Age read Nor Age. p. 4. l. the laſt, r. who cant d. p. 17. l. 4. for Willdom, read s with as Diſcreet. p. 21. l. 2. f. Love. p. 24. l. 4. f. or Reſery dear ſelf is ſhown. p. 25. l. 21. f. She may better know my Mind. p. 27. l. 21. f. all his Ind. p. 28. l. 6. f. well known. p. 29. l. 6. f. my ſmall Seede which, r. my ſmall ſeede well. p. 29. l. 7. f. more is Shame. p. 29. l. 20. f. more than be true. p. 269. l. 18. f. Ide Millreds to ſpare. l. 20. f. your Miſtreſs Diſtreſs, r. your Miſtreſſes Diſtreſs. p. 277. l. 17. f. which to love, r. who to love. p. 312. l. 2. f. who drank for me, r. and drank for me. p. 320. l. 22. f. to get more Credit as. p. 426. l. 8. f. by knowing myſelf. r. Knowing you moſt.

THE DEDICATION TO THE Greateſt Friend of the MUSES: VANITY.

SINCE it has been, time out of mind,
The Cuſtom, (as we Scriblers find,)
For Men, to Public Feats inclin'd;
Them, and themſelves, to recommend
To their Seducer, call'd their Friend;
That, to his Inſtigation, they
Might their bold Faults, or Follies lay;
To his importunate Perſuaſion,
Lay their own ſenſleſs Inclination;
Their wrong Senſe, they take for true Wit,
To thoſe, who firſt encourag'd it.

Then VANITY! (to Thee, my Friend,)
This and my self, I recommend,
That Faults, You cauſe, You may defend;
For 'tis but reaſon, I to You
Shou'd lay the Faults, You made me do,
Who wer't my Muſe and Genius too,
Since ev'ry Scribler who does write,
Will call his Maggot, which does bite,
(According to Poetic Uſe)
His Inſpiration, Genius, Muſe;
So, makes ſome Heathen Deity
Club, to damn'd Chriſtian Poetry,
It, to the World to juſtify;
As Quakers, on the Spirit lay
The Nonſenſe, which they preach, or pray;
Make their dark, ſenſleſs, Fuſtian-Stuff,
Their ſole Illumination's Proof.
So Bards of old, and preſent Time,
Their Senſe i'th' Clouds, will call *Sublime*;
Their Crochet, which does them incline
To wicked Rhythms, their Aid Divine:
Then, diſingenuous not to be,
My Nonſenſe, fancy'd Wit, to thee,
Great Aid to Fancy, VANITY!
My Fictions, ſlimſlam Poetry,
I dedicate unfeignedly;
Since Bards to feign, were never known,
Or ſo much of Thee, to have ſhown,
As when that Thee they moſt diſown;
Whence, this, my ſelf, I recommend,
To Thee, my beſt Support and Friend;

Since

Since the ſole Friend the hapleſs have,
Who them in Want, or Age won't leave,
Nay, doſt thy Friend but leſs forſake,
For growing poor, old, craz'd or weak;
Who, tho then left by Friends he be,
Till death will ne'er be leſs by Thee;
Nay, he will by Your aid contrive,
Ev'n after Death it ſelf, to live.

If Dedications are Friends due,
Damn'd Scriblers, ſure have none, like You,
Who more than our inſpiring Nine,
Doſt Men, to Public Feats, incline,
Nay, giv'ſt 'em firſt, their bold Deſign;
Their aid art then, to carry't on,
Then, mak'ſt 'em pleas'd with it, when done,
Nay, to pleaſe others too, ſince none
Wou'd any others pleaſe, unleſs
Themſelves, the ſame time, they cou'd pleaſe,
Which, the beſt Wits, but worſt cou'd do,
Friend VANITY! wer't not for You;
So true a Friend, to thoſe, who write,
You Books againſt your ſelf indite;
So far from being Virtue's blame,
Reaſon's, or Honour's guilt or ſhame,
You Cauſe, Preſerver, are of them,
Which (if conceal'd) none cou'd eſteem;
Then good and great Deeds, ſtill were done,
In vain, if not by You made known;
The beſt Aſſiſtant, are You ſo,
To the bold Writers, Fighters too,
Wo, ne'er had been ſuch, but for You;

Nay, 'tis thought, but for You, had been
Neither good Thoughts, Acts, Books, or Men,
In this World heard of, known, or seen;
The Poets best Muse are You, so
His, and the Hero's Genius too;
Since Courage, Wit, in vain inspire,
If Fame, You made us not desire,
And Wit deserves no Praise, till shown,
Nor Courage, Honour, till 'tis won,
Nor Knowledge, Credit, till made known;
Which never cou'd so public be,
Friend VANITY! wer't not for Thee:
So, tho' none Thee unto Virtue call,
Yet, but for Thee, were done at all;
Since none, wou'd Truth's Professors be,
Honour's best Friend! wer't not for Thee;
None wou'd in Verse, but for Thee lie,
Thee, but for Thee, so VANITY!
The vainest Men, wou'd not deny:
Nay VANITY! were not for Thee,
No Man, wou'd high, or lowly be,
No Hero, Bard, Philosopher,
But for Thee ne'r, dare to swear,
Had in torn Skin, and Gown, been seen.
Nay VANITY! oft hast Thou been,
Vain Mens Cause, for their showing none,
Who Thee, for Thy sake, will disown;
Thou dost those Books, to Sophs indite,
They but against Thee for Thee write:
So Thou, to Wit and Honour too,
Art the best Friend, tho' thought their Foe,

Art,

Art Proud Man's Guard, from Infamy,
The fickle Woman's Conſtancy,
So Man's, and Woman's Honeſty;
Thus, no Shame, canſt to Virtue be,
Since none, were ſeen ſure, but for Thee:
We Thee for Virtue's Legion own,
Tho' Prieſts, Thy falſe Friends, cry Thee down,
Who, Foes to Reaſon are, we ſee,
Elſe no Friends to blind Faith cou'd be,
Who, tho' they rail ſo, ſtill at Thee;
But ſolely can on Thee rely,
For Mens Faith, Truth, or Charity,
Who but for Thee, of Thee complain,
So, but for Thee, we might maintain,
Virtue, Wit, Courage, were in vain;
No Brave wou'd 'gainſt Thee, for Thee fight,
No Wit againſt Thee, for Thee, write,
Or Prieſts againſt Thee, Scripture cite;
For howſoe'r, Wits, Prieſts, or Braves,
May play the Lyers, or the Knaves,
Say, They were ne'r inſpir'd by You,
All comes from You, they think, ſay, do,
Which does, for Senſe, Faith, Honour, paſs,
Juſtice, Religion, Virtue, Grace,
Since all the Furies, (certainly,)
Of Valour, Zeal, or Poetry,
Which give Men Immortality,
Wou'd, both conceal'd, and uſeleſs be,
Friend VANITY! wer't not for Thee.
Since but for Thee, we never ſhou'd
Find an Example, great, or good;

Nor

Nor, but for Thee, (as 'tis well known,)
Were good Thoughts, good Deeds, thought or done,
Fighters, or Writers, but for Thee,
Fames bold Purſuers, wou'd not be:
In vain, but for Thee, were good Parts,
For neither Sciences, or Arts,
Wou'd known, or cultivated be,
O Friend to FAME! were not for Thee.
Pedants, Bards, Rhetoricians, Pains
Wou'd ne'r take, tho' for Money-Gains;
Songſters, nor Poets, care wou'd take
To ſtrain their Lungs, their Brains to crack,
To charm Mens Fancies, Senſe, or Ear,
But Muſick of their Praiſe, to hear.
Painters, wou'd ne'r their Pencils ply,
But by ſome others Phiſ'nomy,
To preſerve their own Memory;
Prieſts, Lawyers, who love Money ſo,
Wou'd never baul ſo, but for You;
Nor, for the Truth, for Lyers paſs
For Lying, to get Gold or Praiſe.
Quaint Orators wou'd (but for Thee,)
To ſhow more Senſe, more ſilent be;
No Soldier, but for Thee be brave;
No honeſt Man, but turn a Knave,
No Great Prince, but for Thee a Slave;
No proud Dame, but for Thee wou'd prove
True to her Honour, or her Love:
So Man's, and Woman's Honeſty,
Art Thou, who, by Thee generally
Their Fame, ſupport and juſtify;

The Fearful are made Stout by Thee,
Prodigals saving, Misers free;
Humble the Proud, poor Spirits high,
Better to live, better to die;
You, Contradictions reconcile
Betwixt Men, both with Sword, or Stile;
Who most incline most modest Men
To bold Attempts, with Sword, or Pen;
For none sure would, as wise Men think,
But for Thee, shed their Blood, or Ink:
Braves, but for Thee, would seldom fight
Wits, Authors so much talk, think, write,
Sinners, but for Thee, would despair,
Wits, Saints, but for Thee, damning Fear;
So Wits, Divines, Bards, Hero's too,
Are damn'd or sav'd here, but for You:
Since Preachers, (were it not for Thee,)
So fierce against Thee, would not be,
Who call Thee Sin, and Thee defame,
That them for Thee, none else may blame,
Like Lovers, who, but only rail,
Their Passion for Thee, to conceal,
Which it does but the more reveal.
Were each, not Thy devoted Slave,
Not any Sinner would they save:
Nor, did they not fear damning here,
Much more than e'er they did elsewhere;
They'd ne'er lift up Hands, Eyes in Prayer,
Or e'er, to make good Sermons, care;
Nor in the Pulpit, seem in Pain,
Sinner, or Atheist e'er to gain,
From Sins 'gainst Nature to refrain;

Which

Which shows their Doctrine *Vanity*,
With which their Nature can't comply.
Thus VANITY! Thou most art shown
By them, who Thee, but most disown;
Philosophers, and Church-men too,
Who, by their Writing, Preaching so
Against Thee, but more of Thee show;
Own Thee more by disowning Thee;
Then still own'd by me shalt Thou be,
I'll own Thee still, though own'd by none,
Without whom, little's said, writ, done,
Which, by the World, is understood,
For pious, witty, wise, great, good.
So Thou dost all our Wants supply,
Giv'st Hearts, and Minds, Tranquillity,
More than Sense, Faith, Philosophy;
Since, the best means to gain Content,
To give Hopes, and Despair prevent;
So the sole Happiness below,
Which Man can on himself bestow,
Whether his cross Fate will or no;
Who no Want in himself can see,
As long as he's possess'd by Thee,
Who All-sufficient art to all,
We Hero's, Vertuoso's call.
The Bard's Aid to High-flights in Rhythm,
With Orators, art their Sublime,
The Wits Inspirer, Poet's Muse,
Not the Priest's Doctrine, but his Use;
Nay, the Court-Atheists Deity,
Whom yet like God, he will deny,
The Lovers, Hero's, Gallantry;

Thou

The DEDICATION.

Thou, to Love, Courage, Wit, (in fine,)
Art needful, as the Vent to Wine,
For as the Barrel, so the Scull,
May be (we know) for Vent too full,
Since Tongues, and Pens, as Taps, (we find)
Freely to flow, scarce are inclin'd,
Till vain Men give 'em Vent by Wind.

I Thee, for my sole Aid then own,
Which, by your true Wit, 'ere is done;
Thee yet, I'll own ingenuously;
Since 'tis some Ingenuity,
Thee VANITY! not to disown,
Who, by Mens hiding Thee, art shown.
Then Wits cou'd disingenuous be,
Only by their disowning Thee;
Whom often, they cannot deny,
To be the cause of Modesty;
Which, owning Thee, they justifie.
This Book I then inscribe to Thee;
For All is Thine (of course, we see.)
Inspiring VANITY! which is
Both Great, and Empty too, like this;
Since outward Greatness does confess,
Most often, inward Emptiness,
And great Books as great Heads, (we know,)
Contain less, as they make more show.

The Author to the Book-seller, who desir'd his Picture before his Book, in Front of his Follies; pleading the Custom for it.

AS Custom makes those, who are no great Clerks,
Set to their Acts and Deeds, Seals, Hands, or Marks,
To show this Book, my Writing, Act, or Deed,
You'd have me to it put, my Mark, or Head.
Thus Poet's Wares, like others, great or small,
Must have their Sign, to put 'em off to Sale,
So must sophisticated Wit, as Wine,
The worse it is, have but the better Sign,
That Men, to swallow both, may more incline.
Each Author puts the best Face on his Book,
That Buyers might on both more kindly look;
Spruce Trader thus, at his Shop-door appears,
With his good Looks, to tice in Customers.
All Lyers, Cheats, Historians, Poets, Quacks,
Divines, Diviners in their Almanacks,
Or Books, tho' but more to their own Disgrace,
Look, in Effigie, Buyers in the Face,
As who shou'd say, they were no small Fools there,
The World, nor yet the fiercest Critic fear,
Stand up i'th' Front, for Book, and Bookseller;
As who shou'd hint, i'th' first Leaf of the Book,
They justifie their Sense by their grave Look,
As formal Coxcombs wou'd their Nonsense pass
On the blind World, but by their grave Grimace,
And oft for Sense wou'd make their Nonsense go,
By setting their best Faces on it so;

The'

Tho' Gravity be rather Folly's Teſt,
By which each dull and myſtick Fool's known beſt,
For being more in Earneſt, more a Jeſt;
So, by your leave, each Wit before his Book,
With Looks in Print, muſt like a Coxcomb look,
In the firſt Leaf, yet (if you'll have it ſo,)
His Art at leaſt, let the bold Graver ſhow
My Shame, but for your Intereſt to grow;
For as good Wine wants no good Buſh, or Sign,
Were not my Wit flat, you'd ne'r ask for mine:
So where there is but ſcanty Furniture,
Bare Walls to cover, Pictures we procure;
Yet when ill ones muſt fill up the void Space,
That Place, by furniſhing, we more diſgrace;
So, with my ſenſleſs Face, thou'lt damn thy Book,
Since Man's Senſe ſuffers for his ſilly Look,
Or bold one, which none for a wiſe One took;
Then no Man, in his Book, can ſhow his Face,
But firſt, ſure, he muſt borrow it from Braſs,
The Wit then ſeeking Praiſe to his Diſgrace.
Who vainly puts his Looks in Print, muſt ſeem
To thoſe an Aſs, from whom he'd gain Eſteem;
As ſerious Faces put on Follies ſo,
But more the Shame of their vain Owners grow,
As them but more, they to the Public ſhow.

Upon the Discretion of FOLLY, *by which Men are Fortunate and Innocent; which is better than to be Wise. To a Lady, who, in contradiction to the Author, said,* It was not better to be Happy than Wise.

FOR my next Subject here, I FOLLY took,
Since none, but for it, cou'd begin a Book;
But for it, or exposing *Vanity*,
Wou'd show their little Wit in Poesy,
Or cou'd (at least,) be brought to publish it;
Thus often FOLLY proves the Cause of Wit.
Nay, since our Troubles, Cares are often brought
Upon us, but for having too much Thought,
Then FOLLY's Sense, since 'tis our Happiness,
By which our Thought, or Care, is always less;
Thus Fools are here, as likewise thought elsewhere,
But for their want of Thought much happier.
Which is most Wisdom? Heav'nly Wisdom, whence
Men have their Faith, their Truth, and Innocence?
Whence Heav'n to Fools wise *Turks* in next Life give;
But Christian Fools are happy whilst they live.
Each Driv'ler, Ideot, Sot, or Natural,
Rest, Happiness, enjoys here above all,
Whom Reasonable, or Spiritual you call;
Is most exempted from all Care and Fear,
Which Slaves to Sense or Fame are forc'd to bear:
Fools fear no Braggers Threats, nor Wits Discourse,
No Stings of Conscience feel, or have Remorse

For

For past Crimes, or for future Torments Fear,
Or have for Life incertain, certain Care,
Nor, while they Life and Pleasure here enjoy,
Can Tales of Hell, their Souls first Love, destroy;
Who from their Innocence, their Safety find,
Their Ease of Body, and their Peace of Mind;
For casual Life, or sure Death, may be said
Neither to have fond Love, or vainer Dread;
By Good nor Ill to Care or Fear are brought,
Are then Philosophers for want of Thought,
From Guilt, or Punishment, exempted so,
Since they, who can't think Right, no Wrong can do;
Who but their own Will justly may fulfil,
But by discerning neither Good from Ill,
Having no Sense, know no Law but their Will;
No Sense disturbs their sensual free Delight,
Who know no Ruler but their Appetite,
Of Pow'r, or Love, they cannot jealous be,
Whose Minds and Hearts from Fear or Love are free;
Ev'n Hope, which makes Fools of the Patient, Wise,
Can Fools with Disappointments least surprize;
No Flattery can e'er misguide their Will,
Reason their Heads with Contradictions fill;
The thoughtless Fool to his good Humour he,
Is but more constant, as he less does know,
Has less Doubt, less Fear, and less Trouble, as
He but less Care and Apprehension has;
Whilst Men of more Sense, have more Care, Fear, Doubt,
The Fool most wise is, but as most without;
Who, but for want of his Distinguishing,
Is more than Wise Men for their Reasoning,
Indifferent in every Thought or Thing.

He neither knows in this Life, Sin or Shame;
So can't in t'other, Punishment or Blame:
No fond Ambition, Envy, Hatred, Love,
His quiet Mind to Perturbation move.
Thus, the Fool's wise, whose Thought will not destroy,
With dread of future Ills, his present Joy;
The more a Fool then, is but more a Wit,
His Friends more to divert, by want of it:
Since no true Wit can more to Mirth incite,
Or be, more innocently, Man's Delight.
The Fool's himself a stroling Comedy,
Still entertaining all, whom he comes nigh,
And suffers near him no sad Company:
He laughs, and laught at, is without Offence,
By having to no Meaning a Pretence,
Nor, like a Pedant, e'er sets up for Sense.
Whence 'tis, best Wits, who Contradiction hate,
And love to hear their own Selves only prate,
To laugh at others, not to be laugh'd at,
Your easy Fool, whom they may laugh at, love;
Whilst some their Sense, laughing at them, wou'd prove.
Whence still the Fool by Mankind is caress'd,
In this World happy, as in t'other bless'd;
Amongst the Wise, does least Opposers find,
To his weak Passion, or his headstrong Mind;
Lest they, by contradicting him, shou'd be
Esteem'd to have as little Sense as he.
Since Wise Men, much more the Fools Equals seem,
But as the more they for their Wits to them.
The Fool spoils not, but mends Society,
For want of Wit, is better Company;
Who can't do, nor resent an Injury;

His

His Innocence ſecures him, ev'ry where:
Of whom, leſt ſhy the moſt Wiſe Men appear,
Bid him ſpeak, when they will no Wiſe Man hear.
Againſt him no Door's ſhut, in Town, or Court;
Welcome to Sex, or Kind, of ev'ry Sort;
The fitteſt to make Men and Women Sport.
Can Credit beſt with Man, or Woman gain,
Provided, beſt to pleaſe, or entertain
The Fair, who not by Talk, but Action, judge of Wit.
For King's, as Women's company moſt fit,
Both which will to their Secrets moſt admit
A heedleſs Fool, before a prying Wiſe Man:
To whom, becauſe he is a Talker too,
They will have leſs to ſay, more Wit to ſhow.
Whom, either will before a Wiſe Man hear,
And from him more, than from a Wiſe Man bear,
Since either, who can ſuffer Earneſt leaſt
From the Wiſe Man, will from the Fool his Jeſt.
Whence he, who to be laugh'd at moſt procures,
Moſt patiently his Better's Scorn endures,
Their Friendſhip and his Safety beſt inſures.
At Court is thought no ſmall Fool, there grows Great,
Where Wit by Preſident's unfortunate,
The moſt old Preſident the World can ſhow,
Since Knowledge did the firſt Man's Ruin grow.
Whence Fools here, for their Follies, as elſewhere,
Are, as moſt innocent, the happier:
Who, ſince they cannot of themſelves take Care,
The juſter Care of Heav'n moſt often are,
Whence, for themſelves to care, the Men of Senſe
Are always left (we ſee) by Providence.

So Kings, as here they Heaven's Vicegerents are,
Of Fools (call'd Innocents,) will take most care,
And raise them still most high in their Esteem,
For having least Sense, so most Faith in them.
Then, since we find from our Experience, that
Men, as they've more Sense, are less Fortunate,
And in the World, just Providence or Fate
Still with good Chance, Want of good Parts supplies,
Which to the Knowing, it but most denies,
The greatest Folly sure, is to be Wise.
Since Knowledge is Man's Curse, as worst Offence,
Folly proves Wisdom, as 'tis Innocence;
Since Folly has, for Want of Thought, no Care,
For Want of Sense, has all Hope and no Fear;
So has, to Happiness above, below,
But more pretence still, as it less does know:
Since Faith but only Want of Knowledge is,
By which Men here, elsewhere gain Rest or Bliss;
So Man is most Wise, as he less does know,
By which, more Safe and Happy does he grow.
Then FOLLY's Prudence, as 'tis Happiness,
Since our Content's more, as our Thought is less;
So, too much Sense sure but too little is,
Which makes itself its End it seeks, to miss;
Which does our End of all our Care, Content,
The more we seek it, by Thought, Care, prevent;
Since but by more Thought, we must needs confess,
Our Cares grow more, our Joys and Pleasures less,
Then FOLLY's Wisdom, from its Thoughtlessness.

Upon the most useful Knowledge, Craft or Cunning, *which is more* Wisdom, *as 'tis less* Wit.

CUnning, Wise, Cautious, Folly is, by which,
(Whilst Wit does beggar Men) they grow more Rich;
Wise Folly, on which Weak Men most rely,
And the most honourable Knavery,
Term'd by the Wise and Great, Sage Policy,
Wise Folly, and most honourable Fear,
Does most, in hiding of itself, appear;
Whence they, who seem of Wit and Wisdom too,
More shy, as more they seek themselves to show;
(Since Cunning hides it self,) distrust not it,
Which better Sense most often does out-wit,
And speaks itself, by Taciturnity,
Which, ev'n in Fools, were Sense and Policy;
So, by its subtil Silence, still thinks fit,
To prove more Wisdom, as it shows less Wit;
Which minds its Interest most, as Honour least,
Then, as most useful Wisdom, 'tis the best,
Whilst Wit seeks Fame more than its Interest;
When Craft prefers its Interest to its Fame,
Thinks nought, that's its Advantage, is its Shame,
Whose Prudence, 'tis its Wisdom to conceal,
Whilst Wisdom, is its Knowledge to reveal;
By which it is incapable to do
The safe, wise, great Things, which by Craft (we know)
Must done, since Wisdom's open to its Foe;

Will him, to his oppoſing it, defie,
Whilſt Cunning for her's does in Ambuſh lie;
Wiſdom does loſe its End, for being known,
Gives Foes Suſpicion, by its being ſhown;
Whilſt its Deſign, wiſe Cunning cannot miſs,
Since it by true Senſe leaſt ſupected is;
Which ſince half Senſe, half Policy, half Wit,
Puzzles true Senſe, the more to deal with it;
In ſpight of Wit, it plays Diſcretion's part,
Since the beſt Skill is, to conceal one's Art;
And the Head's Prudence, not to ſhow the Heart:
He's moſt Wiſe then, who ſeems to be ſo leaſt;
Who hides his Wit, his Senſe to manifeſt;
So Cunning proves the trueſt Wiſdom then,
Which has no vain Aim ever to be ſeen;
True Wiſdom, if ſage Prudence, ſubtil Wit
It be, to be moſt ſhy of ſhowing it;
And that is the ſole Reaſon, Cunning can
Its Credit more i'th' World than Wit, maintain;
More in the World, than Wit or Wiſdom do,
Who ſeem ſo bold, ſo buſie, forward too,
To ſhow themſelves; that they by their Pretence
To more Senſe, ſhow more their Impertinence;
'Till they their Folly, by their Senſe proclaim,
Seek Praiſe, before their Profit, (to their Shame)
Whilſt Profit before Praiſe, is Cunning's Aim:
When vainer Wiſdom gives it ſelf the Lie,
From oſtentatious Self-ſufficiency,
Becomes the greateſt Folly, Vanity;

Whilſt Craft proves Wiſdom by its ſhunning Pride,
True Prudence, which itſelf to ſhow, muſt hide,
Since ineffectual 'tis, when once 'tis ſpy'd;
If the true Politician's wiſeſt Aim,
Be, not to keep from Guilt, but Guilt from Shame;
And ſince the greateſt Aim now Wiſe Men have,
Is leſs their Virtue than their Fame to ſave,
They Credit keep, ſafely to play the Knave;
Stand on their Honour, tho' diſhon'rably,
But by their falſe pretended Honeſty,
To cheat thoſe moſt, who moſt on it rely:
But by their Knavery, their Honour gain,
Since without Wealth, none Honour can maintain;
Whilſt fooliſh Wits, more to their Reaſon's blame,
Will to their Profit ſtill prefer their Fame,
To make ſought Praiſe, by Vanity, their Shame:
When Craft its Senſe, concealing it, has ſhown,
Since better thought of, but as leſs 'tis known;
So does, becauſe itſelf it wou'd not ſhow,
Too hard for Pow'r, Wealth, Wit, or Wiſdom grow;
Then ſhou'd go for true Policy, nay Wit,
Since Men, undone by that, are made by it;
Whilſt down-right Honeſty, Wit, Wiſdom, are
Foes to their Friends, whom they keep Poor, and Bare,
To keep Men in more Want, more Fear, or Care.
Then, dull Plain-dealing, which by Truth ſeeks Fame,
By Man's pretence to Honour, grows his Shame;
And Wit preferring ſtill, to Profit Praiſe,
Shou'd of the Proof of Senſe, turn its Diſgrace.
But Cunning's Wit, nay Wiſdom, Honour too;
Which can for all Three, without either go,
And can more than all Three together do,

To make Knaves gain Truſts, Intereſt, Credit, Fame,
To merit Cenſure, yet to bear no Blame,
To make their Fraud their Praiſe, though others Shame:
Then Cunning ſhou'd for the beſt Science go,
Which, without Learning, does beſt Knowledge ſhow;
Does Wit, Pow'r, Art, by Nature beſt out-do;
Strange Science! ſince all Wiſdom, Courage, Wit,
Muſt to it univerſally ſubmit:
It rules the World, in ſpight of True Wit, ſo,
(Tho' but its Baſtard-Brother) ought to go,
Like Baſtards, for the Wiſer of the Two;
Which, (whilſt the other makes Man leſs to thrive)
Does help her Man the better ſtill to live:
Which, tho' 'tis often call'd Sinifter-Senſe,
Againſt Right Reaſon, makes the beſt Defence;
Which gives it, of its Foes, moſt Diffidence:
Whilſt where to have it, Right Senſe never knows;
Since it ne'er by right Rules of Reaſon goes;
A Slight i'th' Brain 'tis, like a Slight in Strength,
The better Side makes of the worſe, (at length;)
As Cheats by Tricks at Cards will cozen ſtill
Thoſe, who have in the true Play better Skill;
So Cunning then is Wiſdom's higheſt Pitch;
'Tis, as at Cards, a Trick in Shuffling, which,
More than good Play, bold Puſhers will enrich:
It is a Trick, which ſeems an Art, till known;
But ſhames the ſkilful Shuffler, and proves none,
When once it comes above-board to be ſhown;
'Tis Baſtard-Senſe, and like all Baſtards ſo,
Does in the World but more ſucceſsful grow,
Than the True, which does True Wits moſt undo.

A SONG, *against Delays in* LOVE. *To a Lady, who ſaid,* Love was to little purpoſe, ſince ſo long in Acquiring, and ſo ſhort in Enjoying; and that the Fear of the Future, wou'd hinder our Preſent Joy.

I.

SINCE Love has Wings, as well as Time,
Neither will for us, with us ſtay;
My Love, thy Charms are in their Prime,
Why ſtay, till both are fled away?
Since you ſay, neither long will laſt,
To their Enjoyment, we ſhou'd haſt.

II.

The Reaſon againſt Love you give,
Shou'd our Incitement to it be;
Since it ſhort Life may long out-live,
The ſooner ſhou'd You yield to Me;
Shou'd fear our Love's Inconſtancy,
If not, our Live's Incertainty.

III.

The more that You the Future dread,
Let leſs the Preſent Moment go;
Becauſe we muſt grow cold, be dead,
Warmth, Life, whilſt we live, let us ſhow;
Since none of Joys to come are ſure,
The Preſent let us then ſecure.

IV.

IV.

If our Love, like our Life's, a ſpan,
In both we take our Meaſures wrong,
If both we uſe not, whilſt we can,
Since both are ſhort, ſhou'd both prolong:
Since Change, like them too, muſt we prove;
The leſs we Live, the more ſhou'd Love:

V.

If Joy to come incertain is,
It let us here anticipate,
In Life, and Love, ſeize Paradiſe,
In ſpight of Time, Fear, Death, or Fate;
Since this Life's ſhort, the next unſure,
Let us ſecure Joys whilſt they dure.

In Vindication of Simplicity, *and* Good-Nature; *To an Ill-natur'd Lady, who ſaid,* Good Nature was Folly, and the Diſgrace of Good Senſe.

WHY ſhou'd Good-Nature be proud Man's Diſgrace?
Which is his Maker's Honour, and his Praiſe,
Since, but for his Forgiveneſs of us, he
Wou'd our Deſtroyer of our Maker be;
Then our Good-Nature's not our Reaſon's Shame,
Without which Reaſon makes Man more to blame,

Who,

Who, for more Sense, shows less Humanity,
And for more Reason, lives less reasonably;
Since Wit, which still Good-Nature will disown,
Is but, by finding Faults, in others shown;
Which, to Mankind's Esteem, and Fame pretends,
For its Ill-Nature making Foes of Friends,
The Wit's the Fool then, who would sooner abuse
His good Friend rather, than bad Jest to lose,
Displease his Friends, to humour Critic Foes.
But, if that be the best and greatest Wit,
Which seems most hard for Men to compass it,
Good-Natur'd Wit o'er t'other should prevail,
Since 'tis more hard justly to Praise than Rail;
Good-Nature then good Sense should justifie,
As Men their good Faith by their Charity:
And truest Charity Good-Nature is,
Without which Virtue would itself turn Vice;
Without which, we lose all the Good we do,
Good-Nature then is Faith, Religion too;
So far from Folly should for Wisdom go;
Since by good Nature more than good Sense, Man
Does much more his Humanity maintain,
Obtains his Mind's, and Conscience's best Peace,
Tranquillity of Thoughts, and Body's Ease;
By Sense, or Wit, with which Man would impose
His Will, on others, he worse Natur'd grows,
Shows most his Malice, but as more his Wit,
'Till all his Virtues lessen'd are by it;
Whilst our Good-Nature, Virtues does increase,
And makes our Vices and Offences less,
Nay, Man's excuse of all his Vice is, since,
'Tis but our Malice makes our Faults offences.

And

And our Good-Nature, as it finds Faults, ſo
Does but the more our Virtues merit, ſhow,
In leſſ'ning one, increaſing t'other too;
Without Good-Nature, which is Charity,
Ev'n the Devout wou'd ſerve God wickedly;
Juſtice its ſelf wou'd grow moſt Injury;
The Height of which, turns Rigour, and unjuſt;
Friendſhip baſe Int'reſt, pure Love fouleſt Luſt;
Courage, but brutal Butchery wou'd grow,
Man's Guilt, and Shame, but of his Honour ſo,
And of his Fame's ſupport, diſgraceful Vanity,
His Bounty too, but ſelfiſh Uſury;
Then, but for his good Nature, Friendſhip, Love,
Wou'd mean, and mercenary Int'reſt prove;
Of Generoſity, a bart'ring Trade,
Nor for Exchange of Hearts, but Int'reſts made:
Bounty, without it, were no Charity,
Religion, but for it, Hypocriſy.
Since Faith were, without Charity, in vain,
So 'tis good Nature, which the World began,
Does it, by Faith, Love, Charity, maintain.
Thus, againſt all Opinion, and Pretence
Of Selfiſh Craft, Good-Nature, is good Senſe;
Nay, ſince our ſelves, we (pleaſing others) pleaſe,
Good-Nature is moſt gen'rous Selfiſhneſs;
So far from Eaſie Folly, it ſhou'd go
For Height of Reaſon, Wit, and Wiſdom too;
The beſt Diſtinction betwixt Man and Brute,
Whoſe own Speech elſe, his Reaſon wou'd refute,
Bring his Humanity more in Diſpute;
If his Good-Nature, did not always ſway
His Paſſions, make them Reaſon ſtill obey;

So,

So, the Support 'tis of Society,
But for which, Men wou'd live more brutally;
And, for their Reason, more unreasonably.
Good-Nature then, best Proof is of Good Sense,
'Twixt Man and Beast, proves best the Difference.
So far from Folly then Good-Nature is,
That the best Sign of Human Prudence 'tis;
Which makes Men Friends of jarring Enemies;
The sole Proof of God's Image, on Mankind;
Since It or Spight, makes Man seem God, or Fiend.
The best Distinction of Humanity,
From Brutishness, makes Man himself deny,
His Passion with his Reason to comply;
To make frail Man above all Self-love grow,
And of a Man, become a God below;
Good to Mankind, without Return, to do;
Then none Good-Nature want of Sense can call,
Since Heav'n, which knows all, helps, and pardons all.

Upon a Fine Woman's Fine Breasts; given by her Companion for a Subject to Write upon.

LET each vain giddy-brain'd Poetic Fop
Talk of *Parnassus*, or its double Top,
And by his Fanciful Describing it,
Think to procure the vain Name of a Wit:
Whilst, *Chloris!* Thou, my Muse and Theme shalt be;
Thy Breasts, those Twins of Hills, shall be to me
Parnassus, since he, who his Head on them
Can lay, can ne'r want Wit on such a Theme,
Or Pleasant, Amorous, Poetic Dream:

Then once my Head upon them let me lay,
They higher Thoughts into it will convey;
They'll fire with Love, at once, my Breast and Brain,
'Till my fierce Love the Name of Rage may gain;
Their Touch inspires Love, Love with Vanity;
So wou'd they prove best Aids of Poetry;
When touch'd by my own Hand, they give me Love;
And me to Rage, when touch'd by others, move;
So my best Aids to Love and Satyr prove;
Since all who see them, they must needs inspire,
Both with the Lover's Flame, and Poet's Fire;
They needs must give us Wit, that give us Love,
Which Fancy, Sense, Invention does improve;
Since Love ne'r made a Lover, (that we know)
But, the same time, it made a Poet too;
Yet, to write better, on thy Breasts my Theme,
In Verse, not only, let me handle Them.

The Double Disappointment; or, *Love retarded, by meeting too soon.* A Song to *Celia.*

I.

MY pregnant Passion, fierce Desire,
Abortive made my Love;
By having too much of Love's Fire,
I did the Colder prove;
So too much Vigour did prevent
My Love, of its Accomplishment.

II.

As, in Beginning of our Love,
My Tongue was useless made,
But less did my Dame's Pity move,
The more my Love 'twou'd aid;
The Haste, and Fierceness of my Love,
Its Lett did, and Prevention prove.

III.

Our Flames were quench'd, by their Excess;
Our Joys less, for their Store;
If that our Passion had been less,
Our Pleasure had been more:
Both, to our Meeting were so true,
That it, our Disappointment grew:

IV.

By Meeting so, too hastily,
Each other did we fail;
Her quick Grant, did her Love deny,
And made mine less prevail:
My Love she did retard, prevent,
Giving too soon, her kind Consent:

V.

Yet mayn't She think, that Want of Love,
Which was but its Excess;
The more she does my Passion move,
My Action, proves but less,
Had her Charms had o'er me less pow'r,
I had had over her, the more.

VI.

Great Joys, but like Great Sorrows, ſo,
Can leſs themſelves expreſs;
So, when our Words moſt Paſſion ſhow,
Our Action proves but leſs;
Deſire diſarms itſelf, like Rage,
From more Heat, leſs fit to engage.

III.

To LOVE.

TO Thee, Beginner of Beginnings, who,
Firſt made the World, does it continue too;
To Thee, firſt Cauſe of Ingenuity,
In teaching Men, with Art, to Feign and Lye,
Shou'd I have firſt began, my Poetry;
To Thee, I ſhou'd have written firſt, to prove
Some Senſe, who firſt didſt me to Writing move;
And not the Love of Honour, or of Fame,
Which, as more ſought, but more becomes our Shame,
And are more forfeited, as more our Claim;
But firſt to Thee, all Mankind ought to Write,
Who giv'ſt, at once, Inſtruction and Delight,
And mak'ſt Men Verſe, 'gainſt Nature, Senſe, indite;
But for whom, yet no Labour cou'd be Wit,
Nor cou'd ev'n Wit, without Thee, paſs for It;
Since Wit, Men's Vain, would of their Pleaſure prove,
Were't not for Thee, Pleaſant Inſpirer, Love!
And Wit, more Praiſe, when only ſhou'd receive,
But as more Pleaſure it does take or give,

More Praise have, as more capable of Thee,
Without whom, none cou'd Wise, or Happy be,
Since but for Thee, nor Sense, nor Pleasure, cou'd
Be Satisfaction, or good Chance be good;
For Beauty, Gold, were Curses, without You,
Wou'd Torments of our Satisfactions grow.

Thou, the Great Law of Nature art, O LOVE!
By whom, Man first was made, does live, and move;
Great Law of Nature! but for which, in vain,
Religion, Justice, cou'd their own maintain;
Nor Commerce, or Society, wou'd be
Supported, or continu'd Just and Free,
Were it not LOVE! but for Thy Pow'r, and Thee:
Great Proof of Reason, which ends all Disputes,
Who, without Reason, rules the wildest Brutes,
And mak'st Men prove their LOVE more, being Mutes:
The World without Thee, Barbarous wou'd grow,
Each other, Man or Woman, wou'd not know,
Whilst now, the greatest, fiercest Brutes of Men,
To Wedlock's Yoke, are so Submissive seen;
That they from Lords of the Creation, now,
But willing Vassals to Your Empire bow;
And the great Work of the Creation do,
Whether their Reason, Prudence, wou'd or no;
Nay, for Your Yoke, can triumph in their Chains,
And by You, make their Pleasure of their Pains:
But without LOVE, there wou'd be no Desire,
Without it, Us, our Pleasure, Ease, wou'd tire,
Since, without LOVE, we nothing long admire.
The Wild, and Barbarous, who know no Law,
Reason, or Pow'r, of Thee, LOVE! stand in aw,

With-

Without their Partners of their own ill Fate,
Or good, can ne'r live pleas'd in any State;
Muſt have, to their Increaſe of Happineſs,
Or to their Pains, or Miſeries Decreaſe,
Sharers in them, Confidents, Witneſſes;
Since the Good more, by being ſhar'd, is made,
As by that more, is leſſen'd too, the Bad;
If a Man's Pleaſure, his Diſpleaſure grows,
Not ſhar'd with Friends, nor envy'd by his Foes;
And his Misfortunes, heavy'ſt are to bear,
When he has none, to bear with him their Share;
Ev'n Thieves, who have for Juſtice, Love nor Fear,
Who ſtill (as 'twere,) are making War in Peace,
And others rob, are robb'd by Miſtreſſes;
Nay (for them) rob themſelves of Wealth, or Eaſe:
Who, for Religion, keep no Faith (we ſee,)
With Men, for LOVE will juſt to Women be;
Who Falſe, nay Barbarous to Friendſhip prove,
Yet Juſt, Human, and Kind, will be to LOVE;
Who, tho' no Laws their Paſſions e'er can bind,
To Reaſon e'er ſubject their Heart, or Mind,
By LOVE's Chains yet, will freely be confin'd;
Which Out-Laws can reduce, and Mad-Men tame,
And them to Juſtice, Reaſon, may reclaim;
Nay ſure, the moſt unruly Libertine,
Not bound by Laws, or Human, or Divine,
Who does renounce all Fear of Pow'rs above,
Or thoſe below, ſubmits to thoſe of LOVE;
Without which, Torments Pow'r or Riches were,
One to give Trouble, as the tother Fear:
Then LOVE for Juſtice, as 'tis blind, ſhould go,
For Truth, Faith, ſo for blind Devotion too;

'Tis

'Tis Faith, Religion, as 'tis Charity,
Ev'n Atheists, Infidels, who Gods deny,
Love, with their Vows, Faith, Service defie,
Renouncing Honour, Wealth, Pomp, Power, and Pride,
To get that little, Great Man-maker's Grace,
Who first began the World, and keeps it now
In Peace, which no Peace otherwise, could know,
Abolishing all Merchandize,
Or Fraud in Commerce, the worst Foes to Peace,
By banishing all Int'rest or Design
From Friendships, with those two Words, Thine and Mine;
Which, in this World, but most Division cause,
Make Nature's Law, submit to Human Laws:
But Love sure is Man's Universal Law,
Which, all the World does to Subjection draw,
Cruelty, Fraud, or Av'rice, over-aw;
To whose Pow'r, all unanimously yield,
Whilst Men, to Justice, Faith, must be compell'd;
Tho' no Law can be Just, or Permanent,
To which there is not all Mankind's Assent,
Which Love has, since 'tis Man's Self-punishment:
At once his Punishment, and Pleasure too,
Which (if he cou'd,) he never wou'd forego;
Since Love's Chains are the sole, were ever known,
To be, by th' Innocent themselves, put on;
Whence Love's Law, the most absolute appears,
Which makes Men their own Executioners;
Each out of Self-Love, only but to grow
A Foe to's Friend, as Friend too to his Foe,
To love She-Foes too, for their Cruelty,
For those who kill them, willingly to die;

So,

So since, LOVE! You these Miracles can do,
I dedicate my Sense, as Life to You;
Who, taking but Man's Senses from him, dost
Excite his Good-Will, or Good-Nature boast,
Pleasing his Sense or his Reason's Cost;
Dost make the Weakest Men more Able prove,
Either in Acting, or in Writing LOVE:
Thou Friend to Wit, as Foe to Barrenness,
Who dost the World Support, instruct, and please;
Be Thou my Aid, as Thou my Theme art, LOVE!
Since but for Thee, by whom all live and move,
Wit would, like Life, but tedious to them prove.
Whence, LOVE! my Rhythms address themselves to You,
Who, tho' You make Faults, best can hide 'em too;
Man's Wit, best by his Love of Pleasure, show:
Since none, without Thee, can to Wit pretend,
Who art to Wit, and Nature, the best Friend,
Of best Thoughts, best Beginning, as best End;
Since those Men's Thoughts prove less Wit, which seek less,
Their own dear Selves, than others Thoughts to please;
But Thou, LOVE! dost make Men and Women too,
Their Sense, Fame, for their Pleasure, to forego,
By which, their best Sense, best of all they show.

A Song, *against Reason in Love; To one who requir'd her Lover to give a Reason for his* Passion, *to convince her of it.*

I.

SINCE Love's a Passion, Sense in Love,
Were senseless, dull Impertinence,
For Love, no more than Faith, we prove
By pedant Reason, babling Sense;
Faith in Love, as Religion too,
By Good-Works, not Good-Sense, we shew.

II.

In busie Life's most base Concerns,
Of Honour, Pow'r, or Interest,
That Reason something more discerns,
Than Blind Faith can, it is confest;
But in the great Affair of Love,
Reason, shou'd Reas'ning, disapprove.

III.

In vain, some sober, thoughtless Fool,
Who has out-liv'd all Sense, or Wit,
May be so Formal, Grave, or Dull,
To strive to prove his Love by it;
Call Reason, Blind Love's Guide, or Light,
To help his Gropers, to go Right.

IV.

If 'tis a Light, 'tis such an one,
But as Jack in the Lantern is,
To help its Followers alone,
But by its Light, their Way to miss;
And make them, but the farther stray,
In its pursuit, out of their Way.

V.

The Stark-Blind Fool is happiest,
Who, in the Darkness of his Mind,
As in the Night, does Ease, and Rest,
Quiet, and Safety, likewise find;
Whose Blindness knows no present Fear,
Nor Foresight brings the Distant near.

VI.

So, Reason makes Man more a Brute,
Setting him more above the rest,
To lose his Senses in Dispute,
And make his Sense, his Will contest;
Whose Reason is, his Guilt, and Shame,
For Pleasures, Beasts, are not to blame.

VII.

Thus Man is but the greater Beast,
Since, of most Savage, Human kind,
Tho' Lording it above the rest,
Is, by his Reason, more confin'd;
Whilst Beasts, for want of Reason, are
More free, both from his Guilt, Shame, Fear.

VIII.

Then Beasts, without Sense or Conduct,
Their Pleasures, Passion only suits,
When Man, for Reason, and his Soul,
Can but the less have his free Will
Beasts, more Sense, wanting Reason, show,
Fear nothing, since they nothing know.

IX.

Whilst Babling Man, whom, we call Wise,
Both for his Sense, and Foresight too
But, the more senseless Creature is,
To dread that, which he cannot know;
His Reason so, his Sense refutes,
When, against Nature, it disputes;

X.

His present Hopes and Happiness,
For future casual Fears destroys,
To show his Sense, for Reason less,
Makes sure his Grief, unsure his Joys;
More by his Thought, and Reason so;
Sensible, senseless Brute to grow.

Upon Friendſhip, *preferr'd to* Love.

FRIENDSHIP, at once, is Love and Honour too,
Which does a Heart, without Deſign, beſtow;
Or Hopes of a Return, by which a Trade
Or Trucking Commerce, Bart'ring Love is made:
So Love's a Bond-ſlave, and muſt Duty pay,
Makes Man, ev'n thoſe he ſhou'd command, obey;
In ſpight of Reaſon, whether 'twill, or no;
But Friendſhip, Voluntary Good will do,
Is Kindneſs, without Obligation, ſo.
Love does a Mercenary Slave appear,
Whilſt Friendſhip, is a Noble Volunteer.
Love does but for Reward, a Benefit,
Generous Friendſhip is undone by it:
Love ſhows its Kindneſs, without Reaſon too:
Friendſhip will always all, by Reaſon, do.
In Friendſhip, Men their Honour ſatisfie,
Their Judgment, Reaſon, and Humanity;
In Love, their Paſſion, do their Infamy.
Love's the Diſturbance of Societies,
Friendſhip ſtrict Union is of Enemies;
Since Man to Man, by Nature is a Foe,
Till Noble Friendſhip does make One of Two,
And will their Reconciliation be;
Then Friendſhip is the Nobleſt Pact, (we ſee)
The Manly Virtue of the Soul, that's Great,
Love, is a Vice, Mean and Effeminate:
Friendſhip, is our Hearts, Minds, Firm Conſtancy;
Love Fickleneſs, and Imbecillity;

Love

Love Bodies joins, gives, but to take Delight;
But Friendſhip, Soul and Body, does unite;
Love is but Mercenary Kindneſs, ſo,
More Pleaſure rather to Receive, than Do;
Whilſt Friendſhip makes the True-Hearted Man.
With Friends to ſhare their Croſſes, Shame, or Pain;
The Barbarous, who ne'r were civiliz'd,
By Laws or Letters, Friendſhip moſt have priz'd;
Have honour'd been for that, for Love, deſpis'd;
They, whom no Laws, from doing Wrong, can bind
By Friendſhip, to their Duty ſeem confin'd,
Which makes moſt Men of one Will, and one Mind.
So Friendſhip! Thou, Free-Law of Nature art,
A Court of Honour, kept in each Man's Heart;
Whilſt Wild, Intemperate, Inhuman Love,
A Breaker does of Laws and Precepts prove:
Other Laws Bodies to their Duty bind,
Friendſhip enſures the frail Heart, fickle Mind,
Both by its Ties, to Reaſon, Faith, confin'd:
Nay, when no Laws our Paſſions can reſtrain,
Even in Spight of Love, True Friendſhip can;
The Sacred Law of all Communities,
Which tames the Wild, the Rude does civilize;
Man's beſt Security, from all Diſtruſt;
To make, the Poor Man True, the Pow'rful Juſt;
The Law, which ev'n moſt barbarous, and wild
Of Nations, have for Sacred always held,
The Lay-Religion, both of *Jews* and *Turks*,
To make Men ſhew their Faith, by their Good Works;
Out-Laws, and Thieves, whom Law, nor Faith can bind,
Who live in Enmity with all Mankind,

And make War, in the time of Peace, think fit,
Yet, to the Laws of Friendſhip to ſubmit;
Who think it Brave, with Juſtice, to contend,
Oppoſing Foes, ſubmit yet, to their Friend.
Friendſhip, (in breaking other Laws,) obey,
Cheat their Relations, yet, no Friends betray;
Venture their Lives, nay, Tortures undergo,
Pain, and Diſgrace, Death, and Damnation too,
E're they will ſuffer but more Shame, or Blame,
Betraying thoſe, who brought 'em, to that Shame!
In fine, the whole Creation, and Mankind,
By Friendſhip, is maintain'd in Peace, (we find,)
Which firſt built Towns, and made Aſſemblies;
Founder, Preſerver, of Societies;
Lets none do to their Brother ought amiſs;
For, where True Friendſhip Men does Rule, or Reign,
Laws are unneceſſary, Juſtice vain:
So th' Age of Innocence, it does once more,
To this, unhoſpitable World reſtore,
Does Men to Juſtice, Faith, and Truth, incline,
Aboliſhing thoſe hard Words, Mine and Thine,
Laying all Common, in the World, once more,
By levelling Mankind, in Wealth, or Pow'r;
All Fraud, or Injuries, aboliſhes,
In taking from Mankind, all Selfiſhneſs,
Which makes Man, ſeeking to be more, grow leſs;
And keeps the Peace, by making ev'ry Friend,
But with his Friend, in Kindneſs to contend;
So, Friendſhip is the Nobleſt Commerce, which,
Makes Men, by Prodigality, more Rich;

Since Friends, by Goods they ſhare, have not the leſt,
Who, by Joint-Stocks, like Partners, gain Increaſe;
Till each Man turns his Generoſity,
To the moſt profitable Uſury,
By Friendſhip, the ſole honourable Gain,
That's made by Commerce, betwixt Man, and Man.

Injuſtice out of Honour: *To the too Honourable* **Jilt**, *who, to be true to her* **Marriage-Vow**, *and her* **Husband**, (*whom ſhe own'd ſhe hated,*) *was falſe to her* **Love-Promiſe**, *and her* **Lover**; *whom ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe lov'd, and lov'd firſt.* **A Song.**

I.

UPON your Faith, and Honour, you
Stand, till you prove, but more Unjuſt,
More Faithleſs, by your Honour grow,
Your firſt True Lover to diſtruſt;
So true to him (you ſay you hate) to prove,
But to be falſe to him, you ſay, you love.

II.

And but to keep your Faith with one,
Who brags he keeps it not with you,
So Wrong, you to your Friend have done,
Till Faithleſs by your Truth, you grow;

To

To your false Husband, are so falsely Just,
As Love, your Friend's due, not with him, to trust.

III.

For fear of breaking a forc'd Vow,
Not by your Love, but Interest made,
You such a Mercenary grow,
That Marriage has, your Faith betray'd;
And you, for better Keeping, like a Whore,
Became my Rival's, for his giving more.

IV.

If you will keep your Honour still,
Keep not from me, your Love, my due,
The Promise of your Love fulfil,
Which you know, first I had from you;
So break your Faith, with your false Spouse, you must,
For me, to be, to Love and Honour, just.

V.

If Vows to me, you for his sake
I'th' Church, cou'd break thus easily,
Why Vows to him, for me to break,
Shou'd you, dishonestly, deny?
Since to me, Voluntary was your Vow,
But yours to him, forc'd by your Friends, on you.

VI.

So, but more Wrong, you to me did,
My Love's due, to him, to reſign,
Becauſe, he more could, for you, bleed,
Tho' Love before-hand, made you mine:
Then Jilt, to give me back my due,
You can't be falſe to Love, but to it.

Upon JEALOUSIE. *To an Affected Miſtreſs, who ask'd,* What it was? *To whom, 'twas anſwer'd,* 'Twas Miſchief out of Caution, Shame out of Honour, Hatred out of Love, and the Puniſhment of the Innocent for the ſake of the Guilty; *which She bid him make out.*

OUR Loving Anger, Mongrel Jealouſie,
Our Love, by want of Faith, does juſtifie,
The better for our Incredulity;
Does make, our very Want of Faith to prove,
Our trueſt Demonſtration of our Love;
Then kind, diſcourteous Jealouſie, is ſo,
A Mongrel Paſſion, Love, and Hatred too,
Makes Man, more Kindneſs, as more Anger ſhow:
Thus, is at once, moſt faithful Faithleſneſs,
Which, if 'twere more Faith, proves Man's true Love leſs;
Since Man's Faith, to his Miſtreſs, beſt is ſhown,
But by his having in his Miſtreſs none;

Jealouſie, then in Thought, is in Effect
Obliging Rudeneſs, which ſhows moſt Reſpect,
When our Truſt, in a Miſtreſs, were Neglect;
To think none elſe, cou'd like Her, as we do,
And, if they did, wou'd not their Liking ſhow,
And it, not by kind Proffers, let Her know,
Our Thoughts, to our Dame's Beauty, prove more juſt,
But the more they, their Virtue, Truth, diſtruſt;
Since a Man's Cenſure of the Honeſty
Of Women, is, leſs to their Infamy,
Than cenſuring their Beauty, which, as more,
Makes their Truth, Virtue, leſs in their own Pow'r.
Thus, Jealouſie is true Love's ſureſt Teſt,
Men thinking worſe of Women, love 'em beſt,
Who, but as they their Love, and Faith, the more
Doubt ſtill, to hate, or leave them, have leſs Pow'r;
So Jealouſie, itſelf does only prove,
(By Man's Diſtruſt,) the moſt undoubted Love,
As moſt cenſorious, moſt obliging too,
Which, does moſt Value for his Miſtreſs ſhow,
The more he thinks, her Beauty needs muſt move,
More Men, to making to her, the more Love,
So more Love, (as more Jealous,) does he prove.
Then kind, diſcourteous, *Janus* Jealouſie,
Is Scorn, or Hatred out of Amity,
Wiſe Folly 'tis, and Honourable Fear,
By which, Wrongs from Anticipation are,
For injur'd Men, made eaſier to bear.
As beſt the Wrong'd, or Worſted undergo,
The threaten'd Wrong, meeting the coming Blow.

Jealouſie,

Jealouſie, makes Men Wrong, e'er done, endure,
More Trouble, by more Caution, to procure,
The doubtful Plague, by Care, to ſhun it, ſure;
As more Man's Honour, 'twou'd ſupport, or Fame,
It proves more his Diſparagement, or Shame,
And caſts, on the moſt Innocent, moſt Blame;
To make another's Crime, Man's Infamy,
And his Diſgrace, his Foes Diſhoneſty;
Grief, and Contempt, to make him undergo,
Ev'n for thoſe, who the Wrong did to him do;
Nay, ſuffer for it, by his Fear, Shame, Doubt,
Whether the Wrong was done to him, or not.
So Jealouſie, from too much Senſe, does prove
Madneſs, as Hatred too, from too much Love;
Caution, to make Men, out of Love of Fame,
To publiſh, to their Cenſurers, their Shame,
To bear, for the Wrong done 'em, all the Blame:
So Fooliſh Knowledge, 'tis, Raſh Caution too,
To make Self-Love, its own Tormenter grow,
Man, by his Love to others, his own Foe;
Th' Offence done to him, vainly to reſent,
To make his Foe's Crime, his own Puniſhment;
To make his True Faith, cauſe but his Deſpair,
His Trouble only greater, for his Care;
To make his Honour's Vindication, grow
More his Shame, as more his Reſentment too,
Then Jealouſie, with Reaſon, ought to go,
For Nonſenſe, from Man's quick Senſe, Care, or Thought,
By which he is, to Want of Reaſon brought,
And his Shame's gain'd, by's Satisfaction ſought;

'Tis Circumſpection, Lovers more to blind,
'Tis deſp'rate Caution, which makes Man inclin'd,
To ſeek what is, his Dread, and Shame, to find;
Like the Firſt Man's Deſire of Knowledge, ſo,
Which muſt his Loſs, his Shame, and Sorrow grow,
More, as he more, the Thing he fears, wou'd know;
Till his own Curioſity, does prove
His Curſe, does him, from Happineſs remove;
He had, in his Fool's Paradiſe, his Love;
Which to him, does ſecure his Happineſs,
As more his Faith's in Love, his Reaſon leſs.
Thus, Jealouſie, the Devil is, which damns
A Man, for want of Faith, to Pains, and Flames,
The Devil, but, as Man's Tormentor, ſo,
Made worſe, by his Imagination too;
To make him ſuffer, from himſelf alone,
For Wrongs, which are, by others to him done;
Since, for the Guilty, the wrong'd Innocent,
It makes to bear, moſt Shame, and Puniſhment;
'Tis Satisfaction, which deſtroys Content;
Which does Love, by Love's Contradiction prove,
Makes Man think worſt, of Her he beſt does Love,
To ſhow her more Eſteem, and more Good-will,
But, as he ſtill thinks of her, the more Ill.

To

To a False fickle Mistress, accusing me of her own Fault; Love of Change, in Love.

I.

VARIETY I love, 'tis true,
But for Your Dear-dear-Sake alone;
Variety I find in You,
Who have all Woman's Charms in one.

II.

Your Humour varies like Your Look;
Which You so dayly change to me,
That, if with Change I were not took,
I cou'd not constant to You be.

III.

Blame me not, for Inconstancy,
Which more my Faith does to thee prove,
Did I not love Variety;
Thee, fickle Dear! how should I love?

IV.

To please Men more, You change your Dress,
Why should You likewise not your Mind?
Since you wou'd but please Lovers less,
If You, the same still, shou'd chey find.

V.

I need not Change, since You do so;
Both your Looks, your Talk, and your Mind,
That all Varieties in You
I have, of Changing Woman-kind.

An

An Heroic Epiſtle, To the Honour of Pimps, *and* Pimping; *dedicated to the* Court; *and written at a Time, when ſuch were moſt conſiderable there.*

SINCE for Kings Seconds, Politicians go
Who do their Pleaſure, and ſecure 'em too;
Do, what they for their own Selves cannot do.
To make their Happineſs and Safety ſure;
Their Pow'r by Love, more than by Force, endure;
Pimps merit moſt their Favour and Eſteem,
Who make Kings happier, than they can them;
And from Love's Chains, their conquer'd Kings redeem.
Who, to their She-Slaves elſe wou'd Homage pay,
And give to Love their Empire quite away;
Their Scepter to the Diſtaff wou'd betray;
Did not Pimps put New Conqueſts in their Pow'r,
Their Subjects Hearts ſecuring to them more,
Than any other Watchful Miniſter,
Whom, to their Secret Councils Kings prefer;
But, becauſe they beſt Politicians are,
Still of their King's beſt Secrets to take Care;
Who, (whilſt all others by King's Services,
Seek only their own Honour, and own Eaſe)
Will, for their Maſter's ſpecial Service chuſe,
Their own Peace, Honour, faithfully to loſe,
Rather, than their King's Honour they'd expoſe:
Who Captives to their Vaſſals elſe wou'd be,
Did not their Pimps, from Love's Chains ſet 'em free.

So

So Pimps, are Politicians of beſt Parts,
Who, for Enſlaving Men, have ſureſt Arts;
Moſt Pow'r have o'er their Minds, by knowing beſt their
Since no kind of Intrigue at Court goes on, [Hearts.
Which is to them a Secret, or unknown.
Nay, Pimping's Honourable, ſince for it
No Fool, or Knave, or Traytor, cou'd be fit;
Their Pimp muſt have Faith, Diligence, and Wit,
Policy, Vigilance, and Eloquence,
Art, Induſtry, with good Intelligence;
And the moſt Courtly Virtue, Confidence:
Muſt have the Parts, (his Duty well to do)
Of Soldier, Courtier, Politician too;
A Soldier be, to make a bold Attack,
Ne'r by Repulſes to be driven back;
Muſt lay Siege cloſely, Watch, and Undermine,
Make Falſe Attempts, to hide his True Deſign;
The Courtier act, the Man of Buſ'neſs too;
That he, for Two at once, may Buſ'neſs do;
To gain Ears, Hearts, a True Friend muſt appear;
To work on Paſſions, a Philoſopher;
To have his King's Ear, a Bold Orator;
Be dumb in Love, to ſpeak his Paſſion more;
To ſpeak, or hold his Tongue, muſt wiſely know,
His Parts by Speech, leſs than by Silence, ſhow;
Like Princes muſt too, do Good publickly,
Have Honour, Faith, and Liberality;
And like their Counſellours, ſafe Secrecy:
Whence Pimps, for Privy-Counſellours, are beſt;
Wherefore the *Turks*, (now Wiſe Men of the Eaſt,
Where once Wiſe Men were ſaid to live at leaſt)

From

From Schools of *Venus* politickly take,
Such as they, great i'th' School of *Mars* wou'd make:
So Pimps, who then are Love's beſt Miniſters,
Deſerve beſt what they have, their Prince's Ears;
Guards of their Secrets, Partners of their Care,
Shame, for their Faults, like Favourites to bear;
Who, the beſt Secrets of their Princes keep,
And watch, that they may with more Safety ſleep;
The beſt Supports are then of Majeſty,
By Mending ſtill the Royal Progeny,
Since Fools, nor Cowards come by Baſtardy;
Nature's Legitimates, ſo Baſtards are,
Whence, of her Gifts they have a double Share:
Love is more Honourable, as more Free
Whilſt Marriage, which enſlaves Men more (we ſee)
And is but much more Mercenary too,
But leſs, for Honourable Love ſhou'd go;
So the Prieſt's Office ſhou'd be more his Shame,
As he makes Man pay dearer for his Dame,
For Life, to venture into Slavery,
With Woman, but to have more Liberty,
By Marriage, to make Love, diſhonourably;
Whilſt Pimping ſure, a Nobler Calling is,
By which Man's made more Free, more Brave, and Wiſe;
To ſave his Honour, keep his Liberty,
By ſhunning Cuckoldom, Church-Slavery;
So Pimps do not the World Effeminate,
By Baſtard's Wit, and Honour propagate;
Seldom found in the Dull Legitimate:
Then Prieſts, worſt Pimps, in making Matches prove,
Making them more for Intereſt, than Love;

Againſt

Againſt Conſent, oft of both Parties too,
Make Matches, which, more juſt Pimps never do;
So, much more conſcionable, may be ſaid,
To be thoſe Matches, which, by Pimps, are made;
Which, are more Honourable, and more Juſt,
As there, betwixt both Parties, is more Truſt;
If that the Honour of our Faith, be more,
As more the Breach of it, is in our pow'r;
And Love's more Honourable, as more Free,
Whoring leſs Shame, than Marriage, ought to be;
If Liberty too, be the Mark of Pow'r,
Which Prieſts reſtrain, and frank Pimps give us more;
Whilſt one by Love, brings Man to Slavery,
T'other, by Love, gives him more Liberty,
By which, he makes Love, but more Hon'rably;
Thus Pimps, by whom, Monarchs both live, and move,
Beſt Miniſters, 'twixt King, and People prove,
Ruling their Prince's Ruler, Tyrant Love;
Without which, wou'd, all Potentates, (we ſee,)
Tyrants, of Fathers of their Countries be,
Did not Pimps make 'em to Love's Empire bow,
Soft'ning their Hearts, ſoothing their Paſſions too;
So Pimps, are Kings beſt Miniſters of State,
Unite the People, make their Princes Great,
Peopling their Realms, their Pow'r beſt propagate;
But, to Deſtruction, make 'em ne'r inclin'd,
Or e'er to draw their Weapons, (as we find,)
To leſſen, but to multiply their Kind:
So Pimps deſerve moſt Honour, or moſt Praiſe,
Who ſerve the World, tho' to their own Diſgrace,

Whilst most Proud, Public Ministers, but deign,
To serve the Public, for their private Gain,
Their Honour not to lose, but to maintain;
And Conquerors, the Stiles of Great, and Good,
Acquire, but by their shedding Human Blood;
Whilst Nobler Pimps, much more to their Renown,
Scorn Fame, to propagate the World alone,
Give, and save Lives, at Hazard of their own.
Such then, for Hero's, in my Verse, shall live,
Since 'tis less Honour, Lives to take, than give.

Too much Choice too little. A SONG *against Variety in* Love.

I.

IT is my Choice of Mistresses,
That ineffectual makes my Love,
Thus, if my Choice now, were but less,
More wou'd my Satisfaction prove.

II.

The She-Fool, or the Witty'st one,
Alike still, must I love or hate,
Since one pulls up her Coats too soon,
As t'other makes me hers, too late.

III.

One's Forwardness, makes me, to be
More backward to her in my Love;
So backward t'other is to me,
I forward to her, cannot prove.

IV.

IV.

Me this, does with her Kindness kill;
And that too, with her Cruelty:
Because I live, one takes it ill;
The t'other, that I for her die.

V.

THE blind God has, my blind Devotion fill'd
O! that the Fool were then less kind,
Or that the Wit were to me more;
The Fool wou'd be much more my Friend,
The Wit I much more shou'd adore.

VI.

'Twixt both, I have my Pleasure less,
Enjoy, for both's Love, ne'r an one;
Since me, thus equally, both please,
Alas! I Pleasure have, from none.

VII.

So, like the Rich-Poor Miser, I,
Am but less happy, for my Store;
Under more Want of Love I lie,
As I have to relieve it, more.

VIII.

Since my Store, and Variety,
But my Wants of them more increase;
Till more my Pleasures multiply,
My Satisfactions, do the less:

For Variety *in* Love. *To a Miſtreſs, who accus'd her Lover of* Inconſtancy; *ſaying,* She lov'd moſt and beſt, *whilſt he prov'd* he lov'd her moſt, for loving more.

THE blind God has, my blind Devotion ſtill,
In whom I've ſo much Faith, I've no Free-Will.
So 'tis not this, or t'other Goddeſs I
Adore alone, or call my Deſtiny;
But beſt, my true Faith, and Devotion prove,
By my blind Faith, in the blind God of Love;
The Grace of ſome bright Angel to procure,
In Love to make my Call, Election, ſure;
I ne'r Election of my Goddeſs make,
Nor for my Fate, one Mortal Angel take:
But love the whole Sex, moſt implicitly,
My Zeal and Faith but more to juſtifie,
To th' God of Love, and his Divinity:
My Faith in Love, is ſo Catholical,
Believing ev'ry thing, and Loving all.
To th' Fair I ſhow my Faith, Love, and Eſteem;
To th' Foul my Charity, not hating them.
In hopes of Bliſs, I ſtill invoke the Fair;
The Foul too, when o'th' Fair-one I deſpair;
Worſhip the Fair, as Angels they appear;
The Foul, as *Indians* do the Devil, for Fear;
The Wit's good Senſe, does me to Love perſuade,
To love the Fool, by's Innocence am made;
So Wit, or Folly, Love's Incitements prove;
The Wit or Fool, my Love or Pity move:

The

The Wit I love, but for her knowing, ſtrait,
E'r that you make Love, what you wou'd be at;
T'other, for her not knowing, What is what:
Since Ignorance, in Love, as Danger too,
Will make the Fearful but the bolder grow:
I love the Wit, to Love by Reaſon brought,
Since ignorant of nothing, She'd be thought;
T'other, who wou'd, (ſince ignorant) be taught.
The Rich I covet, and the Proud adore;
And muſt be charitable to the Poor;
Purſue the Flying, meet the Comitig too,
Can't from the Lying-ſtill, turn, ſtir, or go;
I truckle to the Mighty, Proud, and Tall,
And take up in my Arms, the Low, and Small;
The Fat I love, my Stomach beſt to prove;
Since none can have too much of what they Love;
The Fat I love, ſince ſhe is not ſtrait-lac'd,
The Lean, becauſe ſhe's with more Eaſe embrac'd;
The Fat, who ſtill for want of Breath, will ly;
The Lean, ſince ſhe can move more nimbly.
I love the piercing Eye, that looks me thro',
The Baſhful, that can't look upon me too;
The Soft-Look, which does moſt Compaſſion ſhew;
The Quick, and Fiery Eye, which Paſſion proves;
The Sleepy, ſince it makes me dream ſhe loves;
And with her Eyes (as 'twere) to bed-ward moves;
The Rolling, Kind, or Fix'd Eye, all which, prove
More moving, more to move, or fix long Love;
The Bold-Look love's Encouragement, I hold;
And by the Modeſt Look, my Love's made bold;
The Proud Dame's Scorn, makes me her Vaſſal grow,
Whoſe Pride as more, does more her Virtue ſhow;

Whoſe

Whose Pride, as her I with more Labour gain,
Is more my Honour, Pleasure, as my Pain;
And I am taken with her Smile, or Frown;
By which Love, or Reserv'dness, is best shown;
Her Smiles, makes me to think she smiles on me,
Her Tears, I think, for Love of me to be;
Her Mirth gives me, more Joy still of her Love,
Her Sighs and Tears, the Truth best of it prove;
In me her Grief or Joy, Love's Passion move:
In fine, I love most, since I still love all,
My Love's most constant, as most general;
In Love with all, I've seen or known, have been;
Th' unknown I love, since them I ne'r have seen;
For love of all, to all of them am blind,
Tho' nought to love in any one I find;
I love all yet, but because Woman-kind:
Nay, I can love all, though I know not why,
True to the Fair, am out of Constancy,
And love the Foul, but for Variety:
The Fair, because I Rivals have in her;
The Foul, because no Rivals need I fear.
The Young, and Handsom love, since all do so;
Both th' Old, and Ugly too, since none else do:
The Young, because my Love they satisfie;
And th' Old, since they give me no Jealousie;
The Poor, since then, my Love is Charity:
If me to love, the Poor, Old, Ugly move,
You may be sure, there none are, but I love:
I love best, since Love's not my Choice, but Fate;
I love all, but, because that none I hate;
Yet still (my Dear) I find I love you best,
Since I love you most, tho you love me least;

Who

Who ne'r another Woman's Love did try,
But my Love to you, more to justifie;
Since, if the Difference 'twixt them, and you,
I had not known, I now sure, cou'd not know
Your Excellence, as now (my Dear,) I do;
Which me, has mov'd now, but to love you more,
Than, e'er I others try'd, I did before;
Since, but for our Comparison alone,
Of all things, we shou'd know the Worth of none;
So, by my Change, my Constancy I prove,
Who Thee more, for my trying others, love;
Then, for thy Honour, not Dishonour, I,
With other Women, for thy sake, did lie,
But, by my Change, my Faith to justifie;
Since I, but by my Tryal of the rest,
Cou'd ne'r have known, thou wert, and hast the best.

A SONG *against Delays in* LOVE: *To a Demurring Mistress.*

I.

IN Love, Procrastination is,
As 'tis in Charity, a Crime,
And Kindnesses turn Injuries,
For which, we Patience lose, and Time;
The Gift is lost in its Delay,
Which costs us Life, the dearest Pay;

II.

II.

And that Death is the moſt ſevere,
For which, in Pain, we longeſt wait,
As Puniſhments, ev'n Mercies are,
But by their falling on us, ſtrait;
For Joys grow Griefs by lingering,
By Mens vain Hopes, true Sorrows bring.

III.

Delay grows the worſt Torturer,
Under pretence of Mercy too,
Whilſt ſudden Death's our Reſcuer,
Shows Mercy, giving ſoon the Blow;
To thoſe, who live in Pain for Life,
Death's kindeſt, which ends ſooneſt Grief.

IV.

Then, if I'm by Thee, doom'd to die,
Show me ſome Mercy, ſhowing none,
Oblige me by Thy Cruelty,
From Hell to ſave me, kill me ſoon;
Then I, thy Mercy ſhall confeſs,
To be more, as You ſhow me leſs.

The RECONCILIATION: *To a* Mistress, *who swore*, She wou'd never see her Lover more; *but afterwards own'd*, She wou'd, but for her Oath.

LOVE lost a while, like Health, becomes more dear,
When it returns, to its Recoverer;
Thus is thy Love more Pleasure to me grown,
Than if it ne'r had Alteration known.
The Distance thou so long hast kept with me,
Now joys, and gratifies me more to see,
This late Return of thy despair'd-of Love,
Which makes thy past Rage now, more Kindness prove;
A happy Quarrel then, was ours, (I find,)
Which made us fall out, to be made more kind,
To disagree, to be more of a mind;
I, but a bare Acquaintance, lost in you,
But I regain a lost Friend in you now;
I lost a Foe, who kept me once in Pain,
But I a Friend, that cures it, regain;
Your Faith, for breaking of your Word, now more
I value, than for keeping it before;
For, had you kept the rash Oath, which you swore,
And me no more (as once you vow'd,) had seen,
Keeping your Oath, you had Unfaithful been;
False to thy Love, true to thy Word, to be,
Had been sure, but more Want of Faith in Thee,
Thou, to thy Word True, hadst been False to me;
Not she, who keeps a rash Oath, 'gainst a Friend,
Which must her Love, to keep her Faith offend,
Can e'er to Truth, or Honour more pretend;

But she, who breaks her Vow, to save her Love,
Her Honour, Faith, by Breach of it, does prove;
Who, for her Friend, her Soul, and Body too,
Does venture, for the best Friend ought to go;
Your Oath, so you, more honourably break,
Since it you took first, but on a Mistake;
So you, your Truth, and Honour justifie,
By your relenting, faithful Perjury;
Then satisfy'd, (since I am so,) now be,
Who, for my Satisfaction, had from Thee,
Now, can't be sorry you fell out with me;
My first Loss of you, like the Gamesters, so,
Makes my Loss then, more my Advantage now,
Who, more am pleas'd, by my regaining you;
Lost Friends regain'd, like lost Gold, please us more,
Than gaining either, we ne'r had before;
Like broken Bones, our broken Friendship now,
But stronger does, (for being broken,) grow;
Knit again, is more hard again to break,
Had it not broken, had been now more weak;
So, for its breaking, will it last the more,
Had been to break, had it not broke before.

LOVE's

LOVE's Dilemma, *a Song. Upon a Proud Mistress, who said, A Lover's Silence was the best Proof of his Love and Respect to his Mistress; and the best Way of making Love to her.*

I.

MY Love, makes me conceal my Love;
My Pain, makes me to her cry out;
Whilst she says, Silence Love shou'd prove;
Tho' that Proof more shou'd cause her Doubt.
Yet must I hold my Tongue, (I find)
The she may better know my Mind.

II.

Then 'tis all one, to hide my Pain,
Or own to her, my Killing-Grief;
Begging her Love, her Scorn I gain;
Not asking it, can't hope Relief:
Yet wou'd I have my Love deny'd,
By my Fear, rather than her Pride.

III.

I rather wou'd love her in vain,
Than I to her in vain shou'd speak:
By my Love, and not her Disdain,
Wou'd rather have my Heart to break,
I wou'd deny my self her Love,
Rather than her Denial prove.

IV.

Since I fear more, to love her less,
Than that at all she shou'd not me,
It were some kind of Happiness,
Not sure, of my bad luck to be;
Since better were it, to be born,
To Die by my Love, than her Scorn.

V.

So then it is all one, (I find)
Whether I my True Love conceal,
Or I shou'd tell her all my Mind;
If I shou'd not my Love reveal,
Her Pity shall I ne'r obtain,
Nor if I do, her Pardon gain.

To a Mercenary Mistress; *who said*, Love was the Greatest Blessing in the World, and therefore shou'd be purchas'd at the Greatest Price.

IF Love's a Blessing, (as it is) you say,
We for it ought not then to Pay, but Pray;
Since Blessings, as they'd go for more Divine,
Shou'd more be gain'd by Pray'r, or Praise, than Coin:
For Bribes are Benefactors worst Disgrace;
Divine Grace we, by Buying it, debase:
For Love to Beauty, there's no Bribe, but Praise.
Love-Offerings, but Sacrilege wou'd prove,
To Buy the Blessings of the God of Love:

Since

Since by the Preſents, Love's Devoto's made,
To She-Divinities, for their Love's ſake,
Honour we give 'em, from 'em more to take.
The Goddeſs whom we Worſhip, we Profane,
To think, She'd grant our Pray'r, but for her Gain;
Since Pleaſures muſt be mutual, frank, and free,
To Men the greater, welcomer to be:
We leſſen them, our Benefactors ſlight,
But more, the more we'd them with Hire requite;
Shou'd undervalue more their Love and them,
To think they Com, cou'd more than Love eſteem;
Shou'd them diſparage more, the more we pay,
Their Honour, with our Gifts, to take away;
Since we, but gratefully, ungrateful ſo,
Leſs Love, but as we give more for it ſhow,
As leſs our Value, or Eſteem for You;
Since 'tis the Mercenary Pact, not Love,
Which does more Shame to Trading-Women prove:
Love is not ſhamefully receiv'd, or paid,
Till of a free Gift, it becomes a Trade;
Since 'tis the Frankneſs of the Benefit,
Not the great Value, which enhanſes it;
No Thanks are due to Love, for which we pay;
Our Pay, our Obligation takes away;
Since there's no Obligation, where there's Right,
We nothing ow to Love, Gold does requite,
The Kiſs, Embrace, of any beauteous Maid,
But by Man's Kiſs, Embrace can be repaid;
Nothing, but Pleaſure, can reward Delight,
Nothing but Satisfaction, do Love right;

Nothing,

Nothing, but Smile for Smile, and Kiſs for Kiſs,
But Look for Look, or ought, but Joy, for Bliſs,
Or Love for Love, a true Requital is;
Then Gold, as well might Satisfaction prove,
In Duties of Religion, as of Love;
For ſince Love is a Duty ſo Divine,
No Money for that Bleſſing ought to Fine;
So nothing then, can Satisfaction prove,
To the Maid's Frank Truſt, but our Faithful Love;
Nature's Gifts, Gifts of Nature muſt repay,
The Bribe, the Woman's Honour takes away:
Her Love her Shame, but by our Purchace grows;
Since Love, when it grows Mercenary, does
The Name of Love, for that of Int'reſt loſe;
Which is but more a Woman's Infamy,
As it, her Man does with more Money buy;
Wherefore, I'll not bribe it ungratefully;
Since, to bribe Sacred Love, as Juſtice too,
A Wrong, but of a Benefit wou'd grow,
To Her or Him, who ſhou'd the Favour ſhow;
Wou'd make the Sacrilegious Offerer,
As more devout to's Goddeſs he'd appear,
With his Gold, more her Undervaluer:
I'd grateful to thy Love and Honour prove,
Wou'd not, with Offerings, prophane thy Love;
Which is moſt valu'd, as moſt frank and free,
Then, that I prize thy Love moſt, ſhalt thou ſee;
Becauſe I nothing give, for it or thee:
I'd have you take with me more Liberty,
You were my Slave, ſhou'd I your Body buy;

But I your Slave am, therefore my True Love,
Best, by my giving nothing for you, prove;
Best serve your Love, and save your Honour too,
When I, your Slave, buy not my Chains of you,
Which wou'd make, both's Love, both's Dishonour grow;
By which, our Noble, Free Love, wou'd be made
Of a just Commerce, a base Trucking Trade;
Since none, but faithless *Turks*, or *Jews*, their Gains
Won'd make, of their Slaves Service, or their Chains.

To a Talkative, Loud, Shallow, Conceited Coxcomb, *who used to say,* A Man show'd his Wit more or less, but as he talk'd much or little.

THE more a Wit, or Wise Man, you'd appear,
The more you prove, you but a Babler are,
The more your own self, you will only hear;
Men show more Sense, the less their own they prize,
And more than others Thoughts, their own despise,
Who hearing others, seem, nay, prove more wise;
Less by their Speaking, than their Hearing so,
At once their Judgment, both improve, and show,
And but more Wise still, as more Silent grow;
Since till you speak, none can know what you are,
Speak less, that Thee, Men but the more may hear,
Speak less, to make your Judgment more appear;
If that you wou'd be thought to have some Wit,
Your own False Judgment never take for it;

Which

Which Men wou'd think more, as you thought it leſs,
Prov'd leſs, but by your own Conceitedneſs;
That all then may, your Senſe for Juſt admit,
Leave off your thinking, your own Self a Wit;
Seem not o'erwiſe, to be thought otherwiſe;
For all true Wiſdom, like true Friendſhip, is,
Render'd ſuſpected, by Formality,
Deficient thought, for Self-ſufficiency;
Stop thy Throat, not our Ears, with thy long Tongue,
Let Silence right thy Senſe, thy Speech wou'd wrong;
When Senſe is leſſen'd, as Words multiply,
Silence then proves moſt Ingenuity;
But you, crack'd Sculls, like broken Merchants, will
Support, by vain Words, your crack'd Credit ſtill,
Maintain your Fame of Self-ſufficiency,
By Boaſts, which are your Wants Diſcovery,
To loſe your Credit by your Vanity;
Speak not ſo much, to be well-ſpoken of,
Let Silence be thy Wit's, and Judgment's Proof;
And hold thy Tongue, thy Weakneſs not to ſhow,
Crack'd Sculls, like crack'd Bells, by their Tongues we know.

V.

A SONG *sent to a* LADY, *who gave the Subject for it, by complaining of the hard Fate of* Women; *who, for refusing Love, must be hated; yet for granting it, despis'd.*

I.

HOW hard is the poor Woman's Fate,
Whether she soon, or late is won,
No Thanks deserves, if 'tis too late,
Nor Love, if that she yields too soon.

II.

By Man, forc'd to Hypocrisie,
Yet for it, by him, most condemn'd,
Hated, if Love she does deny,
And yet, for granting it, contemn'd,

III.

By him, with whom she soon complies,
Is thought, a coming Easie Whore,
A false Jilt, if she Love denies,
And does it, only to get more:

IV.

If Love, or Generosity,
Make her, to Man, for nothing yield,
Her Honour grows her Infamy,
Her Kindness is, her Cheapness held:

V.

So, whether the Poor Woman does,
Show Man her Love, or show him none,
She must her Friends, or Credit lose,
Which, loſt, or kept, muſt be undone:

VI.

A Mercenary Jilt be thought,
Elſe, a more coming Common Whore,
If ſhe ſtands off, 'tis to be bought,
Or yields ſoon, 'tis but to get more:

VII.

So, whether you ſtand off, or yield,
To your Admirer, late, or ſoon,
You, for a Wench, will ſtill be held,
Yet be, no Mercenary one:

VIII.

But ſooner, out of Modeſty,
To ſave your Credit, yield to me,
Since Love, grows no Dame's Infamy,
Till Mercenary, thought to be:

IX.

Yield up your Honour, more to gain,
Leſt ſtanding off, and ſeeming Nice,
You, by your leſſ'ning more your Man,
Seem to inhanſe, but more your Price:

X

To make your Modesty, your Shame,
Of which you do but make a Show;
To get more Coin, not keep more Fame;
Till your Shame, does your Virtue grow.

To a General Detractor, *and* Ill Critic; *who condemn'd his own Faults and Follies in other Men; shewing, 'tis the General Folly, and Injustice of Mankind.*

As Friends and Kindred, fallen out, have been
Oft at more Distance, as more near of Kin;
Each Brother of Iniquity, does grow,
To his own Sin in others, the worst Foe.
The Dog, so like the Wolf, a Worrier,
As more like him, is to him more severe;
The little vixen teizing Terrier too,
The more he's like the Fox, is more his Foe;
As Thief-Catchers are oft by Justice made,
Their Punishers for having been o'th' Trade:
We Bad Men's Persons hate, or disesteem,
Not our own Vices, which we find in them;
Like Rivals in their Crime, not Foes to it,
Not, because it we think not Just, or Fit;
But, because it we want Pow'r to commit.
From Envy, not our Hatred, but appear,
Not to the Vices, but the Men severe:

Condemn them, others Cenſures to prevent,
On us, but more to our Diſparagement;
But call them Guilty, to ſeem Innocent.
Atheiſts call Parſons Falſe Believers, who,
Againſt the Truth, upon the Goſpel, do
Vouch ſuch things as, no Human Reaſon can
For Truth, or Probability, maintain;
And, on the contrary, the Church-Men ſo,
Call Faithleſs Atheiſts, True Believers too;
Allowing them Faith in Divinity,
But to diſcredit their Philoſophy,
Becauſe they Disbelieve implicitly.
The Perjur'd are to Liars moſt ſevere,
As the Detractor damns the Flatterer;
Who, for the worſt Traducer ought to paſs,
Who his beſt Friend traduces to his Face:
A
The Proud Man, who the worſt Affronts will give;
Will them but moſt impatiently receive;
He, who moſt Wrong has to his Friend's Bed done,
Is always the moſt jealous of his Own;
The looſe Jilt, but for loſing her Good-Name,
Does cenſure moſt an Honeſt Woman's Fame,
Shows but more Impudence, to get leſs Shame:
Does but her Crime more guiltily deny,
Profeſſing impudently, Modeſty,
Which but her Shame, the more does juſtifie;
The moſt Perfidious Man, in Word or Fact,
Moſt Faith, Truth, will from other Men exact;
And the moſt baffled, ſilenc'd Coward too,
To Brave Men's Fame, is the moſt dreadful Foe;
Uſurpers, moſt ſevere to Traitors are;
And Tyrants, the moſt Guileleſs, leaſt will ſpare;

Grim

Grim Death's ſute Miniſter, the Doctor ſay,
Will call th' Apothecary Poiſ'ner to;
Like all Manſlayers, will lay his own Crimes
Of Murther (to hide his own Guilt) on Phiſic;
Damn'd Wits, by their Feuds, damning Critics good;
As in Hell, Sinners Sins Tormenters wood,
As are the Judge, and Hangman, oftentimes,
Made Miniſters of Juſtice, by their Crimes.

To an University-Wit, *or* Poet; *who had written ſome ill Verſes, with an ill Play or two; which, not ſucceeding, he reſolv'd to turn* Parſon.

YOu Wit, in your Poetic Fury have,
Since you the Stage wou'd for the Pulpit leave,
Will of your Wit ſo give us better Proof,
Since you wou'd Starving Poetry leave off,
And a Fat Prieſt, of a Lean Poet now,
Wou'd (to the beſt Proof of your Reaſon) grow:
To ſhow the World your Underſtanding more,
Damning Prophane Wits, who damn'd you before:
Your Sock and Buskin, you wou'd ſhake off quite,
Which ne'r keep Poets dry-ſhod, or upright:
You'd leave-off your Poetic Sock, which does
Make Poor Wits go, moſt often without Shoes;
Whilſt, in Canonical Galloſhoes, you,
To raiſe you higher, might the better go,
You'd Uſe of your Poetic Feet forbear,
That your Feet real Socks might have to wear,
Which have none now, but what Poetic are:

That

That something like a Shirt, you might have, you
A Surplice wou'd design to put on too;
You for Faith's Buckler, would lay by your Sword,
Which less Protection does to Life afford;
The Stage so beggarly, to show your Wit,
Wou'd for the Profitable Pulpit quit;
And damn your Age, not to be damn'd by it.
You'd leave Prophane, and Witty Poetry,
To Lie o' God's-Name, more ingeniously;

Since Lying 'tis, for more Praise, with less Pain,
Most Witty Lying, as 'tis least in vain,
Most Honourable, as it brings most Gain;
So with more Wit and Honour, 'tis no Lie;
Giving, not Begging, Immortality,
By Lies, which make Hearers more true Believers;
Preachers, by Teaching Men Truth, their Deceivers;
Who, to be Coin-Receivers, turn Thanksgivers:
You'd leave-off, as a Poet, so to Sing,
To Sing Psalms, which more Praise wou'd to you bring;
And Hearers more provoke to Listening;
You'd leave Invoking so your Heathen Muse,
Substantial Help of Mother-Church to chuse,
Which, no Help does her Innocents refuse;
Which has Wit, for the most Prophane Thing held,
Because to Faith, against Sense, 'twill not yield,
Therefore has it out of the Church expell'd:
Which gives Praise to the Living, not the Dead,
Because it stands the Living in more stead;
Does Faith, in things incredible, forbid:
The Play-House, wisely, for the Church, you quit;
Where you may show more Faith, as less your Wit:

Where

Where you would be ſtill, of an Audience; ſure;
Which, on the Stage, you hardly could procure;
Where Sinners, for their Sins, might Penance do,
And only, for their patient hearing you;
Who, by your Sermons, ſooner would, (of courſe)
Be ſav'd, not as they better are, but worſe;
Since, you'd hold forth, more to their Faith, than Senſe,
Put them, for Laughing there, to leſs Expence,
Than if they were, a Play-houſe Audience;
So you more Hearers, would together bring,
When as a Clerk, not Poet, you would ſing;
For Claps, need not invoke your Holy Pir,
Might clap on your own Cuſhion, your own Wit,
And not be thought a Fop, for doing it;
Church-Fictions too, will go off, with more eaſe,
Than the Prophane, in crouded Play-Houſes,
Since Faith i'th' Church, is more, as Reaſon leſs;
Where oft it is, Religion, to be dull,
And to be Faithful, to be Fanciful;
Nay Nonſenſe, Sacred, in the Pulpit is,
Where Clergy-Fictions, Lay-men dare not miſs,
Railing, or Damning, dare not take amiſs;
Nonſenſe is ſafe ſtill, in the Houſe of Pray'r,
Since there are none, who to refute it, dare;
But muſt have Faith in it, its Prieſts, they fear;
So Murtherers of Senſe, have Aſyl there,
As Murtherers of Men, of Old Times, had,
For Sins, where Laws were firſt againſt 'em made.
The Stage then now, to ſhow your Wit, you leave,
Since there ſome Wit, a Holder-forth, muſt have;
Him, there, from Shame, and Damning too, to ſave;

By

By parting, with his Reaſon, and his Senſe,
Believers, of their Faith, more to convince,
Since doubting Reaſon, is to Faith Offence;
So Damning here, as elſewhere, to prevent,
Thou ſhou'dſt become, ev'n here, an Innocent,
And of thy Wit, Foe to thy Faith, repent;
Leave off thy tempting Wit, to Faith's Offence,
To make Man's Faith depend but on his Senſe;
And much more, makes a Man fear Damning here,
For want of Wit, (than want of Faith,) elſewhere;
Thou muſt renounce that Faithleſs Wit of thine,
Thy Reaſon, up to Faith alone, reſign,
Deny thy Senſe, to prove a True Divine;
Muſt curs'd Temptations, of thy Heath'niſh Muſe,
(To get the Bleſſings of this Life,) refuſe;
To make a Trade of Immortality,
Here, as hereafter, beſt to live thereby,
Muſt not as Poet, but as Parſon ly;
Since Laic, as Clergy-lyers too, muſt live,
By th' Immortality, to Fools, they give;
For Preachers up of Virtue, to be known,
But more, for others Practice, than their own;
So that, the Buſineſs of both Trades, has been,
To make Divine Things of the worſt of Men;
Who for their own Faults, others moſt condemn,
And praiſe God, only to get Man's Eſteem;
Without Man's Gifts, the Gifts of God refuſe,
Admir'd, and paid for Doctrine, not their uſe,
For Men's Faith, they confirm not, but abuſe;
Who make Men, their vain Words, for God's eſteem,
His Word believe, but as allow'd by them;

Their

Their Hearers Faith, Devotion, to be true,
Not as they give God his, but them, their Due.

VI.

A SONG: *To a Conceited* Miſtreſs, *who ask'd her* Lover, What LOVE was? and a Reaſon for it; *ſaying*, If He did really love Her, He wou'd have told Her ſo before.

I.

KNOW, Love is not by Precept taught,
Nor what it is, can Reaſon prove,
Above Expreſſion, above Thought,
Inſtinct, by which, our Senſes move;
Which, by denying, is confeſt,
And is expreſs'd, by Dumbneſs, beſt.

II.

By good Senſe, is but worſe made out,
Prov'd beſt, but by Men's Speaking Eyes,
Whilſt Reaſon brings it more in Doubt,
And it, our Madneſs juſtifies;
By Kindneſs, without Senſe, made good,
And Arguments, not underſtood.

III.

I leſs can tell you, what it is,
(As you ſay,) by good Senſe, or Wit,
Shou'd I, by Reaſon, at it gueſs,
I prove, I nothing know of it;

For Love, like Courage, we prove best,
When of it, we our ſelves, ſay leaſt.

IV.

Not making Public Pray'r to you,
Proves my Devotion, to you more,
As Saints, in Ecſtaſies, beſt ſhow
Their Deity, they more adore;
Make more their Faith, and Zeal appear,
By making to it no loud Pray'r.

V.

You may, be ſure, I love you, ſince
I ne'r yet of it ſpoke to you,
My Silence Thee, ſhou'd beſt convince,
Above Words, does my Paſſion grow;
So Love at once, I make, and prove,
By making to you, no Lip-Love.

VI.

You ſay, That Love is Madneſs, then,
If I cou'd tell you, why 'tis ſo,
My Reaſon for it, loſt in the ſame,
The more I'd ſhow it, Reaſon ſhou'd;
Since Love is Faith, in Faith, we love
More, by mad Zeal, than Reaſon, prove.

To a Peevish Captious Coxcomb, who call'd himself a Critic, *upon his Fraternity the* Wits.

THE Snarling Wits, who never show their Wit,
Or Sense, but when it is in spight of it:
To get their Credit, but by others Blame,
Like wrangling Cowards, others will defame,
Disgracing them, to hide but their own Shame;
Conscious, they merit their own selves no Praise,
The Meritorious down to them debase;
To most Men's Reputations most severe,
But as they most all others Censures fear:
Men censure, that they may not censur'd be;
As Cowards huff, from Squabbles to be free;
So they who have least Wit, as Courage, are
Less apt their own weak Brother's Faults to spare.
False Critics, like false Bravo's, (thus, we see)
Most captious with their Betters first to be:
Not to be fallen on, first fall on them;
From others Shame, to get themselves Esteem.
So the Deform'd in Body, Face, or Mind,
To find most Faults in others are inclin'd;
As others them more Faulty yet may find;
Thus Men of least Wit, at the Muses most
Will rail, as least they can their Favour boast;
As vain Fools, who of Women's Favour fail,
Defame them most, on whom they least prevail;

And damn their Rivals moſt, as abler Men,
As they moſt Fav'rites to their Dames have been;
Critics are like poor Rooking Gameſters then,
Wanting wherewith to make Diverſion; ſo,
Become Diſturbers of all thoſe, who do
Into ſmall Stocks, from others Ventures grow;
Each Credit gets from others Overſights,
And Praiſe by Writing, tho' he never Writes;
Credit from others, Loſs of it receives,
As the Rook on the ruin'd Gameſter lives;
By whoſe Aſſiſtance he is more betray'd,
Who grows his Puſher's Hindrance of his Aid;
But as a Stander by corrects Miſtakes,
Which, when his own Skill too he tries, he makes;
In fine, the curriſh Pack of Critics are
Like other Snarlers, who will never ſpare
Each other, when they hungry grow for Fame;
But on each other fall, for want of Game.
Each, in purſuit of others downfals, grow,
But of united Friends, each other's Foe;
Whom Run down Wits the fiereer to them find,
The more they ſeem to be of their own kind;
As to the Fox, the teizing Terrier, ſo,
The more like him, the more becomes his Foe,
The peeviſh Critic's Envy does increaſe,
But from his own Conception's Barrenneſs,
When he the Fruitfulneſs of others ſees;
As more Pain Barren Women undergo,
From others Births, than they who bear them do.
Critics are Foes to Wits, and none will ſpare,
As Atheiſts Foes to True Believers are:

Hate

Hate Minds inſpir'd, becauſe their's are not ſuch,
For want of Senſe, their Knowledge to them grutch,
From their Deſpair of Immortality;
But others Merit, and their Senſe deny;
Becauſe their Names can't live, make others die:
From being conſcious of deſerving Blame;
At their own Faults in others, firſt exclaim;
To ſave their own Good Names, will others dam:
For, as Quacks live by thoſe they cauſe to die,
Critics, by damning others Poetry,
Procure their Fame, and Immortality.
Not by their Senſe, but others Want of it;
Show more their Judgment, to prove leſs their Wit!
Judges of Wit, like other Judges ſo,
For their own Faults they find in others too,
Wou'd moſt eſteem'd, in others Judgment, grow;
But by their General Severity,
Their Juſtice and their Judgment juſtifie.

Upon the Good and True Critics, *on thoſe* Wits, *who to prove their Wit, ſhow they are out of their Senſes.*

GOOD, and true Critics, like true Doctors, ſtill
To their weak Friends, (when ask'd, and call'd in) will,
Give freely their Opinion, and advife;
The Bad, like Quacks, ſeek out Infirmities;

Not

Not ſo much Good to their weak Friends to do,
As to themſelves, and more in Vogue to grow,
But more their Art, than Charity to ſhow.
Not ſo much to redreſs another's Ill,
As to make known, their Knowledge, or their Skill;
Which they leſs by their Strength of Reaſon ſhow,
Than it, they from all others Weakneſs do:
Who, but more knowing Doctors wou'd appear;
But as they ſeem, to weak Men, moſt ſevere;
And more from Men of ſtronger Paſſions bear:
So we good Critics, like good Surgeons, find,
When moſt ſevere, to be moſt truly kind;
In probing each Man's Soft Place of his Scull,
To find, if 'tis of Matter void, or full;
Which, as it is more crack'd, or much leſs ſound,
Will be more tender, and the weaker found:
So Critics to their own, as Patients Pain,
Bring craz'd Men back to their right Wits again,
By lopping off Excreſcencies of Wit,
Which like Wens, on the Head, but weaken it:
And ſearching Cracks i'th' Scull, which well we know,
If not well Prob'd, and quite laid open too,
One's Danger will, by t'other's Pity grow:
Whence, no Man ever of ſound Senſe, denies,
To have laid open his Infirmities,
Or Weakneſs, which proves the weak Patient ſound,
In's Head at leaſt, which its own Weakneſs found.
Sound Doctors in their own Caſe, take Advice,
Whilſt weak Quacks moſt their own Opinion prize,
The more they'r weakn'd with Infirmities:
As Doctors cruel are, from Tenderneſs;
Critics, who ſhow moſt Pity, prove it leſs.

Seve-

Severity, then turns to Charity,
When Men are ſpoil'd, by Friend's Indulgency;
Each Wit, in his Poetic Fury, is
A Mad-man, or is thought ſo, by the Wiſe;
Of Contradiction, more impatient too,
As moſt weak Men are, as they weaker grow;
Then Crack'd-brain'd Poets, in their Fury's Fits,
And talking to themſelves, like Bedlamites,
By Critics, ſhou'd be laſh'd, into their Wits;
Since they, like Mad-men, will half-naked go,
Nay, for their Nakedneſs, grow Prouder too;
Not fit to rule themſelves, direct their Age,
Reform, inſtruct, the Sober, and the Sage,
Wou'd paſs for good Senſe, their Poetic Rage;
Whilſt they, leſs capable of Counſel grow,
Will have Men ſay, and do ſtill, as they do,
Humour their Nonſenſe, and their Rage allow;
When Madmen-like, but for their Want of Senſe,
Reaſon againſt them, ſeems Impertinence,
Aſſiſtance, or Inſtruction's thought Offence;
Scorning Mankind, each other they deride,
For their own Follies, in themſelves unſpy'd,
In Rags, and Want, yet ſtill maintain their Pride;
Love Shade, and Darkneſs, ſhun the World, and Men,
To be moſt heard of, when they leaſt are ſeen;
Who, whether taken notice of, or no,
Will ſtill on, with their ſenſeleſs Fultian go,
With ghaſtly Looks, their hollow Jaws, and Eyes,
Talk to themſelves, what others ſay, deſpiſe;
Till Madmen-like, for their Obſcurity,
And for avoiding Carping Company,
They talk, live to themſelves, more real'nably;

From

From their Obſcurity, Want, Starving, ſo,
Come ſooner, their own ſelves again, to know;
Who did, but from their Want of Senſe, eſteem
All Fools, or Mad-men, who thought not, like them;
Nay, but for their own want of Senſe before,
(And, as it grew leſs,) yet believ'd it more;
Till by the laſhing Critic's Labour, Pain,
The Mad-man, who, more Friends by's Wit wou'd gain,
Was forc'd to ſee, his Labour was in vain;
The Name of Wit, for that of Fool, to quit,
Thinking, to gain more Friends, as more his Wit;
Tho' Men are fear'd, or envy'd, more for it;
Since there's no greater Folly, than to think,
They, whoſe Faults we find out, at ours will wink.

Upon the Gun-powder Spot *on a* LADY's Hand; *given by Her for the Subject of a* SONG.

I.

FAIR Cruel Tyrant! You we find,
Like others, Gun-powder have made,
The ſooner, to deſtroy Mankind,
In your Hand, to my Death, your Aid.

II.

Your Cruelty's ſo great, I ſee,
You'll hurt your ſelf, to hurt me too,
That more Pain, you may give to me,
You more your ſelf will undergo.

III.

III.

The Nature of White Powder, so
Yours has, which silently destroys;
In all your Conquests, aiding you,
T'enslave, and kill, without a Noise;

Thy Gun-Powder, on thy Hand, shot
Me dead, half-dead with Love before;
Kill'd me, both on, and by the Spot,
Thy cruel White Hand on it wore:

V.

As by thy Hand's Black Spot, I got
My Death, revive me, with one more;
Let my Hand have thy best Black Spot,
In it, 'twill Life to me restore:

VI.

If you can prick your self, for Pride,
Which does grow more your Torment, you,
From me, may Pricking well abide;
Which as more, less your Pain will grow.

III.

To a fine Young Woman, *who being ask'd by her Lover,* Why she kept so filthy a thing as a Snake in her Bosom; *answer'd,* 'Twas to keep a filthier thing out of it, his Hand; *and,* that her Snake was to play with, and cool her in hot Weather; *which was his Aversion.*

You with that creeping, twining thing can play,
Yet me, who wou'd crawl o'er you Night and Day,
And cool you too, you shake off, cast away;
When I wou'd twist my self about you, you
Will squall out, and will from me fling, or throw;
Thy Humour, thou, from Grandame *Eve* dost take,
To ruin Man, *are tempted by a Snake;*
Thy twining Serpent, but to hinder me
Of Paradise, that is, Enjoying Thee;
Who shou'd esteem my Self for ever Blest,
Had I a Place, but like him, in thy Breast;
Your Snake's the Devil, a very Satan, who,
Of Heav'nly Bliss, deprives both me and you;
Is thy Legs Shackles, to keep them from me,
To make my Hands, and thy Legs too, less free;
When they, I, you too, shou'd the Loser be;
Does, to prevent my Touching thy Hand, twist
Itself about thy tempting Arm, or Wrist;
You seem a very Fury, with your Snake,
To frighten Man from Pleasure he wou'd take;
Whilst my Aversion, you, your Pleasure make:

You

You hold your Snake fast, me, your Worm, let go;
You cry 'tis cool, and I believe it so,
It chills my Blood to see't, crawl over you;
But, if a wrigling Worm Temptation be,
O *Eve*'s true Daughter! (as it is, I see)
To play with then, to cool, divert, clothe,
Of one of my presenting, be not shy,
To handle, and to play with constantly;
Which better, sure, will please thee, cool thee, too,
If you'll but handle it, as that you do;
And let it, where it will, about you go:
Which you may find a better creeping thing,
Will tamer grow too, for your handling;
Please you more, if it in your Lap you take,
And place for it, wou'd in your Bosom make;
Once, play with that Worm, you will quit your Snake;
Then, with thy Snake, not such a Fury be,
Me to keep at more distance, still, with thee;
I hate the creeping Serpent, still possest
Of either Paradise, thy Lap, or Breast;
Whilst I'm depriv'd of either, dear, blest Place,
By thy Snake, as of his Old *Adam* was:
He, as a Hisser, is a Foe to me;
Such, as a Rhymer, I will to him be;
Who keeps me from enjoying here, all Bliss;
Thy Love, but my sole Earthly Paradise;
Till that thy charming, and alluring Love,
Does but my Curse, from thy Temptation prove;
By thy damn'd Snake, which does about thee crawl,
In Reach of my Bliss, to beget my Fall.

A SONG. *To a suppos'd Friend's Mistress, who call'd me Ungrateful, for making Love to her, (since, my Friend's Mistress) tho' I had made Love to her first, and lov'd her longest.*

I.

TO take my Heart, and my Friend from me too,
Was to my Love, but double Injury;
If you will not your Love on me bestow,
Give me at least again, his Amity:

II.

Since from me now my Liberty you take,
Then for it, something let me have of thine;
My Heart, or Friend, sure, shou'd you give me back;
My Gift refuse, since you my Love decline:

III.

Since only, but for my True Love to thee,
I never yet cou'd have been false to him;
My Falsness to him then, shou'd purchase me,
For my Love more to you, more you Esteem.

IV.

'Tis you then are Ungrateful, sure, not I,
I wou'd, for Love and you, betray my Friend,
If you to do the like for me deny,
You can't to Love, Faith, Gratitude, pretend:

V.

V.

Ungrateful must I be, to you, or him,
Must either wrong his Friendship, or your Love,
Then, since to wrong Love, is, our greatest Crime,
My Faith to you, by wronging him, I prove:

VI.

And since I love you more, than he, (you know,)
Your Faith to him, wou'd most Injustice be,
Since he, for loving long, less Love can show,
Not wronging him, you wou'd your self, and me.

VII.

He lov'd you so long since, his Love's worn Out,
You then are not his due, who lov'd you, first,
But his, who lov'd you last, without all doubt,
Since he, who lov'd you longest, serves your worst.

VIII.

So, since I lateſt was in Love with you,
And they show most Love, whose Love is most new,
Then, but because we less each other know,
My Love is more than his, Thou more its due.

To

To the Mistress, *and no* Mistress, *who was said to be an* Hermaphrodite, *and who accus'd her* Lover *of being weary of her Company before he knew her.*

THOU both at once, a Friend, and Mistress art,
With Love, and Faith, to gain, and keep a Heart;
Who Pleasure dost of either Kind afford,
The best Companion art, at Bed, and Board;
We Two, by thy Twin-Sex, may make up Three,
But better Company, than Two to be,
I neither way, can weary prove of Thee;
Who art at once, my Mistress, and my Friend,
Which Thee does not disparage, but commend;
So, for thy Credit, not thy Shame, is it,
Thou art a sociable Hermaphrodite;
Canst entertain the Body, and the Mind,
At once to Two, canst Loving prove, and Kind,
An Am'rous Mistress be, and Faithful Friend;
Can both oblige, but neither can Offend:
At once a Woman, and a lovely Boy,
To double with thy Double-Sex, our Joy;
If a Fair Maid's Variety of Charms,
Entices more, brisk Lovers, to her Arms;
What must Variety of Sexes do?
To make a Man your Friend, and Gallant too;
Thou, Kind She! Dear Sir! hast a Remedy,
Nay, th'only One, for Man's Inconstancy,
To make Thee, to both Kinds, best Company;

Who

Who haſt alone, Variety in Thee,
Such, as in none, of either Sex, can be;
Variety, which no one Woman can,
Afford, in Love, or Friendſhip, to one Man;
Maſculine Senſe, and Truth, in Thee, we find,
Not to be found, in ſingle Woman-kind;
And with them too, ſoft Female Arts are join'd;
At once Man's Friendſhip, Woman's Love, to gain,
Nay Friendſhip, after Love too, to maintain;
Which, in the Man's Uſe, of a Miſtreſs, ends,
At once you pleaſe your Lovers, and your Friends;
Your Wit, makes for Loves Follies, ſtill Amends;
When all your Woman's Parts, may tedious grow,
Your Manly Parts, will keep us true to you;
No Love, or Senſe, is by Thee, pall'd, or tir'd,
In Thee, a Friend, and Miſtreſs, I've acquir'd,
By Friendſhip to be fought, by Love deſir'd;
None (with Love fated) need leave Thee, to find
A good Companion, or a dear She-Friend;
Since in Thee, they may ſtill have both in One,
Thy Charms remain, when thy Loves Joys are done;
You thus intirely captivate both Kinds,
In whom each, various Satisfaction finds;
The Double-Sex then, ſhou'd not be thy Shame,
Securing thy Male-Honour, Female-Fame;
Which makes Thee, ſociable, dear Twin! to prove,
As fit for Friendſhip, as Thou art for Love;
Thou! the juſt Wonder then, of Nature art,
Male, in Thy Senſe, yet Female in Thy Heart:
Woman in Body, Man in Senſe, or Mind,
Tho' Female, Faithful, tho' a Man, a Friend;

Thus

Thus of each others Company, ſhall we,
Tho' ſtill together, but leſs weary be,
Who, ſhall be more all One, for being Three;
Since 'tis, but our Love of Variety,
Makes one to t'other, better Company;
Thou art, my Miſtreſs, and my Rival ſo,
My Love's Temptation, and its Hind'rance too,
Riddle of Nature, which, like Riddles, we
Admire, till known, and what thou art, we ſee;
For other Women to be felt is Shame,
Thy letting no one feel Thee, turns Thy Blame;
So that, if you wou'd for a Woman go,
Then, for your Honour let me lie with you:
Since a true Woman, wou'd more Scandal gain,
To be thought Man ſure, than, to make a Man;
Then, Dear Sir-Madam! for your Honour, let
Me lie with you, a Baſtard to beget;
Your Fame, as Woman, but to juſtifie,
Leſt, Men ſhou'd think Man, with you, cou'd not lie,
Which wou'd be, much more, to your Infamy;
Since we Men, Women, but for that eſteem,
But hate 'em, when we cannot lie with them;
When that, we find, (as 'twere,) a Rival has,
To keep us out, poſſeſs'd before, the Place;
Which hind'ring any Man, with them to lie,
But keeps 'em Chaſt, more to their Infamy.

Against Pride *and* Ambition; A SATYR.

To a Vain Paſſionate Young Man, *who us'd to ſay,* If a Man did not ſhow himſelf more than a Man, he was leſs than a Beaſt.

IF you wou'd needs, for more than Man be held,
To Reaſon, let your Bruiſh Paſſions yield,
Which have, againſt your Reaſon, ſo rebell'd:
If, you wou'd more yet, your High Spirit ſhow,
Bring it down, for your Honour more, more low;
The hardeſt thing, for Vaineſt Men, to do:
If you, to quell thoſe, who wou'd ſhame you, boaſt,
Quell your own Paſſions, which, diſgrace you moſt;
For ſince, you love things, which are hard to do,
That wou'd, be ſure, the hardeſt thing for you;
If you wou'd Great, above all others ſeem,
Your ſelf diſgrace not, with your own Eſteem;
Nor magnifie your Parts, to leſſen them:
Since there's no way, to make your Merit leſs,
Like your degrading, Self-conceitedneſs;
Then let not your Falſe Judgment juſtifie
Itſelf, by Vain Opiniatrety,
Which proves leſs, as you on it more rely;
But own your Judgment falſe, to prove it true,
To give your Underſtanding, beſt its due;
Not to bring more in queſtion, your Good-Name,
Pretend not, to more Honour, to your Shame,
To make you, for more Honour, more to Blame;

Nor vainly Pride, but to your Betters ſhow,
That your Inferiours more may honour you;
Low'r your High Thoughts, to raiſe your Credit high,
Since ſought Praiſe, to the Seeker, moſt deny;
To prove your Merit, Great Mind, Virtue more,
Have more your Rebel-Paſſions, in your Pow'r;
Then ſeek not Honour, by your Vanity,
To make your Claim, but its own Self deny;
Since, always Witneſſes, in their own Caſe,
The Truth, and Juſtice of their Claim, diſgrace,
And loſe their Merit, ſeeking for it Praiſe;
But wou'd you ſhow, you truly merit Fame,
Your Merit rather, honorably diſclaim;
And if you'd ſhow, nay gain yet more Command,
Show the Pow'r, you have o'er your Paſſions gain'd,
Can Pride, Revenge, or Avarice, withſtand;
The hardeſt thing, for Proud, and Great Men too,
(As more their Pow'r, and Greatneſs is,) to do;
Since Hero's, with more eaſe, can overcome
Their Foes abroad, than Boſom-Foes at home;
Their Self-Love, Pride, Fear, Rage, or Avarice,
Which can ev'n turn their Virtues into Vice;
Then ſooth not, but reſiſt your Paſſions more,
By leſs Pride, ſhow more your Great Mind, and Pow'r;
If you the Nobleſt Conqueſt, wou'd acquire,
Quell your Ambition, to have your Deſire;
Since Drunken, High-Flown, Wild Ambition is,
The Cauſe that it, ev'n what it ſeeks, does miſs;
Which Man, like t'other Drunkenneſs, does make,
From his Brains Weakneſs, on him, more to take;

Than of it, he himſelf can well acquit,
Makes us for Action think our Brains moſt fit,
As they but are leſs capable of it;
Does turn each Hot-Head, from its own Height, round;
For looking too high, throws him on the Ground:
Ambition ſo, we Drunkenneſs may call,
Which but Exalts us, to our greater Fall;
By which, we nothing hold, for graſping all;
But loſe our Selves, our Reaſon, and our Pow'r,
Of holding, what was in our Pow'r before,
But only for our graſping ſtill at more:
Then Sober Drunkenneſs is more our Shame,
As for our Knowledge, it is more our Blame;
But as the Crime, or Folly's more, (you'll own)
As 'tis, with more Premeditation done,
He's the worſt Sot, who Sober is High-flown:
And that is your Ambitious Hot-Head, who
A ſcouring round the World, does Sober go.

A DRINKING-SONG. *To one, who ſaid,* He never lov'd to Drink, till the Sun was down.

I.

SINCE the Day's long, cold, dark, as Night;
Like cold, dark Night we'll ſpend it then;
Kindle the Fire, the Candles light,
Call for our Friends, and Bottles in;

Shut out all Buſineſs, Trouble, Care,
'Tis Night, when no Sun does appear.

II.

Let no Cloud in your Looks be ſhown,
Nor Gloomy Thoughts our Minds obſcure;
That in our Converſation none,
We call Friends, Coldneſs might endure;
If Wit's kept up, Noſes ſhine on;
No matter, if the Sun goes down.

III.

Without Sun, 'tis a chearful Time,
When good Friends by the good Fire ſit;
And to do Reaſon, Drink, Sing, Ryme,
To a Friend's Health, his Love, or Wit;
Thus, if it's Round the warm Glaſs goes,
No matter what the warm Sun does.

IV.

Wiſe Drinkers, hate all Lookers on,
Diſturbers of Mirth, Love, or Play;
Such is th' Intruding, Prying Sun,
Whoſe coming in, ſends Friends away;
Minds them of Sleep, or Buſineſs ſo,
To Merry-Meetings the worſt Foe.

V.

To Drink without Diſturbance then,
Let's Drink till Spies to Bed are gone;
What's ſaid, or done 's not heard, or ſeen,
So, ſhall we 'ſcape that Spy, the Sun;

Which is sure, as all other Spies,
A Check on all Good Companies;

VI.

More Happy, Long, to make our Days;
Then, let us still turn Day to Night,
And Night to Day, more Mirth to raise;
As Wine, takes from us more our Sight;
Our Glasses Round, the Sun shan't stop,
Like Friends, we'll Drink him down, and up.

Sober Thoughts on Drunkenness. *To a Mistress, who said,* She hated it, because it was a Foe to Love.

THY Railing at my Drinking, pray, have done,
I'll hug thy Rival, (my dear Bottle) on;
To Sit up with it, let you Lie alone.
That Mistress gives us Joy, nay Wit, by You
And Love, but more a Senseless Sot I grow;
You forbid Solace, which in Wine I take,
Ungratefully, which me does often make
So bold in Love, to come to Bed to thee,
When my Sobriety had hinder'd me;
'Tis your Assistant, to make me your Cully,
As to the Chouse it helps the Cheating Bully;
It takes away my Sense, and Eye-sight too,
More Blind and Stupid makes me, but for you
To lead me by the Nose, as still you do:

Then

Then why pray, ſhou'd you rail againſt your Friend?
Which me to your Bed does more often ſend,
Than I wou'd come, if that I Sober were,
Who then might have, leſs Love for thee, than Fear;
So Wine, to you ſure, is not ſuch a Foe,
I, but when gone in it, ne'r come to you;
Drinking forbid me, now, Fool! (if you dare)
Which takes from Lovers, Niceneſs, Fraud, and Fear;
You ſay, that it diſables Men, for Love,
I ſober, in thy Bed, an Eunuch prove;
But when, in Wine, I have forgotten thee,
A kind Remembrance may'ſt thou get of me;
Since, but the more that I cou'd ſee thee, ſure,
I but the leſs to touch thee ſhou'd endure;
For thou, (my Nauſeous Dear!) I needs muſt own,
Woud'ſt (if I ſaw thee) by me leſs be known;
Then, ſince Love ne'r yet made me blind for you,
Let Wine that Service better for you do;
Since no Man Sober e'er was gain'd by thee,
In Wine, thou't beſt a Favour rook from me:
So Gameſome Women ſhou'd like Gameſters do,
By Wine, make ſhy Men bolder Puſher's grow,
The more to give 'em, and ſpend on 'em too:
Then Rail no more at thy, or my Friend, Wine,
But for which I had never yet been thine;
Which made our Love, no Crime in me, or you,
By which, what we did, you, nor I did know;
Which gave us Pleaſure, which was not our Shame,
Made your Love but my Fault, ſo, not your Blame;
Doubled our Joy, our Shame, Guilt, did prevent,
Made both without a Crime to Love, conſent;

Taking

Taking from us, our Knowledge and our Senſe,
Made us take Pleaſure, but without Offence:
Since nothing, ſure amiſs, can either do,
Which can our Guilt, or others Scandal grow,
When what we do, we neither of us know:
At Drunkenneſs, ungratefully you rail'd,
Who, but for it, had of my Kindneſs fail'd;
So, that which proves the Hinderance of Love
In others, did to your Aſſiſtance prove;
For had I not had then, my Fill of Toping,
I'th' dark, I had not, with thee, fall'n a Groping.

VI.

A SONG *to* Phillis; *who was angry that her* Lover *gave her a* Green-Gown, *calling him* Rude *and* Ill-manner'd *for it.*

I.

WHY *Phillis!* ſhou'd you Rudeneſs call
My throwing you, ſo gently down?
Had I not given Thee the Fall,
Thou Reaſon hadſt, to call me Clown;
Since though I fell on top of Thee,
My Fall, not thine, it term'd ſhou'd be.

II.

For had I not, then thrown Thee down,
I had not worſted been, by Thee;
Though I fell uppermoſt, thou't own,
Thou much the better hadſt of me;

Thy Fall, but my Diſhonour was,
By which, I for the Weaker paſs.

III.

Then, by the Fall, I gave to Thee,
'Tis I, not Thou, haſt Credit loſt,
Who, (though I threw Thee,) worſted me,
Nay, tho' that I was uppermoſt;
So fear not then, I'll brag, or tell,
Who firſt, (though I firſt threw Thee,) fell.

IV.

Then, why ſhou'dſt Thou bluſh, cry out, frown?
Since, though I Thee firſt overcame,
I weakeſt prov'd, who threw Thee down,
Thy Fall ſo, was, but more my Shame;
If ought has by us, been ill done,
You fell too late, I riſe too ſoon.

V.

So ſay not, I diſhonour'd Thee,
Who by Thee, was ſham'd, worſted more,
Since you, in Wreſtling worſted me,
And left me, to worſt You, no Pow'r;
So that, your Fall was but my Foil,
Who loſt my Labour, Breath, and Oil.

To

To W. O. *my* Jocky-Friend, *and a* Match-maker *for* Horse *and* Man; *upon his Offer of a Wife to me, saying, in Commendation of Her,* She was Soft, Wax, Virtuous, Pious, and Charitable.

WHAT! offer Marriage to me? you pretend,
By such an Offer, to be more my Friend;
D'y' think, that it, for Friendship, I can take?
When Slave, and Cuckold, you would of me make;
A Bond-slave of a Free-Loose Whore-master,
Which, to my Loss, and my Discredit were;
Since, of a Free-man, but to make me so,
A Yok'd Beast, others Drudgery, to do;
With Yoke, and Horns, to load my Neck and Head,
At others Pleasure, to be driv'n, or led;
To draw me in, to th' Marriage-Yoke, and Noose,
You'll pair me with a Rich, Fair, Gentle Spouse;
Who has Two thousand Pound a Year, (you say,)
But I say, he who for it, needs must pay;
His Peace, his Honour, and his Liberty,
A Wife, and Fortune, will too dearly buy;
She likewise is, you tell me, well Ally'd,
A Title, for my Honour, has beside,
Which will increase, to lessning me, her Pride;
Her Title mine, of Husband, will debase,
Me will, (instead of honouring,) disgrace;
Making her think, She Title has to sway,
And govern him, she shou'd by right, obey;

Of Wit, as Wealth, you tell me, she has Store,
Which will make me her Fool, and Slave, the more;
Good Features, and Good Shapes she has, (you say,)
Then Affectation, takes 'em quite away,
Makes her, on her self, so to dote, that she
Can have no Love, or Liking left, for me;
You tell me, she Good-Natur'd is, and free,
Easie in Fortune is, and of Access,
Then into her, Bold Visiters will press;
If she be Soft-Wax, for Impression she,
At ev'ry Stranger's Need, will ready be,
And, like Wax, often borrow'd be, from me;
Like Soft-Wax, must be blown on, bitten, squeez'd,
Be slabber'd, chaf'd, be roll'd, and then be press'd;
Thus, if she melting Soft-wax prove, (I fear,)
She'll sooner, plainer, make my Crest appear;
And I Wax too, to squeeze her, first must squeeze,
Lease my self to her, but without Release;
Must, for more Freedom, I wou'd with her have,
Of a loose Whore-master, become her Slave;
Whilst, by my Ties on her, she freer grows,
I, more her Bond-Slave for 'em, she more loose;
Therefore, to put off Nuptial Sealing, I,
Will re-convey her, to her Liberty;
For if (as you say,) generous, she be,
Of her Flesh, she to Strangers will be free;
And if much Kindness, to me, she pretends,
She'll prove it to me, loving all my Friends;
My Foes take off, by taking them upon her,
And for my Safety, will expose her Honour;
If Rich she be, she's Proud, and Insolent,
Will think, what she brings, may be by her spent;

If Poor, ſhe may to Men more Humble prove;
For Hire; if Rich, ſhe may buy others Love;
If ſhe loves me, ſhe jealous grows of me;
If I love her, of her ſo ſhall I be;
If ſhe be Godly, ſhe'll have Charity,
To make her Friend, of my worſt Enemy;
On him, the Kiſs of Charity beſtow,
And Strip Her ſelf, to cloath the Naked too;
If Proud, ſhe will more Humble Servants have,
Than I can keep; if Humble, be their Slave;
If Fool, ſhe'll Cuckold me for want of Wit;
If ſhe has Wit, the ſooner too for it;
If ſhe's Devout, to Church then will ſhe go,
That ſhe may but the greater Sinner grow;
Kneel, Pray there, to be Knelt and Pray'd to, there;
Devout to Heav'n but only will appear,
To have on Earth Devoto's ſo to her;
Joys only here, and not elſewhere to gain;
More Charity, by Marriage, to maintain,
So to Repentance ſooner brings her Man.
Then make no Match for me, my Jockey-Friend,
Who wouldſt be Mounting always, all Mankind:
A Match-Maker, ſo, both for Horſe and Man,
Draw'ſt Friends into their Loſs, by Hopes of Gain;
Jocky-like, making a Crimp-Match for me,
To make my Ruine Sport for others be;
Jocky-like, with me, wou'dſt, (as others do)
Who cheat their Beſt Friends, making Matches too;
Giving them Jades to ride on, without Proof;
Such, as for Life, they cannot get rid of.

A SONG. *To a Mistress, who call'd her Lover Ungrateful, Mad-Man, or Liar; for owning, he only spoke Ill of her, because he lov'd her too well.*

I.

WITH your Discretion, you seem Mad;
To lose at once your Pleasure, Time, and Fame,
For Pleasure, which we never had;
For Love, to suffer still more Pain, and Shame;
To be, but for your Virtue, more to blame.

II.

To suffer Pain, to give it me;
Disgrace, which thou wou'dst fain escape, to bear;
To make the World to censure thee,
And think, you but so proud and scornful are;
But that your Love to me, may not appear.

III.

Your Credit lose, to save it then;
Who have your Fame, the Price of Pleasure, paid;
To Please your Sex, Displease the Men;
But for what Cause, shou'd you be vainly made,
More of your Foe's Scorn, than your Friends afraid?

IV.

IV.

Give me your Love, I brib'd shall be,
Fame of your Beauty, Virtue to defend;
But if you will not lie with me,
To be thy false Foe, I'll seem thy true Friend;
Thee, more to thy Dishonour, will commend.

M

V.

But if with me thou wou't but lie,
I will more kindly speak more Ill of thee,
Thy Fame, by Scandal, justifie;
Which but more ruin'd, by my Praise wou'd be;
So, but to keep thy Credit, lie with me.

VI.

Since of her, who for me does ill,
I well, but more ungratefully, shou'd speak,
Who speak best of Ill Women still,
Whose good Word, good Fame, from the Good wou'd take;
I speak ill of 'em, for their Honour's sake.

VII.

Thee then I kindly discommend,
Since, shou'd the prating World which knows me, know,
That I were thy peculiar Friend,
My Praise of you, wou'd your Dishonour grow;
I love you so well, I speak ill of you.

In

In Answer to a Mistress, who desir'd her Lover to Marry her; to show his Love more to her, and make both's Love more sure to each other.

MARRY thee! No; that wou'd not show my Love;
My Hatred to thee, rather, wou'd it prove:
I, but because I love and honour thee,
Wou'd not thy Lord, but Humble Servant be;
I'm now your Slave; Marriage wou'd make you mine,
If you to make me sure to you design,
All that we have, but our Hands, let us join;
My Mistress be, to keep still your Command;
Be loose with your Legs, fetter not my Hand;
Let our Love, to last more, be less restrain'd;
Be free still, and give Liberty to me,
To make me more thy Slave, chain'd Lover be;
Since, as you'd let me be with thee more free,
I shou'd be much more bound to Constancy,
And thee, for giving me my Liberty;
Let me wear Love's Chains, I will not complain;
Love, but by those of Wedlock grows a Pain,
And Shame, by which loose Friends with Freedom part;
My Mistress, Queen, and Empress now thou art;
The Stile of Wife, wou'd bring thy Height more Low,
Wou'd make me, too familiar with thee grow;
Saving thy Credit, wou'd thy Honour lose,
So Marriage with thee now (my Dear) I chuse,
But out of more Love for thee, to refuse;
Because I'd love thee still, nay, for my Life,
I'd keep thee still my Mistress, not my Wife;

I love you ſo, you ſhall not be my Slave,
But over me, Command ſtill ſhall you have;
Let me to you, not to the Parſon, ow
That Obligation, of Enjoying you;
Not a baſe Bargain, let us make of Love,
Which does but Intereſt more, than Kindneſs prove;
And wou'd, but much more, manifeſtly ſhow,
My Love, Concern, more for my ſelf, than you;
Diſhonourable Marriage, let us ſhun,
A Beaſtly Bargain, by which, Love proves none,
By which, the Wife is made, the Maid undone;
The Man, no more is likewiſe his own Man,
Of a frank Whore-maſter before, does gain,
For Love's looſe Chain, but Wedlock's galling Nooſe,
By which her Slave, he, of her Maſter, grows;
Our Love, and Honour ſo, but more to prove,
By Marriage, let us not confine our Love;
For Love, as more Free, more a Favour is,
But when a Tax, a heavy Burthen 'tis;
By th' Marriage Nooſe, becomes, but leſs a Tye
On Lovers, to their Faith, and Conſtancy;
Since Marriage, plighting Faith, proves boths Diſtruſt,
To make both, as more bound up, grow leſs Juſt;
By Marriage ſo, to make but Free-Love more
Diſhonourable, than it was before;
Since Tyes, all Obligation take away,
Which Frank-Love, otherways wou'd freely pay;
The great Truſt, makes our Obligation great,
When we crave Bonds, we call our Friend, a Cheat;
Nay, by our baſe Suſpicion, make him ſo,
Giving him Hints, and Reaſon for it too;

When Love's a Duty, 'tis mean Slavery,
She ſells her Love too, moſt unreaſonably,
Who gives it, to take from us, Liberty;
Nay, wou'd the Man ſhe loves, for Life enthral,
Make Fetters of her Arms, the Church a Gaol;
Beating of Hemp, the ſhaking of her Sheets,
Dull Drudgery, her Lover's ſportful Feats;
And that both Hearts, no more for Love might ake,
More Grief, or Pain, give either's Head, or Back,
Not Joy to give both, it from both to take;
Then, that we may not weary, jealous prove,
I'll ne'r turn to forc'd Duty, Looſer Love;
I, by the galling Matrimonial Tye,
Wou'd not turn Freedom into Slavery;
No Mercenary Bargain make of Love,
My Kindneſs leſs, than Intereſt to prove;
My Love for thine, not for thy Money's ſake,
I'd rather give Thee, than Gold from Thee take;
To make the Mercenary Marriage-Vow,
Of Honourable Love, more ſhameful grow,
Than Love, which Hearts does, without Hire, beſtow;
Since Love's a free, kind, voluntary Act,
Its Obligation's cancell'd, by its Pact,
Which does our Oath, to bind our Faith, exact;
In Love I'd ſerve Thee then, a Voluntier,
Since ſuch ſtill ſhow leſs Intereſt, or Fear,
And in all Service, briskeſt ſtill appear;
He, who ſerves but for Hire, in War, or Love,
Made rich by Spoils, will a baſe Flincher prove;
But he, who honourably ſeeks to gain,
His Fame of a good Puſher to maintain,
Reward, as Danger, always will diſdain;

The

The Portion's Preſs-Money, makes liſted Slaves,
Which when obtain'd, each Wretch his Duty leaves,
But Freedom beſt rewards Love's puſhing Braves;
Who nobly ſerve, for dear-bought Victory,
Since Plunder is, the Victor's Infamy;
Who Priſ'ners of the Free-born, ſcorns to make,
But Liberty, is free to give, as take;

Whilſt marry'd Lovers, but like theirs, (we find,)
Each other, but to rob, or ſtrip, will bind;
Women, are looſer made, by Loving-Friends,
Who in their Mutual Pleaſure, have no Ends,
But that, which to both's Satisfaction, tends;
Love makes the Husband, ruines the Gallant;
He's then leſs honourable, (we muſt grant,)
Who gets by Love, than that more true Friend, who,
Will Want, and Thraldom, for it undergo;
My Love, i'th' Church, ſhall never plunder thee,
So there, ne'r promis'd to thee, let me be;
Since Oaths, and Vows, can there, as elſewhere too,
To Breach of Faith, Temptations rather grow,
Which Friends diſtruſt, in one another ſhow;
Who, ſince they, one anothers Words refuſe,
They, their Friend's want of Faith, by their's excuſe;
Putting Oaths to them, ſeem but to believe,
That them ſure, they without 'em, wou'd deceive;
But they who ne'r require our Oaths, rely
On us, for our Faith, or our Probity,
Deal, and make others deal, more honorably;
The Tye ſeems greater, as the Truſt is ſo,
By your Faith in me, mine is bound to you;
But when my Word, Faith, Oath, Love, you diſtruſt,
I, breaking Faith with you, prove to you juſt;

Then, but becauſe I love, and honour thee,
Thy Maſter, of thy Slave, I'll never be;
Our Love, Faith, to each other, to ſecure,
(Since Love, in Marriage, wou'd but leſs endure,)
I'd wed thee not, to make thee to me ſure.

Honour loſt by keeping It. (A SONG;) *To a* Lady, *who ſaid,* She muſt break Her Word with Her Friend, (*to whom She promiſed a Meeting,*) to be an honeſt Woman.

I.

IF you ſtand on your Honeſty,
Your Honour, Faith, and True Love too,
Your Love, my Due, you can't deny,
But you muſt more diſhoneſt grow,
To keep from me, what you, to my Love ow:

II.

Never pretend to Honour more,
By which, your Word, Faith, Oath, you break,
Yield to me, on your Honour's ſcore;
To ſave your Word, and Credit let me take,
Your Virtue from you, for your Honour's ſake.

III.

III.

But if your Faith, (againſt your Oath)
That's due to mine, you will expoſe,
To ſave your Fame, wou'd break your Troth;
Your Honour, your Diſhonour grows,
Which you, the more you keep it from me, loſe.

The Invocation to Fortune, *the beſt Aid, and Encourager of* Wit, *tho' call'd the Patroneſs of* Fools.

LET others who wou'd Helps to Fancy chuſe,
Out of the Nine deſt an aiding Muſe;
Fortune, that's ſaid but kind to Fools to be,
Invok'd ſhall be, to help weak Senſe, by me;
Who ſtill in Writing, as in Gaming too,
For Fancy's beſt Encourager may go;
To whoſe good Grace, and partial Favour will,
A ſtrong Imagination help us ſtill;
More than our Pains, Thought, Reaſon, Art, or Wit,
Which are the readieſt Means to miſs of it;
Ev'n Nature is but kind to Man in vain,
If Fortune's Aid his Fancy can't obtain:
Since no Man for a Man of Senſe can go,
If he no Marks can of her Favour ſhow;
Since Fortune's Gifts will more than Nature's do,
In making Men thought Witty, Juſt, nay Wiſe,
For Poor Men's Faith, Wit, Wiſdom, all deſpiſe:

Then Fortune's the beſt Aid, and Proof of Wit;
Since Wiſe Men by Men's Money judge of it;
Nature's Gifts, without Fortune's, none will prize;
For let a Man be Valiant, Juſt, nay Wiſe,
Without he has with his Good Qualities,
(Againſt the Cuſtom) ſome Good Fortune too,
His very Virtues ſhall for Vices go;
Inſtead of getting him the World's Eſteem,
He ſhall be more Ridiculous for them:
His Love of Fame, be thought his Vanity;
His Daring Honour, Dread of Infamy;
Int'reſt his Love, his Complaiſance, his Fear;
Folly, his Truth, his Courage, his Deſpair:
His Juſtice, but his Fear of Puniſhment;
His Good Deed, not his Act, but Accident:
Then, Fortune! It is only but by you,
Nature's Endowments of more Value grow;
The Wiſe Man's Foreſight, Senſe, or Reaſon's none,
Who without thee, relies on them alone;
Whilſt ſo ſucceſsful ſtill the Fools we ſee,
For their depending only but on Thee;
The Bold Man, to whom you go, for a Friend,
Fool-hardineſs muſt find it in the End,
More on his Strength, than on you, to depend:
The Politician does a Coxcomb grow,
Againſt himſelf, is but a Plotter too;
Who moſt conſults his Reaſon without you;
The Lover finds his Rhet'rick of no Pow'r,
Nor Gifts, if you lend not, the Happy Hour;
To me then let *Apollo*, and each Muſe,
Their Aid (if you ſtand by me ſtill) refuſe.

None

None doubt the Happineſs of that Man's Senſe;
Whoſe good Deeds, good Thoughts, good Stars influence;
You give Experience too, the Teſt of Wit,
Wit is but Fancy, till you Licenſe it;
Wit without you, is ſenſleſs thought, or vain,
By you, the Man's undoing makes the Man;
Beſt Wit, bought Wit, Experience may he gain:
By you Mankind, the World, themſelves may know;
Without which, the beſt Wits for Coxcombs go;
The Learn'd, and Wiſe, for ſenſleſs Blockheads too.
To me, thou Fortune! ev'n when bad, wert good,
By which, my ſelf I've better underſtood;
And Man, whom (but for thee) I never ſhou'd;
But for your Jilting, and Incertainty,
My Mind had ne'r had, or ſhown Conſtancy;
And but for your Ill Uſage ſtill of me,
I ne'r had ſcap'd my being chous'd by thee;
So were you, like a Jilting Whore, more kind,
The ſooner you your Falſneſs made me find;
Since, like all Jilts, but by your Fondneſs you,
Credulous Cullies ſtill the more undo,
Undo the Man, whilſt you the vain Fool make;
Since by your Gifts, our Senſe you from us take;
As more your Gifts are, Nature's more to lack;
The more oblig'd then am I to you, ſo,
But as the leſs I am oblig'd to you,
Since as leſs favour'd, but leſs jilted too.
If Wit be better, as more dearly bought;
Ill Fortune, the beſt Muſe ſure, thou'd be thought,
By whom, both Wit and Judgment beſt is taught;
If Fools are made ſuch, by Proſperity,
Wits muſt be made ſo, by the Contrary.

A SONG. *To a Miſtreſs, who call'd her Lover Beaſt for Drinking; commending his Rival for a Wiſe Man, for drinking nothing but Water.*

I.

WHY Beaſt, ſhou'd you call me, becauſe I drink on?
Since 'tis but by that ſure, I prove my ſelf none;
He's the Beaſt, I thou'd think,
Who does ſeldomeſt drink,
And Human Goodfellowſhip oftenest ſhun.

II.

If Laughter and Talk, be the Signs of a Man,
In either, good Wine does Good-Fellows maintain;
Then the Man who drinks moſt,
Of moſt Manhood can boaſt;
And he's the dull Beaſt, who from Wine does refrain.

III.

He Reaſon has, who Drinks till Reaſon be gone,
Since Thought brings us Sorrow, which Drinking will drown;
To do Reaſon, we Drink,
More to Talk, leſs to Think;
Since Wine gives thoſe Mirth, Wit, who Sober have none.

IV.

IV.

Wine makes him, who talks well, the more to talk on,
The Shallow-Brain's Tattle, more soon to have done;
Wine, all Sad Men delights,
Sets all Quarrels to rights,
Then he's most a Brute-Beast, who drinks most alone:

V.

Wine makes Man a sociable Creature at least,
Who, were't not for Company, were a Dumb Beast;
Men are, Dogs, Sheep, or Swine,
Who can Sup, or can Dine,
Of Wine, or Good-fellowship, yet have no Taste:

VI.

He's sociable, honest, and has a good Soul,
Who fails not his Meeting, and fills up his Bowl;
But the Man ought to pass,
For a Horse, Sheep, or Ass,
Who, Love, Wit, or Friendship, with Water, wou'd cool:

VII.

Dull Temperance is the true Mark of a Beast,
Humanity, but by good Drinking's increas'd,
For, by Wine, Reason's done,
When the Wine leaves us none;
He's most a Beast then, who thinks most, and drinks least.

Upon

Upon a Lady's Fall *over a* Stile, *gotten by running from Her* Lover; *by which She ſhow'd Her* Fair Back-ſide, *which was Her beſt Side, and made Him more Her Purſuer than He was before.*

MY Heart held out, againſt your Face, and Eyes,
But cou'd no more, againſt your Breech, and Thighs,
Which they, both took, and wounded, by Surprize;
Who, till then, did (as 'twere,) in Ambuſh ly,
For my poor Life, at leaſt, my Liberty;
So ſecret Enemies, more Miſchief do,
The leſs ſtill they, their Pow'r to do it, ſhow,
And it leſs openly, they let us know;
By that Aſſaſſinate, in Ambuſcade,
My Freedom, Peace, and Life, were ſoon betray'd;
My Conqu'reſs ſo, you, like the *Parthian* were,
Running from me, but out of ſpight, not fear,
Showing me your ſurprizing, killing Reer;
Which me did wound, and took your Priſ'ner then,
So that e'er ſince, your chain'd Slave have I been;
In Triumph led, where e'er you go or come,
A Follower of your Victorious Bum,
From it to know, my Life's, or Fortune's Doom;
Thoſe cruel Murtherers, thy piercing Eyes,
So giv'n, to Killing, Frauds, and Robberies;
Whoſe pointed Rays, more than Love's ſharpeſt Darts,
Have prov'd ſo dangerous to Eyes, and Hearts;
However yet, by my Eyes, ne'r were found,
To give it half ſo ſure, or deep a Wound,

As

As that ſame charming Beauty did, (I find,)
Which, without Eyes, with Love, has made me blind;
And, which is more ſure, (as you needs muſt own,)
Than your Face cou'd, without your Eyes, have done;
But its Complexion, like the driven Snow,
Has made me Blind, by looking on it too,
Till that its Brightneſs does my Darkneſs grow;
So that, as Love's blind, I ſhall now no more,
Grope for my Way to Bliſs, as ſtill before;
But out of Pride, as Love, ſhall have a mind,
To come now leſs before you, than behind;
Tho' I before, but for your Fore-Parts was,
Your Lover more, and for your lovely Face;
Which I'm contented now, your Mask ſhou'd hide,
Since you have ſhown us, your more Fair Back-ſide,
Which, tho' you think your Shame, I do your Pride;
Let not your Face then bluſh, your Breech was ſhown,
But, becauſe all its Shame ſure, was its own,
Whoſe Charms, Complexion, by it, are out-done;
So your Face, but diſparag'd more, ſhou'd be,
That we, your more Alluring Breech, did ſee;
Since we ſaw your Breech, not to its Diſgrace,
More to the Shame of your leſs tempting Face;
For your Face, (ſince we ſaw it,) will no more
Be thought ſo charming, taking, as before;
Then your Fall was not, (as you think,) your Shame,
Which more did raiſe our Paſſion, and your Fame,
By which, more your Admirers, we became;
So that your Breech, (ſince ſuch a good One,) you
Did, to your Credit, not Diſhonour ſhow,

Which now makes thy charm'd Followers, but more
Than they were, for thy Face's sake, before;
Which me has made its Follower so close,
That it in Love, shall lead me by the Nose,
Which, the great Pow'r of its great Beauty shows;
Since I, who, to thy Fore-side, was so true,
Am brought o'er to thy Back-side, at a View,
And ne'r to t'other Side, will from it turn,
By which we Love may cool, not fear to burn,
May quench our Flame, yet neither weep, or mourn;
In fine, the Gods, who set their Breeches on
The Clouds, the Heav'ns, the Stars, the Sun, and Moon,
Have not more glorious Seats, their Bums to bless,
With everlasting Motion, for their Ease,
And their Eternal Bliss, or Happiness;
Upon whose Motions, more than those o'th' Stars,
The Planets, or all Heaven's Harmonious Spheres,
Depend my Life, and Death, good Days, good Nights,
Eternal Joys, and Moveable Delights;
Who curs'd, or bless'd, can only prove in Love,
As your Breech for me, does lie still, or move.

A SONG, *Proving* LOVE *more Pleasure, as more Pain. To a too easie Mistress, who yet complain'd, there was more Pain, than Pleasure in* LOVE.

I.

LOVE's so pleasant a Pain,
Such a tickling dear Smart;
That it makes me complain,
When it eases my Heart:
To be more my Joy, wou'd it were more my Grief,
To make it, as more my Pain, more my Relief!

II.

For, its Troubles, or Cares,
But its Pleasures increase;
So that but for our Fears,
Our Joys in it were less;
Then more may my Troubles, Pains, Fears be, that so,
As they grow more, more may my Pleasures be too;

III.

Since Love's Pains, and Fears still,
But augment more our Joy;
Which, when gain'd with Ease, will,
More our Pleasures destroy;
Our Joy's less then, as it with more Ease we gain,
Possest with less Pleasure, as had with less Pain.

To a Poor Lover, who was refus'd by his Mistress, tho' he had Fought for her.

NO more from Women, than from Judges, can,
Good Pleas, without good Bribes, their Favour gain;
Love must be brib'd, as well as Justice too,
E'r either Blind, Right to Complainants do;
For Gold cures all Impediments o'th' Sight;
Makes both the Blind, to see best Wrong from Right;
Sighs, Tears, and Pray'rs, make angry Heaven kind,
But Vows, or Tears, no Mortal Angels mind;
In vain is Rhetorick, or Quaint Discourse,
Where Arguments which chink, are but of Force;
Where Musick, nor sweet-sounding Flattery,
Make a Fair She more still to stand, or lie:
The Name of Lord does not Admittance gain,
To Woman Mercenary still, tho' Vain;
Who values only for his Gold, her Man;
Nor with a Trading She, can Merchants Trade,
Till Entry-Monty for their Love be paid;
There's nothing wanting to the bold Gallant,
Provided, he does Heart, nor Money want;
He has good Eyes, who Gold to rub 'em has,
The full Hand, for well-shap'd, white, smooth will pass;
And in a Love-Suit he must needs succeed,
Whose Suit his Gold most weighrily does Plead;
Gold gilds the Silver Hair, turns Red Hair bright,
Nay, makes the crooked straight, the wrong Sense right;
Makes languishing the dead, or squinting Eyes,
The Blabber-Lip, the fittest too, to Kiss;

Teeth,

Teeth, which bow Gold, with Miſtreſſes, will go
For good ones, whether they be ſuch, or no;
To cringe, or bow the Body, does not ſeem
Such true Reſpect, as bowing Gold for them;
So the King in Effigie, we make
To plead for us, that Dames we more may take,
Bow, or break Gold, that our Hearts may not break;
The full Hand, rifles any Woman's Breaſt,
The full Hand, not the ſoft, for Feeling's beſt;
Him, the beſt Lover Women think to be,
Who ſeems leſs of his Fleſh, than Money free;
Since they their Men for truer-metl'd hold,
Not for Steel-Backs, but Handfuls of their Gold;
Love's gain'd, like Fame, not by bold Deeds, good Words,
But by Men's drawing Purſes, not their Swords;
To Mercenary Female Deities,
In vain are Vows, without a Sacrifice;
If Gold, or Perfumes we forget to proffer,
In vain we Pray'r, or empty Praiſe ſhall offer;
Since Mortal Goddeſſes, in Love, are *Jews*,
Pray'rs, without Off'rings, like them, they refuſe;
Nay they ſay, both like *Jews* and *Chriſtians* too,
Faith, without Charity will nothing do;
Will, for falſe Faith, with Mortal Angels go;
With whom, to gain Communication here,
We muſt do, as with Angels ſtill elſewhere;
Muſt ſtrip our ſelves here, firſt, of all we have,
Our Souls from Love's tormenting Flames to ſave;
To make our Mortal Goddeſſes to grant
Our Love-Petitions, and relieve our Want;
To make them yielding, or propitious ſeem,
To Love's devoted, for Pray'rs, Vows, to them;

Since Faith to Women, as to Angels too,
Without Good Works, for True Faith cannot go;
Nor Love, or Faith, without some Charity,
Can our Devotion to them justifie.

A SONG. *Upon* CELIA'S *Recovery of her Lover by Singing at his Desire; whom she had almost lost by Talking.*

I.

HER Breath rekindles my Heart's Fire,
Assisting her Eyes more to burn;
Else, had she made my Flame expire,
By cold Disdain, or silent Scorn:
The Fire in my Heart, or her Eyes,
By her Breath to a Flame does rise.

II.

Thus I my self most guilty am,
By my own Pray'r, of my own Death;
My Mouth desir'd, her's shou'd inflame
My Heart more, by help of her Breath;
So granting my Desire, she did
My begging more of her forbid:

III.

III.

Whilst she did open her Mouth, I,
Cou'd open mine, to hers no more,
But suffer'd my Pain silently,
And cou'd not wish her to give o'er;
Not knowing which more Pleasure were,
To hear her, or be heard by her:

IV.

My Heart, first, by her Eyes was fir'd,
Whose Flame, had not her Breath kept in,
It by this time might have expir'd,
And I reliev'd from it had been;
Which, by her Breath, I fiercer find,
As Flames grow hotter by the Wind.

Upon the Idleness of Business. A SATYR; *To one, who said,* A Man show'd his Sense, Spirit, Industry, and Parts, by his Love of Business.

YOUR Man of Bus'ness, is your idlest Ass,
Doing most, what he least can bring to pass;
To satisfie vain Aims, at Wealth, Praise, Pow'r,
Which but augment, by their Additions, more;
Whose Bus'ness is, to gain himself more Ease,
Whilst that his Pains, his Labours but increase
His Aim at Rest, becomes his Restlessness;

Since his Desires, with his Success, augment,
Till his Success does his Desires prevent,
The more he gains, to have but less Content;
To have his Pains, his Ends but more impede,
For as one Wave, another does succeed,
So the first Buſ'ness does another breed;
And that a Third, by more Gain, but the more,
To make a Man more restless than before;
As one Wave, its impetuous Course does run,
To make but room, to bring another on;
So Men's Thoughts, still fluctuate to and fro,
Till that one Buſ'ness does another grow,
And a Third does succeed the other Two;
Till the Full Tide of Buſ'ness, like the Seas,
Does slacken, and decrease, to its Increase,
And seeks its End, more to its Restlessness;
Till we, by Buſ'ness are, o'er Head and Ears,
O'erwhelm'd in Troubles, and oppress'd with Cares.

Buſ'ness, the Monster, errant Fools pursue,
Is like the *Hydra*, which *Alcides* slew,
(Against whom, others their vain Weapons drew;)
Who, by dispatching of each single Head,
A Couple made, to rise up in its stead,
Till his Pains, but more Buſ'ness for him bred;
Our Action puts itself so to its Stay,
Our Buſ'ness does but its own End delay,
More hastily our Purpose, 'twou'd obey;
Becomes but more, as we wou'd make it less,
And makes us less at Ease, for our Success;
As Usurers, but by their Gold's Increase,
Are farther from acquiring sought for Ease;

So

So Buſ'neſs is the Bane of Active Life,
Which ſhou'd procure our Eaſe, maintains our Strife;
Which, wears our Life, whilſt Life it ſhou'd ſuſtain,
Till our Death, by our Livelihood, we gain.
Who Life, in queſt of Suſtenance, deſtroy,
Our Lives ſo, but againſt our Lives, employ,
For Buſ'neſs lets none, Wealth it brings, enjoy;
So Man, by Buſ'neſs, loſes all he gains,
By that, gets but his Labour for his Pains;
A Sign of Emptineſs then Action is,
Circular Motion cauſing Giddineſs;
For Buſ'neſs, active Idleneſs is found,
Which weakens Heads, the more 'twou'd prove 'em ſound,
And turns their Brains, by too much Motion, round;
By Buſie-Bodies, Light-Heads, beſt are known,
Whoſe haſty'ſt Action brings 'em ſooneſt down;
Their Slips and Falls, by too much Motion get,
To make their Speed, but their Advancement's leſs;
Till their vain Action, Idleneſs does grow,
Their Diligence, their Interruption too,
Who leſs diſpatch, the more ſtill they wou'd do;
Till their Exceſs of Buſie-Motion, will
But ſeem, and be too, next to ſtanding ſtill;
As the Boy's Top, the faſter it runs round,
The ſtiller for it, ſeems to ſtand its ground;
Whilſt it, itſelf, by Motion, up does keep,
Which is, for its Exceſs, call'd by him, Sleep;
So Buſ'neſs, as the more 'tis in Exceſs,
Becomes, but by more Pains, more Idleneſs;
Since he ſure, for leſs Idle, ought to go,
Who nothing does at all, than that Man, who,

Does all he does ſtill, but ſtill more in vain,
And there is ſure no other Brute, than Man,
But knows, when he, for his Uſe, has enough,
(More to his Judgment's, and his Reaſon's Proof;)
Who his own Uſe, of his hard-gotten Store,
Will not loſe, by vain Hopes, to make it more;
Will not ſeek more his Riches vain Increaſe,
By more, to loſe his Quiet, Reſt, or Peace,
To prove his Senſe leſs, by his Reſtleſneſs;
Mad-men are reſtleſs, whilſt Sobriety,
Does in a conſtant Courſe, and Staidneſs lie;
Then Buſ'neſs is Laborious Idleneſs,
Which, undertaking more, diſpatches leſs;
Since our Deſires, Pains, by it more increaſe;
So buſie Men are Beaſts, for Pains they take,
Who, Buſ'neſs ſeem to love, for Buſ'neſs ſake,
An End elſe of their Buſ'neſs wou'd they make;
Not change their Eaſe, they ſeek, for Drudgery,
Their Peace of Mind, to live more anxiouſly,
Their ſolid Senſe, for light Activity;
Whilſt Idleneſs, Eaſe, Peace, (as all pretend,)
Of all their Buſ'neſs, is but all their End;
Then, if Eaſe, Peace, are th' Ends of Pain, and Care,
As they, who ſtill take moſt, but moſt declare,
Why ſhou'd they not their Pains, Care, Trouble ſpare?
If Buſ'neſs, Wiſe Men follow, for its End,
Why their Eaſe, Peace, Reſt, to which they pretend,
Diſturb, delay, but by their Reſtleſneſs?
Whilſt their End of their Labour, is their Eaſe,
Their End of their Contention too, their Peace;
Which, they might have, and more enjoy, (we know,)
But the leſs they wou'd for 'em, care, or do;

Why ſtill for Gain, ſhou'd Men with Pain, Care, Grief,
Shorten, deſigning the Prolonging Life?
Whilſt of it they, for others are profuſe,
And out of Self-Love, but for others Uſe;
Since they, who Life in getting moſt employ,
Can leaſt themſelves, their Lives, or Gains enjoy;
Who themſelves, by their Care for them, deſtroy:
To ſpend their Lives for filthy Lucre, chuſe;
But by their Gains, their uſe of them to loſe,
Can of 'em leſs, as they have more, diſpoſe:
Nay, moſt improvidently, (to gain more)
Loſe more the Uſe of what they had before,
By their Deſires increaſing with their Store;
To grow more poor ſtill, but as more they gain;
And but more idle, for their Pains in vain;
By Love of Buſ'neſs, idle Induſtry,
Which Eaſe, its End does to itſelf deny;
Whoſe wiſeſt Buſ'neſs ſhou'd be, none to have,
And wiſeſt Care, not to loſe what they ſave;
To part with Wealth, to make it more their own,
For Pleaſures, which are to them yet unknown;
But Buſ'rieſs, the Seducer of Mankind,
Enſlaves the Body, and deludes the Mind;
As Spirits, who betray Men's Liberty
By their Hopes, lead 'em into Slavery;
By their Aims vain, as t'other's Promiſes
Of better Life, more Riches, and more Eaſe;
To ſpirit them, from Friends and Kindred too,
To Foreign Soils, and Bondage make 'em go;
More Slaves to grow, but for more Liberty,
And for more Eaſe, to live more painfully.

Thus, a False Guide, and Cheat sure, Busʼness is;
Makes Men more Fools, for seeming the more Wise;
And but more Brutish, senseless Beasts to grow,
As they wouʼd for more Wise and Thoughtful go;
Whose Reason less, by more Thought does appear,
By which, they have but much more Care, or Fear;
Whose Brutishness is for their Reason more,
Have for it less their Passions in their Powʼr;
Whose Busʼness, like the Beasts, is drudging on;
Doing what least can, whilst they live, be done,
To make themselves, but by more Busʼness, none:
Whilst Sense or Thought, the Soulʼs best Exercise,
Make Man in Want, by his Content, most Wise,
Gold to despise; for Freedom, Pleasure, Ease,
Best Ends of Wealth, and Proofs of Happiness;
When busie Crackt-Brains, are known only by
Their restless, yet idle Activity;
As Changlings, who have less Sense, so more Will,
Feet, Hands, Heads, hold from Emptiness less still;
Whilst he that's truly Sensible and Wise,
Shows it by staidness of Feet, Hands, and Eyes;
Since of a Light-Head there's no greater Sign,
Than the perpetual Motion it is in;
So Changlings still, from their Head's Emptiness,
But move them more, as they can use 'em less;
Their Hands, Feet, Heads imploy incessantly,
But only of their Imbecillity,
To make yet a more plain Discovery;
So that the Love of Busʼness, may be said,
To be but the Convulsion of the Head,
Which from the Weakness of the Brain is bred:

By which Tongues, Eyes, the Head, and Feet (we find)
To Motions but unnatural inclin'd;
The Love of Buſ'neſs then, ſo boaſted of
By Fools, is rather Reaſon's Shame, than Proof;
Since buſie Drudges, are like Hackneys, who
Are hir'd, the World's Work, not their Own, to do;
Let out like Hackneys, to the whole World are,
Burthens (like Aſſes) of the Wiſe to bear;
For Life's Support, and galling, heavy Gains,
To kill themſelves with idle Care and Pains;
Out of more Pride, to bear more Slavery,
To loſe, for more Sway, Life or Liberty,
To die too, but to live Immortally;
To lead a hated Life, for Wealth, or Pow'r,
Leſs ſafe and happy, ſtriving to be more;
For other's Pleaſure, Credit, or their Uſe,
Not their's, of their Lives, Liberties profuſe:
So prodigal, vain Fools of Buſ'neſs are,
Of Life, whilſt but for it is all their Care;
Their Money they with Difficulty lend,
To get Acquaintance, or to buy their Friend;
Yet more profuſe of precious Time appear,
As they pretend they've leſs, or none to ſpare,
Loſe Wealth, Life, by their taking for 'em care;
Who, ſince their Lives, they getting Wealth employ,
Their Lives or Wealth they but the leſs enjoy;
In Buſ'neſs idly throwing both away,
To get their Life's Support, by its Decay;
Buſ'neſs diſpatch, but to delay their Eaſe,
Out of more Love of Life, Wealth, Selfiſhneſs,
To have of both, by Care to keep 'em leſs;

To

To make their Happineſs, their Miſery;
Their Parſimony, Prodigality;
Their Wealth, Time, Life (their own not truly) ſo,
Away, but out of Selfiſhneſs, to throw,
For others, which they ſo profuſely ſave
For them, who for it wiſh them in their Grave;
Their Young Heir, or their Old Executor,
Who wiſh their Deaths more, as they'll leave 'em more;
More, as more Kindneſs, each to each pretends,
Who, ſince his next Heir, is his laſt of Friends;
Then the vain hoarding Man of Buſ'neſs, ſo,
For the moſt idle Coxcomb ought to go;
Who, but that his Foe's Buſ'neſs may be done,
Will his own proper Buſ'neſs let alone,
And wiſeſt Care, which is but to have none;
Since the beſt End and Aim (we muſt confeſs)
Of Buſ'neſs is, but careleſs Idleneſs;
The ſelfiſh buſie Man, ſure then is leſs,
Out of his own Self-Love, his own true Friend,
So buſie he, can leſs his Eaſe attend,
Tho' of his Buſ'neſs 'tis all but his End:
Then Buſ'neſs is for Beaſts a Drudgery,
To Thought, Eaſe, Freedom, the worſt Enemy,
To Pleaſure, Wiſdom, Honour, Honeſty;
Whence thoughtleſs, active Fools, thrive moſt in it,
For which, they hold, all idle Men of Wit,
And Thought, are of all others, moſt unfit;
Whoſe juſt Averſion 'tis, ſince none but Fools,
Or Knaves, who are in Buſ'neſs, Wiſe Mens Tools,
Can brag they love Diſquiet, Labour, Pain,
To loſe Eaſe by it, which they'd by it gain;

'Tis want of Parts then, which muſt Buſ'neſs do,
Whence buſie Fools moſt proſp'rous in it grow;
And, for their want of Reaſon, Senſe, or Wit,
Show their Capacity, but more in it,
Their Love more to it, as leſs for it fit;
We'll own, the Lazy Man, of Wit, or Thought,
To ſuffer it, for Int'reſt, may be brought;
But he, who ſays, that he does Buſ'neſs love,
By's wrong Senſe ſhows, he'll leſs fit for it prove;
For which, by Lying, (more than Senſe, or Wit,)
He truly wou'd but prove himſelf more fit;

Since Buſ'neſs, the moſt Knowing moſt deſpiſe,
Which, but the Choice of Knaves, or bold Fools, is,
An Impoſition, on the Juſt, or Wiſe;
Who, but becauſe, that Buſ'neſs beſt they know,
Themſelves, the meddling World, falſe Mankind too,
With it, and them, wou'd have the leſs to do;
The moſt Weak Men moſt buſie then appear,
As they, leaſt fit for Thought, or Action, are;
Fools, Mad-men, Children, thus are buſieſt,
Whoſe Pains are moſt, but as their Senſe is leaſt,
And quarrel with their Friends, when put to reſt;
'Tis Man on Beaſts, does Drudgeries impoſe,
To which, each Beaſt his wiſe Averſion ſhows,
But them alone, the Two-leg'd Aſs wou'd chuſe;
So, the Beaſt-Man, who wou'd not lead, or drive,
An Aſſes Life, does for the Public, live;
Whilſt wiſer Beaſts, from Curbs, or Burthens run,
Wou'd bear (but by Man's Impoſition,) none;
But Man's your only Willing Drudge, (we know,)
So, more a Beaſt, as againſt Nature ſo,

As against Nature, and his Reason, he,
(Who loves his Ease most,) most a Drudge will be;
Whilst Beasts are Drudges, but by Force alone,
But only Man, of his Free-Choice, is one;
And for his Sense, which does his Will dispute,
Is, for his Reason, a more senseless Brute,
Who wou'd be less a Beast, if like one Mute;
Show more his Reason, and Humanity,
If, on his Sense, he stood less senselessly,
And, like a Beast, he hated Drudgery.

A SONG; *To an incredulous diffident* Mistress, *who said*, She was resolv'd to keep Her Reputation, in spight of Her Love.

I.

IF you wou'd keep your Fame, (My Dear!)
Then make it over quite to me;
What is my Pleasure, is my Care,
Give it me, I'll keep it for thee;
A Frank Trust, does the Faithful make,
No Faith can the distrusted break.

II.

Since all, you Honour call, (you say,)
Is but in keeping your Good Name;
Then lose it, that you keep it may,
Since Men, the Virtuous most defame;

To

To your Love, Fame, to make me Juſt,
My Honour bind, yours to me truſt:

III.

Truſt, as more Voluntary 'tis,
Does to more Faith, our Love conſtrain;
So the Loſs of your Honour is,
The Means, your Credit to maintain;
But when our Faith, our Friends diſtruſt,
Our Breach of it becomes then Juſt:

IV.

Not any's Honour, or Good-Name,
But on their Merit, can depend;
Since Honour does itſelf defame,
The more it does to Praiſe pretend;
When it our ſelves, we juſtifie
Too much, it grows our Infamy:

V.

True Honour, like Religion, ſo,
But by too much Profeſſion, does,
But more into Suſpicion grow,
The Credit it wou'd gain, to loſe;
As Liers, ſwearing to a Lie,
Profeſſing Faith, their Truth deny.

To a Vain Woman, *who being ask'd,* Why She did not Marry? *Answer'd,* Because She cou'd love nothing under the Degree of a Lord.

YOU, tho' a Sinner, have your Thoughts on High,
But for Love of a Lord, wou'd live, or die;
You love a Lord so, you to Bed wou'd take,
(But for his Title's, not his Person's sake,)
Even a Dwarf too, with his crooked Back;
Rather, than for a Lady not be known,
Lady of Pleasure, wou'd be call'd in Town;
Wou'd lose, to gain that Title, your Good-Name,
Purchase your Honour, tho' but with your Shame,
Till that your Pride, your Honour wou'd defame;
My Lord May'r shou'd, (tho' but a Fishmonger,)
Deal for your Old-Ling, your salt Stinking-Ware;
You'd live a Lord's Wench, for his Wife to pass,
And, out of Love of Honour, bear Disgrace;
To be call'd Countess, for a Bawd wou'd go,
Wou'd be a Bitch, to be call'd Duchess too;
You love a *Sunday*, tho' then forc'd to pray,
Because 'tis call'd, The Lord's peculiar Day;
You'd buy your Honour, with your Honesty,
At Court grow Higher, by your Infamy,
Deny your Love, your Pride to gratifie;
Till Honour, which your Pleasure does prevent,
Becomes your Reason's worst Disparagement;
Then, for your Honour, lessen your damn'd Pride,
By which, your good Sense more is vilify'd;

Since

Since you more Blame, to get more Honour, gain,
Which makes you to be valu'd leſs, more vain;
For your Pride, which does at more Honour aim,
Becomes more by your ſeeking, more your Shame;
Since your Pride with more Honour wou'd increaſe,
To make Mankind's Eſteem for you the leſs;
Which but augmenting more your Vanity,
Wou'd make more Honour, more your Infamy.

The SCOURER. *A Song. To a Lady, who ſaid*, She wou'd never Marry any Man, who was not Mad with Love for Her.

I.

I'M as Mad as you'd have me;
If you'll not believe me,
I'll tear off my own Clothes and yours;
Like a Frantic at Night,
If I ſpy any Light
In your Room, I'll break down your Doors.

II.

I am Mad, till you ſtrip me,
With your bare Hand too whip me,
Can ſpeak Senſe in Love now, no more;
But am pleas'd with my Pain,
And am proud of my Chain;
Wou'd have none, my Wits to reſtore.

III.

So you will ne'r recover
Me, your senseless, mad Lover,
With Hardships you make one endure;
Nor will Fasting for Love,
Any Help for mine prove,
My Fill of thee, wou'd be my Cure:

IV.

If me then your mad Lover,
You wou'd yet not give over,
But me from Love's Frenzy reclaim;
Then my Love-sick crack'd Brain,
Cure, with Wedlock's strong Chain,
No Mad-Love, but Marriage can tame:

V.

For as often as we see't so,
When two mad things meet too,
One's Madness does t'other's reprove;
So by Marrying me,
Which were Madness in thee,
Thou't Cure thy mad Pride, my mad Love.

The Fickle Lover's *Apology to a Mistress, who accus'd him of Want of Love, by his Love of Change.*

YOU shou'd not call me less a Lover, for
My loving many, which shows my Love more;
Nor shou'd my Love for all give one Offence,
Who love all always, with Indifference;
My Love's more, as I love to more profess;
Who, did I not love all, shou'd love one less;
So my Love to thee, but the more I prove,
As I before did the more Women love;
By which, I show thee, that I love thee best,
Who trying all, love thee more than the rest,
So by my Change, prove to thee constanter;
If others lesser Charms I had not prov'd,
Thee so well as I do, I ne'r had lov'd;
Since only by my Love's Indiff'rence, I
Have better found where does the Diff'rence lie,
Betwixt your Charms, Sense, Merit, Virtue too,
And others; but from my Experience so,
Of others, 'tis, I have more Love for you;
Since other Women's Charms I try'd, I more
Prize, love you now, than e'r I did before;
So, by Proof, and Comparison alone,
Of, and with others, is your Merit known,
My Love, and Liking, much more to you shown;
Then sure you justly cannot say, that I,
Did wrong you, when I did with others lie;

Since

Since trying others, I did Right to you,
By which, in my Eſteem, you higher grow;
So but for my paſt Fickleneſs, you, now;
More Reaſon have, to think your ſelf to be,
But more oblig'd ſure, than abus'd by me;
I prove my Faith, by my paſt Fickleneſs,
And that I rather love you more, than leſs;
Then I, the more that I was falſe to you,
Am more true to you, by returning now;
Who left you for all Woman-kind before,
Now leave all them for you, ſo love you more;
Me more true, ſhou'd you, for my changing own,
Since you muſt own, there is leſs Falſeneſs ſhown,
In leaving one for all, than all for one:
So you, but for my Fickleneſs that's paſt,
Shou'd think, my Love to you ſhou'd longer laſt;
Be more ſure, my Faith to you ſhou'd be more,
As it from more, I now to one reſtore;
So my Change more my Faith does manifeſt,
Who had I not lov'd all, had Thee not beſt,
Who quitted thee but once for all the reſt;
Which 'tis no Wonder Fickle Man ſhou'd do,
But 'tis a Wonder, I ſhou'd all for you;
As well thoſe I have had, as not, before;
So the more I lov'd them, I love thee more;
Returning to thee, from Variety,
I ſhow more Faith, as more Inconſtancy;
Who, had I not before ſo many known,
Had not been ſo contented now, with one;
And if I had not lik'd you better too,
Had not left them, for whom I firſt did you;

So

So, wronging you, I've given you your Due,
And by my Change, have provid to you, moſt true,
Left one I'd known, for all I never knew;
Now all, I ne'r have known, I leave for one,
So, for my Change in Love, more Faith have ſhown.

V.

A DRINKING-SONG, *againſt all ſorts of Diſputes in Drinking; To one, who always baul'd to have Reaſon done him, and was Noiſie, and Quarrelſom in his Cups.*

I.

COME, Sons of *Mars*, who thirſt for Blood,
Here is that, of the Ruddy Grape,
To ſhow, your Courage ſtill is good,
A Bottle let no Head eſcape;

II.

By drinking prove, both Strong, and Stout,
And bate no Man, in Drink, an Ace,
But make your Man ſet Foot to Foot,
The Quarrelſom up with his Glaſs;

III.

Be like Brave Men of Courage ſtill,
Ne'r leave the Noble Work undone,
Till you your Bold Defyers kill,
Them thro' the Guts with Claret run;

IV.

Make Cowards kneel, with held-up Hands,
Braves ſwallow, with their Wine, your Lie,
Knock him down, who your Health withſtands,
To do you Reaſon, dares deny;

V.

Shock Man, and Glaſs, make Gallons bounce,
To your Man's Noſe, preſent the Glaſs,
So fire your Pipes, and Blood, at once,
Till dead-drunk, all fall on the Place;

VI.

Yet, without Noiſe in Drink, be Brave,
All true ſtout Drinkers, ſilent are;
But they, who Loud ſtill, Reaſon crave,
Will ſooneſt beg you, them to ſpare;

VII.

Reaſon our Foe, let us deſtroy,
Which ſtill diſturbs us, when we drink;
Which lets us not our ſelves enjoy,
But puts us to the pains to think;

VIII.

Which, more Diſputes begins, than ends,
Since it makes ſquabling Enemies,
Inſtead of kind, agreeing Friends,
So Men, for Talking, much leſs Wiſe;

IX.

There's no Philoſophy like Wine,
Which does our Reaſon elevate;
It has a Quality Divine,
Raiſing us above Human State:

X.

Makes Man contemn Pow'r, Gold, and Love,
Scorn Plagues, and Poverty, to bear;
And makes him think himſelf above,
All Worldly Care, or Human Fear;

XI.

Poor Poets! then drink, and be Rich;
Poor Spirits! drink till you grow Brave;
Proud Men! drink to the Higheſt Pitch;
Drink Miſers, till enough you have:

XII.

Soldiers, Slaves, Men of Buſ'neſs, take
Your Glaſs off, if you'd active be;
For as the Head is made more weak,
Man is more buſie, bold, and free.

IX.

To an Unhappy, Impatient, Querulous Friend, ſtill complaining of his Ill Fate, when his Ill Management was in Fault, and his Want of Conſtancy, not Money, his Diſgrace.

NO Man's ill Chance, is Fate's Fault, but his own,
Since ſure, our Fortune's good, or bad, alone,
But as well, or ill by us, undergone;
No Man's Fate, till his Fault, can be his Blame,
Nor, but by his ill-bearing it, his Shame;
'Tis not a Man's Condition, mean, or low,
Makes him contemn'd, but when his Mind is ſo,
Since Ill-luck, born well, does his Honour grow;
'Tis not the beſt State, but, beſt Spirit then,
Diſtinguiſhes the beſt, from worſt of Men;
He's beſt, who beſt the worſt of bad Luck, bears,
Who no Wrong, Miſchief, or Diſhonour fears;
That e'er he may, from others undergo,
But ſuch, as he, to other Men, may do;
Whoſe Honour is, his honeſt Poverty,
Which him, does not diſgrace, but juſtifie,
By living well in Want, moſt honorably;
Which proves, if Avarice, or Fraud, he had,
His Fortune in the World, he might have made;
Who, had his Faith been leſs, his Pride been more,
More too, had been his Fortune, Wealth, or Pow'r;
Which proves, he Want wou'd rather undergo,
Than any poor thing, to relieve it, do;

Who

Who naked, in his honeſt Poverty,
Aſſaults upon his Freedom can deſie;
To be made Rich, or High, by's Infamy;
But as his abject Servitude is more,
To have, o'er his Superiours, the more Pow'r;
From whoſe well-born Ills, his true Honour ſprings;
Victorious, in his unfelt Sufferings;
By which, he does his Tyrant-Paſſions ſway,
Which would his Virtue to his Luſts betray,
So Reaſon does triumphantly obey;
By his Contempt of Life, or Death, prevents
All Diſappointments, or ill Accidents;
But wiſely to Neceſſity conſents;
When robb'd of all by Fate, his Enemy,
In ſpight of Loſſes, ſaves his Conſtancy;
Feels, but n'er ſuffers Fortune's Tyranny;
Whom Hope cou'd never flatter, Danger ſeare,
Nor Diſappointment bring to mean Deſpair;
Who, ſince no Will, but Heav'n's alone he had,
Cou'd ne'r from any ſort of Change, be made,
Of, or by wiſe, juſt Providence, afraid;
Fortune, and Pow'r, bring Little Great Men low;
Bulwarks, and Strong-Holds to the Ground may throw;
But he who ſtill is with a Brave Soul man'd,
Will, againſt Shocks of Fate unſhaken ſtand;
Not all Ambition's ſtrong Artillery,
Nor all the roaring Force of Calumny,
Nor pinching, ſtarving, ſharp Neceſſity,
Or Love's Small-Shot, a Battery can make,
To wound his Fame, or Reſolution ſhake;

Or can the firm Guard of his Virtues rout,
From his fix'd Mind, that's paſſively more ſtout;
Wherein ſtrong Senſe keeps ſtorming Paſſions out,
Which Traytor-like, within ſet Souls on Fire;
So, with Attacks from Fate without conſpire,
To Blow-up, to their Ruine, in the End,
Thoſe, whom they were firſt rais'd up to defend;
As Gun-powder, which fires too quickly, does
To Hazards, thoſe it ſhou'd defend, expoſe;
Of Man's Defence, does his Deſtruction grow,
To make him ſuffer Miſchiefs, he wou'd do;
But he, whoſe Paſſions can't be ſoon blown up,
With his own Fire, but them can coolly ſtop,
Has the beſt Courage, which is paſſive, ſhown,
Poſſeſſes Peace in War, and keeps his own;
(The hardeſt thing, by proud Men, to be done;)
Out of Poſſeſſion of his Heart, Senſe, ne'r
Can be brought, by Fate's Threats, or his own Fear,
Since he, what he cannot avoid, can bear;
So ſtill unſhaken, and intrepidly
The Shocks of Chance defies, with Conſtancy,
And ſouffles with the threatning Deſtinies;
Fears neither open Force, nor baſe Surprize;
Who, tho' the Heav'ns no Bleſſings to him grant,
Can grant himſelf, in Need, to feel no Want;
To pray, nor ask Pity from any one,
But is his own Relief, for having none;
Since Wrongs or Sufferings, (we muſt needs confeſs)
As longer born, or more, are ſuffer'd leſs:
Then Want, Pain, Shame, we leſs or more ſhou'd deem,
Not as they are, but as they to us ſeem;
But as we more, or leſs can ſuffer them;

When

When adverſe Chance, has done the worſt it can,
Of Wealth, Fame, Patience, to diveſt a Man;
Yet he's not robb'd, whoſe Mind entire remains,
In Turns of Fate, his Conſtancy retains;
His Loſſes make (by his Improvement ſo
Of his try'd Virtue) Gain, and Honour too:
Who (ſince great Minds, but in great Streights are known)
But by his Loſs, his Honour cou'd have won;
Had been undone, had he not been undone;
Who was by Fortune's long Indulgence made,
(And too much good Luck) to bear worſe the bad,
They nothing loſe, who Patience cannot loſe,
Since Man, by Ill Luck borne well, honour'd grows,
Who, as his Loſs is more, more Patience ſhows;
Our Loſs, our Shame, from our Impatience is,
Loſs is not Loſs, by what we loſe, but miſs;
Nor is our Grief, or Suff'ring, Shame, or Pain,
Till of them we more ſhamefully complain,
Show, we want good Heart, bad Luck to ſuſtain;
Want, nor Indignity, Diſhonour are,
But from our own Impatience, Pride, Shame, Fear;
Brave Men turn Hardſhips, of croſs Deſtiny,
But to Proofs of their Magnanimity,
And Patience, which their Virtues juſtifie:
Good or Bad Fortune to deſpiſe, is Great,
He, who bears Ill well, is moſt Fortunate,
By which he is out of the Pow'r of Fate;
Whoſe Happineſs in Deed, and Thought, is more,
As more in his, and leſs in others Pow'r;
So Fortune, Kindneſs, does with Injuries,
Since good Luck makes Fools, bad ſhou'd make 'em Wiſe;

Then

Then bad Luck's good, by which Men better grow,
And but the Good from Bad the better know,
So but the more their Senſe, Faith, Courage ſhow:
The Mind of Proof, like Armour then of Proof,
Bearing the Blow, takes the Shame of it off;
'Tis the true Mark of each well temper'd Mind,
When we no Marks, of Fate's Shocks in it find;
As 'tis of true well-temper'd Armour, when
No Mark of our Foes Rage is on it ſeen,
What e'er the Force, to make it yield, has been;
So that the greateſt Heart, and higheſt Mind,
Are they, in which, we leſs Impreſſion find
O'th' Shocks of Fate, or leſs to Change inclin'd;
The moſt firm, clear, exalted Soul alone,
Is that, in which leaſt Perturbation's ſhown;
As in ſublimeſt Regions of the Air,
Tempeſts are leſs heard, dark Clouds leaſt appear;
But ſtill ſerene, calm, glorious known to be,
From Clouds and Storms beneath 'em, clear and free;
Whilſt ſultry Meteors, Storms are hatch'd below,
Foul, or fair Weather there, does come and go;
Exalted Minds, as Heav'ns, in Change, no Changing know.

A DRINKING-SONG. *To an Affected, Sober Coxcomb, who said,* It was miserable to Live without Thought; and that no Man cou'd be Wise, or Happy, without Thinking.

I.

A Merry Cup, ('Faith,) let us drink,
To be more Wise, the less we Think;
Since Thinking is a silly Thing,
Which brings us Care,
Fear, and Despair;
To leave off Thinking, we shou'd Sing:

II.

We'll Sing, and Drink eternally,
Who thinks too much, too soon will die;
Too much Thought, is too little Sense;
He's sad, who thinks,
He's glad, who drinks,
He, who thinks leaſt, is moſt a Prince:

III.

Wiſe *Turks*, that they may never Think,
Take *Opium*, and Wiſe *Chriſtians* Drink;
Thought drains, and dries the fertile Brain,
But moiſt'ning it,
Judgment, and Wit,
Will flouriſh, and ſpring up again:

IV.

IV.

A Merry Cup then, let us take,
That Dreams asleep, nor Cares awake,
May break our Rest, our Peace destroy;
When we drink deep,
Our Sorrows sleep,
Drowning our Care, buoys up our Joy:

V.

The Thinker is the greatest Fool,
He, without Thought, the greatest Soul;
Who lets the World jog on, as 'will,
Knowing that Thought,
Is good for nought,
But Minds to torture, Men to kill:

VI.

Thus all, we call Philosophy,
Is not to think, if Sense, does lie,
In being but insensible,
Of Pain, and Care,
By which Men are
More Wise, as less they know, think, feel.

An EPISTLE *from the* Country, *to my Friend Sir* C. S. *in* Town, *in Answer to one of His, wherein He wonder'd, I did not Answer His last.*

MY small Sense, which so much you praise, my Friend!
You mine, the more you praise it, discommend,
So most expose, what most you wou'd defend;
For you, my little Sense, and Fancy praise,
With so much more, your Praise grows my Disgrace;
As he, who but the more to show his Wit,
A pleasant Tract, in Praise of Folly, writ,
Exposing it more, as more Praising it;
To make the Fools, he gave it to, more vain,
That he himself, the Praise he gave, might gain;
The Barrenness, thus of your Subject shows,
Your Wit's Store, does the Want of mine expose,
Till the more Praise it gains, the more I lose;
You thus affront me, with your Courtesie,
Which is so much, it turns to Raillery;
You, by your Wit, in Praise of mine, contrive,
To make your Proof but more a Negative;
Till your Wit, by which, you wou'd raise my Fame,
Does of my Honour, but become my Shame;
Does my small Sense, still but the more debase,
And makes your Commendation, my Disgrace;
Wou'd you know, why then I ne'r answer'd yet
Your Letter, 'twas but to show more my Wit,
Who shou'd show less, to think to answer it;

Then your own Witty Letter, best may be
Its Answer, why you have had none of me;
That, since you write so well still, as you do,
It is impossible to Answer you;
That th' Answer, you require to so much Wit,
You but forbid, by your demanding it;
Since, a requir'd Impossibility,
Does its own self implicitly deny;
Yet, since you Conquer, you shall Triumph too,
I'll Answer you, since I can't Answer you,
Yet make an end of Writing to you now;
Since, the best Answer fare, to so much Wit,
Is Silence, owning, there's no Answ'ring it;
I yet accept your Praise, since more your own,
Who, give me so much Praise, you leave me none;
Who, with so much more Wit, praise mine so much,
That I my self, the Praise you give me, grutch;
Who, praising my small Sense, so much more show,
That by your Praise, I more disparag'd grow;
Yet I, the better to it, can submit,
Since you, more than I, honour'd are by it;
Who, praising my small sense, wish so much more,
Show mine less, as yours more, than o'er before;
Since (ev'n against my self,) I must confess,
As more your Wit commends mine, mine seems less.

To

To a Witty Young Man; *who neglected the Study of the* Law, *for that of* Poetry.

I.

YOUNG Councel! tho' you Counsel may despise,
Show less Wit, (if you can) to prove more Wise;
Good Sense, good Fame, less than good Fortune prize?

II.

Credit, without Wealth, do not seek, in vain;
For since few can to both at once, attain;
Coin, before Fame, then wisely try to gain:

III.

Since, but for Gain, (my knowing Friend) you know,
Honour wou'd Shame, and Wit wou'd Folly grow;
Since none, for Just or Wise, the Fools allow:

IV.

Whence none now, by a Man's Parts, but his Gains,
Judge of his Sense or Merit, or his Brains;
And Wits have but their Labour for their Pains.

V.

Since Poor Men's Sense, the Rich and Poor despise;
They, who good Fame, less than good Fortune prize;
Just without Faith are, without Reason wise:

VI.

Gain Credit, Honour, without Honesty;
Trust without Truth, Fame without Bravery;
So without Honour, live most hon'rably:

VII.

Then your Fate for your Ill Luck, ne'r upbraid,
Since your Fart, your Foe, by your Wit is made,
Which proves your Life's Encumbrance, of its Aid:

VIII.

Since like a false, tho' pleasant Friend, thy Wit,
Which makes thee lazy, for Cares, Pains unfit,
Undoes thee, by the Trust you put in it:

IX.

For Wit is but happy in Thought to be,
While thoughtless Folly fortunate we see;
Thy Happy Wit is then Ill Luck to thee:

X.

Your good Sense wou'd you have the Wise commend?
Ne'r let your Fortune on your Wit depend;
Nor to prove by it your good Sense, pretend:

XI.

Since there's no Proof, or Measure of True Wit,
But by the Money which is gain'd by it;
Then empty Fame, for a full Pocket quit:

XII.

XII.

For good Senſe its own Contradiction is;
By which we gain a good Name, good Luck miſs;
Since Poor Men's Wiſdom, Wits, nay Fools deſpiſe:

XIII.

Unhappy thee, thy happy Thoughts will make;
Thy good Senſe will thy good Luck from thee take,
And thy ſound Judgment will thy Credit crack:

XIV.

The cunning World will your good Senſe deny,
Whoſe Truth ſhows leaſt its Ingenuity;
Since you, but as a Poet, know to Lie:

XV.

Whoſe Lies, ſince they leaſt profitable are
By your Wit, make your want of Senſe appear,
Which, but of Living after Life, takes Care:

XVI.

You, to your ſelf your Livelihood deny,
But out of Love of Immortality;
Which, you know you cannot have, till you die:

XVII.

Nor can obtain of this World, to think fit,
To gratifie with Praiſe your Senſe, or Wit,
Till you become inſenſible of it.

XVIII.

Then he's no Wit, who to be reckon'd one,
Proves himself, by despising Money, none;
Lives scorn'd, to get Esteem, when dead and gone:

XIX.

But if by Lying you wou'd show your Wit,
Lie so, that you may Money get by it;
'Tis Wit, nay Wisdom, Fame for Coin to quit;

XX.

To lie, as Quacks, Divines, or Courtiers ly;
Or Lawyers, lie always, but wittily;
You'll lie for Gain, that's Ingenuity.

The REQUEST, *a* Song. *To* Dorinda; *to give her Lover more Love, or more Despair.*

I.

YOUR Beauty, which begets my Love,
Begets but likewise my Despair;
More kind, if less vain wou'd you prove;
Wou'd be less proud, if but less fair:
Yet less I cannot wish your Beauty's Pow'r,
Tho', to make less my Grief, and my Days more

II.

For were your Beauty leſs, I gueſs,
My Love perhaps, might grow leſs too;
But rather than I'd have that leſs,
More of thy Pride I'd undergo;
Since I muſt for thee die, the ſame thing 'twere,
To die for thy Love, as of my Deſpair:

III.

It is thy cold Indifference,
Which, much more than thy Scorn, I dread,
My ling'ring Pain I have from thence,
I do not live, nor yet am dead;
So pitiful your Cruelty wou'd prove,
Ending my Hopes, if you condemn my Love:

IV.

Yet hold, if I for thee muſt die,
To Rivals I leave thee behind;
There's no Love without Jealouſie,
I, dying for thee, were unkind;
Nay, my Love to thee, but the leſs ſhou'd prove,
Since of their Good-Wills, none leave thoſe they love:

V.

Then ſhow me more Love, or Diſdain;
I'll live, to ſhow more Love to thee;
For I'd be rather ſtill in Pain,
Damn'd to Deſpair, than not to be;
Wou'd rather ſuffer for my Love, thy Fault,
Than curs'd Annihilation, in thy Thought.

Upon

Upon Two Deform'd Lovers, *of Defective* Sights; *one being Pur-blind, t'other having but one Eye.*

DAMON, with Love of both Eyes, is ſo blind,
That *Lucy*'s ſo with one, he cannot find;
His Blindneſs then, as much as hers, it is,
Neither diſcern in either, ought amiſs;
For Fault with her Eyes, why ſhou'd *Damon* find?
Who ſees with one Eye, he with both is blind,
Elſe he, to love her, ne'r had been inclin'd;
Others, by ſeeing one another, prove
Their Liking for each other, and their Love;
Theſe, becauſe they, each other cou'd not ſee,
To Liking, Loving, ſooner did agree;
For 'tis thought, had they well each other ſeen,
They leſs known, had to one another been;
'Tis ſaid of other Lovers, (as we find,)
That they, when out of ſight, are out of mind;
But theſe, becauſe out of each others Sight,
Take in each other, but the more Delight;
And will more conſtant to each other be,
But as they leſs can one another ſee;
Their Mutual Blindneſs, as moſt Lovers, ſo,
Their Aid does, to their Mutual Kindneſs grow,
As Lovers, beſt i'th' Dark, each other know;
Both wanting one good Eye, to ſee withal,
To Mutual Groping, did the ſooner Fall;
As want of one Senſe, does another mend,
Their Blindneſs to their Feeling, was a Friend;

For

For, if each other they had better ſeen,
So well acquainted, they had never been;
Leſs Kindneſs to each other, had they ſhown,
Each other leſs, for more Acquaintance known;
As Abſence does Lovers, to Love invite,
Theſe, in each other's Preſence, out of ſight,
Did in each other, but the more delight;
So with each other's Eyes, both did appear,
To be more taken, but the worſe they were;
Who will, each other's Friends, the longer be,
Becauſe they ne'r did well, each other ſee.

To an Affected, Antiquated, Gloving, Painted Woman, *who call'd Her ſelf,* A Taking, Laſting Beauty.

BEAUTY's leſs Taking, for its Laſting long,
Since nothing's Beauty, but what's Freſh, and Young;
The ſame Face ſtill, tho' ne'r ſo good, is bad,
Beauties are ſuch, by various Good-Looks made,
Coarſe Meats are Dainties, which, we ne'r yet had;
Green Fruit is priz'd thus, at firſt coming more,
Not as 'tis beſt, but as ne'r ſeen before;
Better were Frowns, than Smiles, or Sweet-Looks ſtill,
Still the ſame Poſture, (tho' a Good One) 's ill;
The beſt Eyes, which are fix'd in any Head,
Inſtead of ſtriking Dead, will go for Dead;
In Form alone, true Beauty, does not lie,
Nor in Good-Looks, but their Variety;

Thy formal Mien ſtill, ſtill thy gloring Eyes,
Wou'd make one's Stomach, not one's Vigour riſe;
Eternal Mumping, Sighing, Languiſhing,
Qualms o'er our Hearts, to make us ſpue, wou'd bring;
Wou'd make one ſick of Love, and not with Love,
Our Paſſion rather, wou'd remove than move,
Wou'd our Averſion, not our Liking prove;
Once in thy Life, to pleaſe thy Lovers frown,
Since thy Good-Looks on all, to moſt are grown
Nauceous, ſince kind to all, are lik'd by none;
Obliging none, for being general,
Diſguſting all, ſtriving to pleaſe us all;
Your ever conſtant, gloring, twinkling Eye,
Which does on all Men look ſo lovingly,
Gives each Particular, Inconſtancy;
Your Face, which laſts ſtill, to Mankind, the ſame,
I think not for your Honour, but your Shame;
A laſting Beauty, one way only, we
Can judge you, (moſt affected thing!) to be;
Your Affectations never will decay,
Altho' your Artificial Beauty may;
Which, as your Charms grow leſs, but more increaſe,
To make you find, (ſeeking more Honour) leſs;
Thus you, by ſeeking in Old Charms, New Arts,
To take our Eyes more, loſe but more our Hearts;
New Veriniſhing, ſo, to the good Old Face,
As to the good Old Picture, ever was,
Of its beſt Ornament, its worſt Diſgrace;
Like good Old Pictures, good Old Faces ſo,
Of leſs Worth, by new mending them, will grow,
But more Defects, in hiding them, to ſhow.

The APOLOGY; *To his Ingenious Friend; for not Answering so soon as he expected, his too Long, as too Witty Letter.*

AS Debtors, who ne'r pay great Debts, (we see)
To small will punctual, for their Credit, be;
That they may be more trusted by their Friend,
When to his Kindness they'd again pretend:
So shorter had your bounteous Letter been,
You my Return to that e'er this had seen;
But great Trusts, make Bankrupts of Honest Men;
Your too great Trust, 'twas caus'd my Breach of Trust,
I, had my Debt been less, had been more just;
Your Letter might be its own Answer; for,
To read soon, 'twas too much to answer more;
Your Letter, fill'd with Ingenuity,
So best might answer its own self, that I,
To so much cou'd not answer suddenly;
'Twas so profuse, in Wit and Compliment,
That my Return to it, it does prevent;
So that I, to show to you more my Wit,
Shou'd take more Time yet, to reply to it;
Then, for my making no Returns to you,
You can't complain with any Reason, who,
Choak with your Plenty; as the Farmer's Grain,
Too thick sown, makes less his Returns again;
Your Wit profuse, retards more my Reply,
Your Rich Phrase, makes my Stile's Sterility;
You send me such a mighty Store of Wit,
That you have left me none to answer it:

'Tis, like your Country-Preſents, large and free,
Profuſely laviſh; to which, likewiſe we,
Like Cockneys, in Returns muſt ſcanty be;
Like City-Bart'ring-Gratitude, ſo mine,
Seems a Return, but to get more of thine:
Therefore, with ſelfiſh Gratitude, (my Friend!)
My Letter, to get more of yours, I ſend,
And ſooner of it here now make an End;
That I may, to my Satisfaction, ſee
A longer, yet more ſpeedily, from thee;
As needy Debtors, run too much o'th' Score,
Repay a little, but to borrow more.

The DILEMMA: *Or, the Caſe of the Poor* COINER *of Falſe Money; in his Name, and Defence.*

IF I Coin not, of Hunger muſt I die;
If I do, by the Laws, as certainly;
Then, the leaſt Evil of the two to chuſe,
Coining I can't (to ſave my Life) refuſe;
Shou'd rather venture by the Law to die,
Than ſtarve my ſelf, to die more guiltily;
So Coining ſhou'd not be my Guilt or Shame,
Who my ſelf, (if I coin not) ſtarve and damn;
Saving my Life and Soul ſo, guiltleſs am:
Then I ſure coin, out of more Conſcience, who,
So by one ſingle Crime, ſhun doing two;
Which but a Crime is 'gainſt Man's Laws, or Pow'r,
T'other 'gainſt God and Nature, therefore more:

So

So ſince I cannot, if I coin not, live,
My Coining, (as I modeſtly conceive)
My Death ſhou'd not be, ſince my Life's Reprieve;
I, robbing for my Life, may truly ſay,
That I am much leſs Criminal than they,
Who let their Wants take their own Lives away;
Then he, who robs but his own Life to ſave,
From Death and Damning, ſhou'd more Mercy have;
But Heav'ns juſt Condemnation he deſerves,
Who his own Self, for fear of Damning, ſtarves;
Becauſe, by that, he makes it beſt appear,
That Man, he much more than his God, does fear,
To be condemn'd here, than be damn'd elſewhere:
Then he, who ſteals to ſave his Life, does well;
Who ſtarves it, is ſo the worſt Criminal;
As Man to God, leſs guilty will appear,
Being a Thief, than a Self-Murtherer.

A DRINKING-SONG: *In Contradiction to an Heroic Amorous Sot, who ſaid*, A Man loſt as much his Honour, as his Senſe, by Drinking.

I.

STILL to be drunk, with Love or Fame,
A ſcouring round the World to run,
For a ſmall Whore, or greater Name,
Honour is rather loſt, than won;
When drunk with Love, or Fame, the Sot,
More ſenſleſs grows, than by the Pot;
Puſhing his Friend, or Miſtreſs, to his Shame:

II.

II.

Then Herbes drunk with Vanity,
And Coxcombs with Love's Paſſion too,
Lead their Lives moſt diſhonourably;
Themſelves moſt mad, or ſenſleſs ſhow;
And make their giddy Brains more hot,
By Love or Rage, than by the Pot;
To fall more low, by looking but more high:

III.

Since nothing Sober can be found,
Out of the Tavern, there I ſtill
Will ſit, till Wine turns my Head round,
And it with Joy, not Care, I fill;
Grow leſs a Wit, ſo more a Prince,
But by the loſing of my Senſe;
When in my Wine, my Care, Fear, Grief, are drown'd:

IV.

Since he, who keeps his Senſes, does
More Care, Fear, Trouble by them gain;
Mine then in good Wine will I loſe,
And elevate my Heart and Brain,
Above the Fear of Falling too,
Which no Harm can the Drunkard do;
Who Safety more by Wine, than Thought may gain:

V.

For, as we think more ſoberly,
We have, for more Thought, leſs Delight;
But Drinking makes us lay Thought by,
Us, with vain Cares nor Fears, to fright;
Then, but as our Thought, is the leſs,
More is our Eaſe, or Happineſs,
And our Senſe, in our Loſs of Thought, more right:

VI.

Since Chance, to Sots, and Mad-men ſtill,
Is kinder, than to Men of Senſe;
To Loſs of my Senſe, will I ſwill,
To have, to better Luck, pretence;
To turn a Sot, I'll wiſely chuſe,
Good Senſe, before Good Luck, to loſe;
Men, of my having more Wit, to convince:

Upon the Injuſtice *of the* Law: *A* Satyr.

IF Loſers may have leave to ſpeak, O Laws!
For op'ning here againſt you, have I cauſe;
Since the Law is but Juſtice againſt Right,
Which Reaſon never does oppoſe to Might;
Or do, to th' Poor, or helpleſs Innocent,
Since that, in Practice, has no Precedent;
For Men have long found, and ſhall evermore,
No Right, or Reaſon, againſt Wealth, or Pow'r;

Whence

Whence 'tis (time out of mind,) the Law thought fit,
Poſſeſſion againſt Juſtice to permit,
To be, at leaſt, eleven Points of it;
The Law's the War o'th' Pen, which evermore,
Like other Wars, make Reaſon yield to Pow'r;
Civil Contention, Conteſts to prevent,
Yet them, by th' Sword of Juſtice, does augment;
War of the Pen, worſt ſort of Civil War,
To make Foes Friends, makes Friends with Friends to jar;
Worſt ſort of War, tho' made to keep the Peace,
Does Diff'rences, deciding them, increaſe;
As Conſtables, when they the Law wou'd lay
Down with their Staves, by hind'ring, make the Fray;
The Peace, and Heads, break with that Staff which ſhou'd
Keep the Peace, and withſtand the ſhedding Blood;
War of the Pen then, is the ſquabling Law,
The Sword of Juſtice, 'gainſt the Peace to draw;
War of the Pen, which, in the Name of Right,
Juſtice unjuſtly over-powers with Might;
Cauſe of Contention, as, firſt by it made,
The Curb of Pow'r, and yet Oppreſſion's Aid;
A Civil Quarrel, and a War with Words,
More dangerous to moſt, than that of Swords;
Thou War in Peace! War of the Pen, and Tongue!
I'th' Name of Right, to do by Juſtice, Wrong;
Of which Tongue-War, as other ſorts of War,
Mens Purſe-Strings, but the trueſt Sinews are;
For as they ſtretch, or they contracted grow,
Men have more Pow'r, more Good, or Harm to do;
Weak Second, art thou yet, O brangling Law!
The Sword of Juſtice, againſt Pow'r to draw;

For

For the Weak, Innocent, and Poor, ſo doſt,
Like all Weak Seconds, them, who truſt thee moſt;
Still moſt expoſe to Lawleſs Violence,
But as they moſt depend on thy Defence;
Who doſt Men Reaſon, often againſt Senſe;
Doſt Equity 'gainſt Juſtice, often do,
And againſt Equity, more Juſtice too,
Injurious, by Legality to grow;
Thou Civil War! ſo, the worſt ſort of War,
To keep Men, for their Goods, Lives, moſt in fear,
The more, they Seekers of thy Juſtice are.
Thou Peace-making Contention! which began,
As ſoon as did, the buſie World, and Man;
As ſoon, as in the World there Brothers were,
Abel, and *Cain*, to jar, or interfere
With one another, for their Intereſt,
Or Pow'r, to cavil, wrangle, or conteſt;
Till Thou, Law! againſt Reaſon, didſt incline,
Men, to fall out, againſt the Laws Divine,
And bring 'em to thoſe hard words, Mine and Thine;
When all, by Heav'ns Decree, in common was,
More to maintain Man's Innocence, and Peace;
E'er that encroaching Pow'r, or wrangling Law,
Did Peaceful Man, into Contention draw;
Or, make the deareſt Brother, neareſt Friend,
Agree, but with each other, to contend,
Suits to prolong, by ſeeking yet their End;
To make Men fall out, but, that Lawyers may,
Like Pick-pockets, to get by't, make the Fray;
The Law, Feuds it ſhou'd leſſen, does increaſe;
Vexation of Mankind, meant for our Eaſe;
Breaker, inſtead of Keeper, of the Peace;

Which, our worſt Danger of our Safety grows,
To make Friends fall out, for the Gain of Foes;
Thus is the Law, to helpleſs Innocence,
But its Betrayer, by its weak Defence;
So weak, falſe Seconds, as they more pretend,
To give Aſſiſtance to their injur'd Friend,
Expoſe the Good Cauſe, they but ill defend;
Thus Thou, the Law! to which, for Right we go,
Our Danger doſt, of our Protection grow,
Defrauder, of Preſerver, of our Right;
The worſt of Tyrants, meant a Check to Might;
Doſt Robbers, for their guilty Booty ſpare,
Of Felon's Goods, to make thy Judges ſhare;
So Law! to keep innocent Men in fear;
Who, but the more they love, or follow Thee,
By Thee, more fin'd, and puniſh'd ſtill will be;
For Theſts doſt Guilt to Puniſhment deliver,
If the Crime be n't the Criminal's Reliever,
And does not make the Judge the Thief's Receiver;
So Thou, O Law! inſtead of the Defence,
Of Poor, Blind Juſtice, and Weak Innocence;
The Danger art, of our Stores, Lives, or Peace,
Who doſt our Wants, Fears, Quarrels, more increaſe;
Thus art Thou, as more Law, leſs Equity,
Since height of Juſtice, is moſt Injury,
Poſſeſſion againſt Right, to juſtifie;
Since if Poſſeſſion, (as 'tis reckon'd,) be,
O lawleſs Law! eleven Points of Thee;
Then, a Man's Right is only leſs, or more,
Not as his Cauſe, more Juſtice has, but Pow'r;

Since

You Law! for Juſtice then ſure, cannot go,
Since height of Wrong, does height of Juſtice grow,
Which by moſt Rigour, may leaſt Reaſon do:
You Juſtice to the Helpleſs moſt refuſe,
Make your Pow'r, your Injuſtice's Excuſe,
Will Right, with rig'rous Juſtice oft abuſe;
And oft with Mercy and with Lenity,
Sparing bad Men, do good Men Injury;
Your Mercy, moſt unmercifully ſo,
To th' Guilty, 'gainſt the Innocent, to ſhow;
The Weak, Poor, Innocent, by Mercy Wrong
Againſt Right aid, the Crafty, Bold, Rich, Strong;
For you Poſſeſſion, Lawleſs Law! by Might,
Maintain, againſt all Juſtice, to be Right:
You do not end then Quarrels or Diſputes,
But are their Maintenance, increaſing Suits;
Not Fraud's Detector, but Encourager,
Truths judge not as it does to Senſe appear,
Not by what True Men ſay, but Knaves will ſwear;
For to thoſe, who moſt boldly Swear, or Lie,
You Right, or Wrong, will nothing e'er deny,
But Truth condemn, for too much Modeſty:
The bluſhing Witneſſes true Evidence,
Will take for Guilt, tho' Sign of Innocence;
In your Courts, (as all others) you prevent,
Claims of the Baſhful, Poor, and Innocent,
For being, o'er the Bold and Lying, prevalent;
So Juſtice here you ſerve not, but command,
By Fraud and Violence begotten, and
By thoſe, to this Day, ſtill are you maintain'd:
Then, whence you come, you by your Practice ſhow,
Crimes made you firſt, and Crimes continue you;

If we may judge you, as you judge a Cauſe,
By your Beginnings, O you Tyrant-Laws!
The Guilt of Juſtice are you, Reaſon's Shame,
Oppreſſions, under our Protection's Name;
Made by the Fearful, Guilty, Fraudulent;
Maintain'd by Force, not for the Puniſhment
O'th' pow'rful Guilty, but weak Innocent;
In Oppoſition to Tyrannic Pow'r,
I'th' Name of Right yet exerciſing more;
And not to right the weak Man on the ſtrong,
But to help Pow'r, to do blind Juſtice Wrong;
Men's Diſputes not to finiſh, but prolong:
Not the poor, wrong'd Defendant's Part to take,
Defendants more Complainants yet to make;
Since ev'n him, whom you do moſt Juſtice to,
You, by his gaining of his Cauſe, undo;
Till the Coſts, which the Lands recover'd pay,
Again, the Profits of 'em take away;
Which, if he from the Lawyers does recover,
'Tis but to make 'em to the Scriv'ners over;
Who does, by's Cauſe's Maintenance, alone,
The Lawyer's Buſ'neſs, but to loſe his own;
To make the Juſtice done him, Injury,
Equity guilty, ev'n of Champerty,
By Maintenance of Suits in Chancery;
Till by Law, Juſtice does Oppreſſion grow,
Wrong'd Men, by their Relief, but quite undo,
Which robs Free-Men, and free lets Robbers go;
But Out-Laws ſo, from Law Protection have,
Which Cowards, or baſe Run-aways does ſave,
And hangs, for ſtanding to't, the Wrong'd, or Brave;

Againſt God's Law, ſooneſt condemning him,
Who ſooneſt does confeſs his Guilt, or Crime;
The Law then, Juſtice, againſt Reaſon is,
Makes Men, i'th' Name of Right, do more amiſs;
Reward of Knaves, inſtead of Puniſhment,
Meant the Support o'th' Poor, and Innocent,
Yet does but cauſe the Wrong, it ſhou'd prevent;
Deſign'd for Juſtice, is Oppreſſion's Aid,
Protects not good Men, nor corrects the bad;
Since without Force, good Men wou'd ſtill be ſo,
The bad, but worſe, for its Correction grow,
The Fraudulent more cheats, but by it too;
The Law's a Licence ſo, to cheat, rob, kill,
To make the rich Rogues, live unpuniſh'd ſtill,
And hold, the Pow'rful, Great, can do no Ill;
To make blind Juſtice, break itſelf the Peace,
Whoſe Sword, our Feuds does, ending them, increaſe,
As did the Sword of Errant *Hercules*;
Since Law-Suits, like his *Hydra's* Heads, grow more,
For Executions, than they were before;
Wherefore, O Law! in vain you uſe your Pow'r;
For as one Suit, by th' Sword of Juſtice, you,
Seem to diſpatch, you ſplit it but in two;
Till more you do, you have the more to do:
The Law, ſo made to leſſen Diff'rences,
Does them, like its Profeſſors, more increaſe;
Made but to help the Weak, Oppreſs'd, alone,
Becomes, the worſt Oppreſſion e'er was known;
Ne'r wrongs the Rich, nor rights the Poor Man's Pleas,
To Poor Men gives not, but does Damages;

The

The Law itſelf, Injuſtice does imply;
Since it diſtinguiſh'd is from Equity,
So when 'tis moſt Law, 'tis moſt Injury;
Tho' ſtill it has, for a Profeſſion gone,
Of giving all Men, always, moſt their own;
Yet now, by Cuſtom, a Profeſſion 'tis,
To make the Lawyer's Clients Money his;
Who makes one Way, his Client's Caſe his own,
Whoſe Lands prove his, e'er t'other's Suits are done;
Since he the Profits only does receive,
Whilſt the Law laſts, ſo does himſelf relieve;
Like Gameſter's Box-Keepers, are Lawyers ſo,
Who Rich, by what does ruine others, grow;
Who ſweep the Stakes, whilſt the chous'd Puſhers ſwear,
Their Gains ſo, but from other's Loſſes ſhare:
For whoſoever gets, or loſes, they,
Muſt them for Judgment, or Attendance pay,
Tho' they their Benefactor's Right betray;
And Law, like Play, no Puſhers can give over,
Gainers wou'd get more, Loſers more recover;
In fine, the Law's vaſt Multiplicity,
Makes Law a Grievance, of a Remedy;
For as i'th' Body Natural, (we ſee)
Evils increas'd by Remedies to be;
Thus, in the Body Politic, the Cauſe
Of State-Diſtempers is, too many Laws.

A SONG: *In the Name of a* Lover *to His* Miſtreſs, *whom He us'd to call His* Life; *who told Him*, That a True Lover ſhou'd part with His Life, when His Miſtreſs wou'd have Him, to prove His Love; *tho' She own'd*, His Death might prove Hers.

I.

I'M now more ſatisfied to die,
Since you, (my Life,) will have it ſo;
But if my Life you will be, why
Muſt I, to keep you, part with you?

II.

Thou ſay'ſt, my Death will cauſe too thine,
But for thee then, and thy Life's ſake,
If not for me, (my Dear,) or mine,
On me, ſome Selfiſh Pity take:

III.

The Cruel, to themſelves, are kind,
Hatred to Foes may be Self-Love;
But killing me, your trueſt Friend,
You cruel, to your ſelf, will prove:

IV.

Therefore, for thy Life's ſake alone,
I but ſeek, the Preſerving mine;
'Tis not my Safety then, thou't own,
I ſeek from thee, ſo much as thine:

V.

I wou'd die for thee, with content,
Yet ſince my Death, thine too, muſt be,
My Death, for thy ſake, I'll prevent,
Me, from the Guilt of thine, to free:

VI.

Thus, out of more Love to you, know,
I cannot, with your Will comply;
Since Dying, I muſt part with you,
I live, my Love to juſtifie:

VII.

So, by not dying for you, I,
But more my True Love to you, ſhow;
I, for Love of you, cannot die,
Who, when I loſe my Life, muſt you.

Upon

Upon the Tyranny of CUSTOM: *Given by a Friend, for a Subject to write upon.*

LAW againſt Juſtice! Practice againſt Senſe!
Right againſt Law, without Deeds Evidence!
Is lawleſs Cuſtom ſage Impertinence,
Wiſdom of Dotards call'd Experience, which,
Like other Laws, does leſs confine the Rich,
Law, to the Laws, 'gainſt Equity to give,
Makes Men, againſt Rule, by Example live
By its Example, againſt Juſtice, can
Make Right Wrong, or can Wrong for Right maintain;
Preſcription againſt Senſe, upholding ſo,
By Practice againſt Law, nay, Reaſon too,
Not to make good, what is with Reaſon done,
But, to make Wrong Right, if done long agon:
Thus it has, againſt Juſtice, Right, or Pow'r,
Right, to make Wrong leſs, as 'tis practis'd more:
Law to the Laws, from Time, not Truth to give,
As Old Men, for their Senſe, which they out-live,
From Age, not Reaſon, are moſt poſitive,
Moſt poſitive, as moſt ſtill, in the wrong.
For Reaſon, from their Weakneſs, Age, more ſtrong
So that Tyrannick Cuſtom may be ſaid,
To be o'th' Fools, and Wiſe, the Rev'rend Dread,
Thwarts Pow'r, Truth, Reaſon, in Courts, Camps, and Schools,
Whoſe Practice, Senſe, Law, Juſtice, over-rules;
Moſt abſolute Old Tyrant, e'er did Reign,
Over its ſenſleſs Slaves, the World, and Man.

Does Free-Will from us, like a Tyrant, take,
Us, ev'n in ſpight of our own ſelves, to make,
To do all, but as done by others ſtill,
Tho' 'gainſt our Senſe, our Nature, or our Will;
To think Nought Right, or Wrong, or Good, or Ill,
As in itſelf, it is leſs Juſt, or more,
But as it was done, leſs or more, before;
It lets none, by their Senſe, Think, Talk, Act, Move,
But, from Example, Eat, Drink, Hate, or Love;
Their Nerves, by Wires o'th Clock, not their own Will,
To Move, Go, Ram, or to their Standing-ſtill;
Arms, Legs, Feet, Hands, by Dial-Hands to go,
As by the Clocks, St. *Dunſtan*'s Giants do;
If Clocks ſtrike Six, Men ſtrait to Pray, or Gain,
Muſt riſe, in ſpight of Knees, Backs, Heads in Pain;
If Clocks ſtrike Twelve, to Dinner Men muſt go,
Whether they have their Stomach's Call, or no;
So, by the Clocks, rather than Nature's Call,
To Love's, or Nature's Work, Men Move, Stand, Fall;
By Dial's Hands, Mens Teeth, like Virginals,
Muſt move ſo, but at Ringing of the Bells;
By Clocks Wires, not by Nerves, or Sinews ſo,
Or Nature's Motions, Men muſt Sound, Think, Do;
So Cuſtom, as 'tis Second Nature too,
Does Nature's Pow'r, or Right o'er us, invade,
By which, to act 'gainſt Nature, Men are made;
By which, Proud Man, made of a Make Divine,
Is made a Senſleſs Tool, a Live-Machine;
Thus Cuſtom, Nature's Law then, may we call,
Which forces her to Things unnatural,
Ev'n againſt Senſe, or Reaſon, rules us all;

Yet goes for Reason, Faith, and Justice too;
Since nothing's ill done, Men are us'd to do;
Nor can be left off, which has long, been done,
Or has, by Custom long been undergone;
So Custom, as it Second Nature is,
In Man, the Wants of Nature on supplies;
Makes him, Wants, Pains, and Miseries to bear,
The better still, as more, and worse they are;
Which him with strength to bear 'em, does supply,
Makes Fortune's Fickleness, his Constancy;
Makes Want, Pain, Shame, supportable by Man,
Which is more than Sense, Faith, Religion can,
Gives Man more Grief, to make him less complain;
Who feels Pain less, for feeling it before,
So makes it less, but as it makes it more:
Custom shou'd for the Law of Nature go,
By which all Laws themselves Authentic grow,
Which does uphold Religion, Precepts sway;
Since but by it, Men Man's, GOD's Laws obey;
So to the Laws, 'tis it does give the Law,
Does Reason, Justice, by Prescription aw;
For Reason, Justice, Faith, Religion, We,
Are such, but as they are confirm'd by it;
Since, but by Custom, or Prescription 'tis,
That nothing long done, is thought done amiss;
Reason against it, does it self confute,
None against that which still was done, dispute;
Reason, what Custom justifies must own;
Custom's the Law, for all against Law done,
The sole Law, all Men have agreed upon;
Since we no Law, or Reason e'er cou'd find,
Against what e'er was done, time out of mind

So, but for Use, our Practice is alone,
That Law proves Justice, which, wou'd else be none;
Then Custom, which a second Nature is,
Our Actions best condemns, or justifies:
Whilst Law proves oft, but Power's Arbitrement,
Right Reason less to do, than to prevent;
Custom is Right, by Popular Accent,
Right, by Succession, and Example too,
Will Right by Precedent, not Fancy do.
Most pow'rful Law of Nature, since to see
Men against Law, Sense, Nature, Faith, submit.

A SONG. To a Fine Woman, something in Years, yet too apt to lose her Time; sent her with a very small Almanack, for a New-Years-Gift.

I.

SINCE still we think our Time best spent,
More short it to us does appear;
Good Days I to you here present,
In this Abridgment of the Year.

II.

By the small Gift here to you made,
You shou'd my great Love for you know;
Shou'd by this small Book's outside read,
I think Time short, I give to you:

III.

Small Books, may prove as well great Love;
As if they did more Value beat;
As welcome, made as useful, prove,
If they like this in Season were.

IV.

WHY with our Talle Looks, thou'd you cavil so?
You ask, what in Return to me,
And this small New-Years Gift you shall
Present me with; then, (to be free,)
Give me your Love, that's like it, small;

V.

But, for this happy New-Year now,
Which I give you, I beg no more,
Than that you wou'd so grateful grow,
As to give me the Happy Hour;

VI.

And Counsel from this small Book take,
That Woman, one of Date once grown,
Will, ev'n like this Almanack,
Be by, but for a Newer, thrown.

To

III.

To an Affected, Painted Miſtreſs, *ſtill Quarrelling with her* Lover's *Falſe Looks, Diſſembling Words, and Artificial Love; ſaying,* He was never what He ſeem'd to be, to Her.

VI.

WHY with our Falſe Looks, ſhou'd you cavil ſo?
Since you your ſelf no other to us ſhow;
Since with Feign'd Looks, Falſe Charms, thou'dſt cozen me,
With Feign'd Love, Falſe Oaths, I may juſtly thee;
Since both thy Face and Mind, ſhow ſo much Art,
Why may not I ſhow thee ſome, in my Heart?
But thy Falſe Looks not only cozen me,
But of thy Lover's Kinder Looks, will thee;
Your Artful Face and Mind, deſign'd alone,
To make you more Admirers, leave you none;
Since Pictures are but to be look'd upon;
Warm Love wou'd bring Oil'd Beauty to decay,
A Kiſs wou'd your Complexion take away,
Our Love wou'd your Art (as that us) betray;
A ſtolen Kiſs wou'd ſteal away thy Face,
To make our Admiration thy Diſgrace;
A private Kiſs wou'd grow thy public Shame,
Thee more, than kiſſing thee in Bed, defame;
Taking your Artificial Bluſh away,
Your ſecret Fraud of Paint to us diſplay,
Show by your Charms Repairs, but their Decay;
To ſhow Men, thou, like painted Images,
Art meant their Sight, and not their Touch to pleaſe;

To

To be, like Paint, to distanc'd more admir'd
But by their Eyes alone, to be desir'd;
To hang, not on our Necks, but Chamber-Walls,
Like Pictures, only to be kept from Falls,
And, but to be expos'd in Public Sale,
To give us Pleasure only, in the Light,
No Satisfaction in the Dark, or Night,
But if you'd have your Picture please us all,
Once let us see its right Original;
For, ev'n the right, and true, tho' long since made,
(Nay, tho' by keeping, Time, defac'd, decay'd,)
Will be judg'd of more Value, please us more,
Than those, which are spoil'd, by new Daubing o'er;
Leave off thy Mask of Paint, which only does,
Like Masks, thy Shame, hiding thy Face, expose;
At once thy Beauty's, and thy Fame's Disgrace.
Impudent Shame, in hiding thy true Face,
Does Curiosity, not Love incite,
Men to your Shame's Discovery invite;
For Shame, leave your old Mask of Colours off,
Since your Face were, without it, well enough,
Which is, as more you hide its Shame, its Proof;
Since a false Dame's false Looks, and Arts are spy'd,
More, but the more, the them deigns to hide;
Then do not impudently put on so,
Blushes of Paint, more to disparage you;
By which, you Nature's Imperfections own,
Which, more you'd hide 'em, more are by you shown;
But more still, to forbid Mens kissing you,
As more you wou'd invite 'em to it, so;

Then on thy Cheeks, or Lips, no Colours lay,
Leſt that our Kiſſes ſhou'd your Shame betray,
Taking your borrow'd Beauty quite away:
And your own Lips, two Witneſſes ſhou'd prove,
Of our ſtol'n Kiſſes, and our ſecret Love;
Like Lying Witneſſes, by looking Pale,
Shou'd own, ev'n in denying our Love, all.

A SONG to Celia, in Tears, for His Ungrateful Rival.

I.

IN vain your Eyes on others ſhine,
Shed fruitleſly their Moiſture too,
Which are ungrateful yet to mine,
Which, for Love of them, overflow;
So, whilſt the grateful Earth lies dry, the Rain
Falls on the Seas, or Barren Rocks in vain.

II.

The Sun, the Heaven's Bright Eye, ſo,
Oft ſhines, and Clouds ſhed Show'rs in vain;
Its Heat, their Moiſture ſo beſtow,
On what makes no Returns again;
Whilſt that the Teeming Earth, lies dry, and burns,
Which to its Warmth, their Show'rs wou'd make Returns:

III.

III.

O'er-flowings of thy Bright Eyes, ſo
Fall, for the Rocky Heart, in vain;
Which no Returns will make to you,
Whilſt I, who wou'd, can none obtain;
Am but made ſadder, by that fruitleſs Cloud,
Of your Eyes, which ſhed Show'rs, for others Good:

IV.

Thus Heav'n, the next Bright Thing, to Thee,
A Niggard, to the parch'd Earth grows,
Pours freely Rain into the Sea,
Which, but in vain, the Decks o'er-flows;
To make the half-drown'd Sailor curſe the Rain,
Pray'd for in vain ſtill, by the burnt-up Swain.

Upon the FOLLY *of* WIT. *To a* Witty Lady, *yet a great* Talker, *who ask'd the Author,* What Wit was? *Who answer'd,* Too much was too little: *Which She bid Him make out.*

'TIS ſtrange, that by that ſtrange thing, we call Wit,
We know, define, explain all things, but it;
Which is, (tho' of no Knowledge 'tis in Want,)
Yet, of itſelf, as more, more Ignorant;
Does leſs i'th' Senſe, or Thoughts of others grow,
As in its own, more Self-ſufficient too;
Which, but as more 'tis, in all others gueſs,
And more does pleaſe them, does its own ſelf leſs,
Will, to ſave others Pains, itſelf diſeaſe,
Nay, to pleaſe others, will itſelf diſpleaſe;
Diſpleaſe itſelf, only to pleaſe its Foe,
Its Cenſurer, whether he will, or no;
Thus Wit, as more, but leſs Diſcretion is,
Which makes it of the Praiſe it ſeeks, to miſs;
Moſt often too, but for its ſeeking it,
So proves leaſt Wiſdom, as it is moſt Wit;
Then Wit's a Contradiction to Good Senſe,
Againſt its own ſelf, the beſt Evidence;
Which, againſt Reaſon, and Example, does
Fancy, to ſure Experience, moſt oppoſe;
But, to th' expoſing its own Knowledge too,
Which, its Conceit to Demonſtration, ſo
Oppoſes, whether Reaſon will, or no;

Light

Light ſudden Thought, to wiſe Deliberation,
To ſober cool Senſe, hot and haſty Paſſion;
Thwarting the public Vogue, with private Senſe,
Which proves Wit, want of right Intelligence;
Since Wit, time out of Mind, has ever been
An Art of Thinking, not like other Men;
Makes Fools call'd Wits, more to their Reaſon's Shame,
Prefer, to certain Intereſt, caſual Fame;
The Knowledge of the World, and all Mankind,
To ſlight, and ſeem, for their diſcerning, blind;
Who hope for Approbation of their Wit,
From thoſe, who but to ſhow their own think fit,
But only by their finding fault with it,
Their Critics, who, like other Judges too,
In Credit, by condemning others grow,
From others Want of Wit, their Judgments ſhow;
Then Wits are Fools, who think to get Men's Praiſe,
For Wit, which were their Judgment's worſt Diſgrace,
Who, but for Wits, by damning others, paſs:
Captious Wits who think, they can cry up none,
For much Wit, without leſſ'ning more their own;
So Wits unwiſely ſeek, from Foes their Fame,
Whoſe Fame as more, is more their Critic's Shame,
Who get no Credit, but by others Blame;
Who, to have more Wit, Senſe, or Judgment, ſeem,
But from the Wants which others have of them,
Cenſuring others, gain the World's Eſteem;
Condemning others, into Credit grow,
And raiſe themſelves, by laying others low;
Who think, they leſſen'd are, by Praiſe they give,
Giv'n, but their own Want of it to relieve,
But more from others for it, to receive;

Thus, whether Wit does praiſe, or diſcommend,
It, thoſe it ſtrives to pleaſe, does more offend;
With Reaſon, Fools upbraids for Want of it,
With more Senſe, leſſens too, the Men of Wit
By which, for Gain they ſhow themſelves leſs fit;
So Wit as more 'tis, proves it ſelf but leſs,
Which others ſeeks more, than it ſelf to pleaſe;
Makes more Foes, as it wou'd acquire more Friends;
Thus, as it more wou'd pleaſe, but more offends,
Itſelf, as more 'twou'd praiſe, more diſcommends:
Then Wit, as 'twou'd our Knowledge more increaſe,
From too much Light, makes our diſcerning leſs;
So like the Sun's, our Underſtanding's Light,
From too much ſhining, makes us ſee leſs right;
Our Inſight rather does diſtract, than clear,
The more our Light of Reaſon wou'd appear;
Whoſe Light's Exceſs, makes us ſee leſs what 'tis,
Our Way to Glory, by it, more to miſs;
Enlightning all, does leſs its own ſelf know;
But the more 'tis illuminated too,
Does leſs its true Fire, as more flaſhy ſhow;
Which, as like Light'ning, it more haſty grows,
And noiſie, proves but the leſs dangerous;
So vain Wit proves leſs, as it wou'd the more,
Since Men of Wit have, as of Gold, leſs Store,
As they wou'd more ſtill to the Public ſhow,
Tho' none, but by their ſhowing them, can know,
Truly, where either are their own, or no;
Yet as by them, more Pride's for either ſhown,
We ſhou'd believe, that neither were their own;
That either, either ſtol'n, or borrow'd were,
But as Men vainer for 'em, ſtill appear;

For vain Men, but by their Deſire of Praiſe,
Can make their Aim at Honour, their Diſgrace;
Since Fame of Wit, as Courage, moſt is loſt,
But only, as it is ſought by us moſt;
Is leſs our Credit, but as more our Boaſt;
But leſs our Right, as it is more our Claim,
Is of our Reaſon's Honour, more the Shame;
From Oſtentation, is our Loſs of Fame:
Then Wit, like Courage, when conceal'd, is ſhown;
Since Oſtentation, makes ſome go for none.
So Wit is for its Self-ſufficiency,
And ſeeming more, leſs Ingenuity;
Which, as to pleaſe more, it has more pretence,
To thoſe, 'twou'd pleaſe more, gives but more Offence;
The Fame it ſeeks, by ſeeking it, to miſs,
Which leſs in other Men's Opinion is,
As in its own, more ſelf-ſufficient 'tis:
Then too much Wit, does but too little grow,
Proves leſs, as more itſelf 'twou'd vainly ſhow;
Which all things, but it ſelf, pretends to know:
So Wit, the Light of Reaſon call'd, (we find)
Like the Sun's, though enlightning all Mankind,
Is to itſelf but more obſcure and blind;
Thus, ſhou'd I more pretend to ſhow you now,
What 'tis, what 'tis I leſs ſhou'd to you ſhow;
Who know beſt what 'tis, who know your ſelf beſt,
Prove it more, as you think you know it leaſt;
Yet the more that you know your ſelf, you leſs
Can at its Knowledge, or its Merit gueſs;
Thus much more your Wit, like your Faith, ſure is,
The leſs you can, by Reaſon tell, what 'tis;

I

'Tis

'Tis like your Virtue, more 'tis hidden, ſhown,
More knowing, as more to itſelf unknown,
Moſt right, i'th' wrong, when it believes 'tis none;
Whilſt all vain, open, and conceited Wit,
Makes it own Proof, but the leſs Mark of it:
So, but as 'twou'd prove, more undoubted Senſe,
Is but, as more Wit, more Impertinence,
Which, to get more Praiſe, gives Men more Offence;
By which Men ſeek more knowing not to grow,
In their Thoughts, as to ſeem in others ſo;
Who ſtrive to get, other Men's vain Eſteem,
Ev'n by that Wit, which leſſens their's and them;
Thinking, to gain their Wit, their Rival's Praiſe,
Which they muſt give them, to their own Diſgrace;
So Wit, as more 'twou'd prove it ſelf, proves leſs,
By its degrading Self-competedneſs;
The Praiſe it ſeeks, to loſe by ſeeking it,
So proves more Nonſenſe, as it wou'd, more Wit:
Since true Wit, like true Love, and Virtue too,
Itſelf conceals, itſelf the more to ſhow.

A SONG. *Againſt Indifference in* LOVE; *to an Offended Miſtreſs, deſir'd to be more Cruel, to be more Kind.*

I.

IF I muſt die, for, or by thee,
To Love, or Rage, my Life reſign;
No matter which way 'tis to be,
By your own Paſſion, or by mine:

II.

II.

Since you cauſe me to die for Love,
Your fierceſt Rage, can do no more;
Your Anger, my Relief wou'd prove,
Put me, by Death, out of your Pow'r.

III.

Out of your Pow'r, out of my Pain,
By your kind Hatred, ſhou'd I be,
Leſs by your Love, than your Diſdain,
You wou'd obliging be to me;

IV.

When Criminals are doom'd to die,
Diſpatch from Pain, they undergo,
Is Mercy ſure, not Cruelty,
When Pain, our end of Pain wou'd grow;

V.

In Executions, all Delays
Turn the worſt ſort of Cruelty;
That Rage, the Part of Mercy plays,
Which ends our Pain, moſt ſuddenly:

VI.

In Love, make me more Paſſionate,
Or more, or leſs ſo, with me be;
If me you more, wou'd Love, or Hate,
I were more Happy, you more Free;

VII.

If me then, more you will not Love,
Hate me, till Loving I give o'er;
Since Love in vain, more Pain would prove,
Be kind, make me Love thee no more;

VIII.

Be more Unkind, more Kind to be,
For Love's sake, give me more Disdain;
Since you'll give no more Joy to me,
Put me, with more Grief, out of Pain.

Upon the Impertinence of Knowledge, *the Unreasonableness of* Reason, *and the Brutality of* Humanity; *proving the Animal Life the most Reasonable Life, since the most Natural, and most Innocent.*

WHY should Man's vain Pretence to Reason be,
From Beast, his just Distinction? whom still we,
More Guilty, and less Human, for it see;
Who, for his Knowledge, and Humanity,
Lives, deals with his own Kind, more Brutally,
As for his Reason, more Unreasonably;
Who for it, o'er his Passions, has less Pow'r,
Is more a Beast, as is his Reason more;
The more his Reason, wou'd his Senses sway,
Which, spight of Sense, his Senses must obey;

Man

Man then, by Want of Reaſon, ſhows his Wit,
When his Senſe to his Senſes, does think fit;
And Nature, againſt Reaſon, to ſubmit;
Which he finds from Experience, it muſt do,
Whether his Senſe, or Knowledge, wou'd or no;
Since Reaſon ſerves us, but to juſtifie,
By Reaſ'ning more its Fallibility,
When its own Practice, does its Proofs deny;
For, if of its own Truth, it did not doubt,
'Twou'd ne'r take ſo much Pains, to make it out;
Since Truth is plain, Reaſon itſelf refutes,
Which, tho' but meant to end, prolongs Diſputes;
Man's Reaſon does his Want of Senſe betray,
Who, by his Reaſon, wou'd his Nature ſway,
Whether more Pow'rful Nature, wou'd or no;
Nay more, as he finds, from Experience too,
It is leſs poſſible for it to do;
Whoſe Head-ſtrong Paſſion, for his Reaſon grows,
More hard for him, as it, he'd more oppoſe;
Whoſe Senſe, as more, leſſens his Innocence,
As more his Senſe, ſo more is his Offence;
Who Pow'r thence, to himſelf does arrogate,
To judge his Maker, and oppoſe his Fate;
Who, for his Senſe, can leſs his Mind fulfil,
Yet wou'd, on others Senſe, impoſe his Will;
By's Reaſon, more Unreaſ'nable to grow,
To think, all other Mens, by his ſhou'd go,
Who want that Reaſon, his for Truth, to know;
Nay, the leſs Demonſtration, he can give,
Of it, in it, to be more Poſitive;

Till his Senſe, he, to Nature does oppoſe,
The beſt Guide, that a Man of Senſe can chuſe,
For Reaſon's none, which againſt Nature goes;
Since Nature gets the better of it ſtill,
Man's Reaſon then, is no more Senſe, but Will;
His vain Senſe, with his Senſes ſo to vie,
His Liberty, with Fate's Neceſſity,
Tho' more in vain ſtill, as he more does try;
Who is (as more his Senſe,) more obſtinate,
In his oppoſing his Will, to his Fate;
By Reaſ'ning, Want of Senſe, to juſtifie,
Whoſe Truth, muſt on its Doubtfulneſs rely,
Yet ſtands on its Infallibility;
For Reaſ'ning then, Man leſs is in the Right,
Whoſe Senſe, thwarts ſenſleſly his Appetite;
By other Senſe, muſt ſtill his own maintain,
And judge of his own Pleaſure, or his Pain;
By others Apprehenſions, check his own,
Tho' he, but by his Senſe, can judge alone,
Of what is Right, or Wrong, or Good, or Ill,
Yet not by Nature, but Example ſtill;
To Cuſtom, for his Reaſon, lives a Slave,
Whilſt Beaſt's Free-Will, for Want of Reaſon, have;
So Man, by's Reaſon, more his Folly ſhows,
Which he, to his Experience, will oppoſe;
And make Things above Reaſon, yield to Senſe,
Will judge his Maker, queſtion Providence;
By's Reaſon claims, o'er Brute Beaſts, Pow'r, or Sway,
By which, he yet is more a Beaſt than They;
Who, with his Kind, leſs reaſonable, for it
Does live, and more Brutalities commit;

Has,

Has, for his Reaſon, more Guilt, Fear, or Blame;
Whilſt Beaſts, for Want of it, want Fear, Guilt, Shame;
More Human, but for Want of Reaſon, are;
They, who on others prey, their Kind will ſpare;
Whilſt Man, does Man more for his Reaſon fear;
Leſs on his Faith, Senſe, Manhood, does rely,
For his Speech, Reaſon, and Humanity;
Men, one another to each other find,
More Brutal, for being of Human-kind;
Beaſts without Reaſon, may with Reaſon then,
Be thought more juſt and ſenſible than Men,
Who Foes to their own Kind have ſeldom been;
More ſociable but for their Dumbneſs are,
For Want of Words, for Reaſon never jar,
More juſtly do, and but more Danger dare;
An Injury, nor Kindneſs e'er forget,
Know more than Man; Revenge, as Love, is ſweet;
So Reaſon, without Reaſon, better know,
Than Man, to one another, how to do;
Then Beaſts, we for Men's Betters muſt admit,
More Reaſon ſhow, but for their Want of it;
For Want of it, againſt it nothing do,
Againſt their Senſes, nor their Nature, go,
Which Man does, who does Good from Evil know;
Whoſe Conduct, gives his Reaſon ſtill the Lie,
In his unbridled Senſuality;
For Reaſon, does things more unreaſonably;
Vain Empire does o'er other Creatures boaſt,
By's Reaſon, for which yet, he fears them moſt;
Diſputes by Reaſon, what is Wrong or Right,
Yet makes his Senſe obey his Appetite,
Thinks that moſt Wiſdom, which is leaſt Delight;

That, most his Reason, which most fondly does
Curb his free Nature, his Desires oppose;
The more that his Experience finds in vain,
His Passion, by his Reason, to restrain;
By Reason, so then, more unreas'nably,
His Will, and Pleasure, more unnat'rally,
Man, to himself, does sensleſly deny;
Since Reason does his Doubts, Cares, Fears increase,
To make, as more his Sense, his Pleasure less,
As more his Reason, less his Happiness;
Then Beasts, as happier, the wiser are,
In whom more strong all Appetites appear,
For Want of Reason, have no Guilt, Shame, Fear;
Whose Want of Reason, Man must needs confess,
Makes their Joys more, their Cares, Fears, Troubles less,
So have, as less of Sense, more Happiness;
More Peace of Mind, in Body, more Delight,
In Sense, Love, Food, more Gust and Appetite;
The Glutton wants the Stomach of the Horse;
The Bully wants the Lion's Heart and Force;
By tim'rous Reason, does his Pow'r restrain,
By's Fear does lose, what by his Sense he'd gain;
His Brother Man dreads for his Reason more,
Who thinks 'tis just, Reason shou'd yield to Pow'r;
Whilst Beasts, acknowledging but Nature's Law,
From their thick Sculls, no false Conclusions draw;
For want of Sense, of nothing stand in aw;
Themselves by Nature, more than Reason guide;
So from Acts Natural less led aside;
Which they find, they of course must truckle to,
Whether less Pow'rful Reason, wou'd or no;

Muſt Nature, againſt their Conceits, believe,
Which without Reaſon, nothing can deceive;
Whilſt Man's Guide, Reaſon, ſcarce in any one,
With others, for Infallible has gone;
That dubious Guide then, ſure is worſe than none;
Since, ſuch a Guide as makes our Senſes ſtray
From Nature, but our Fancies to obey,
Which, but for Reaſon, cannot miſs her Way;
For in Brute Beaſts, whom we deſpiſe, we ſee,
Their Will and Senſes never diſagree:
Since Reaſon's then the Parent of our Doubt,
Diſtracts us more, we better were without;
Shou'd doubt that Reaſon, which wou'd Senſe perſuade,
Againſt our Nature, with which we were made;
Since nothing in our Nature can be thought,
Our Shame or Blame, if it be not our Fau't;
Who are, or not, as made by Providence,
Whoſe Act in us, cannot be our Offence;
Our Want of Reaſon, is our Innocence:
So Brute Beaſts Want of Senſe the reaſon is,
Why they can neither think, nor act amiſs;
Then, the Brute's Love, is more Humanity,
Who love more truly, ſince they can't tell why;
Who wanting Reaſon, Love ne'r buy, but give;
More ſociably, for want of Speech too, live;
So Beaſts, which take and give moſt Liberty,
In Love, live for leaſt Senſe, moſt Humanly;
Whoſe Love, by Deeds, not Words, is beſt expreſt;
So live, and love, for Want of Reaſon, beſt;
Their Empire, with the Males no Females vie,
Not curſt with conſtant Senſuality,
Or Males to know no End of Drudgery;

By

By no forc'd Rules, but Nature's Measures love,
Ne'r stimulate Desire, but by it move,
By Nature, not their Art, their true Love prove;
Ne'r by Love's fond, or ill-tim'd Caresses,
Please others, till themselves they more displease;
By forc'd Joy, make not Satisfaction less:
Fruition, to them is no Drudgery,
Nature's Relief, not cloy'd Satiety;
But Man condemn'd to Luxury's a Beast,
Must, at another's Pleasure, drudge or rest;
His Pleasure at another's leave, or take,
Till he his Pain does of his Pleasure make;
Must too much Pleasure, or too little have,
It least too can, when he grows past it, leave;
His Pleasures oft pursues, till that they grow,
Of his Joys, his Dissatisfactions too,
No Bounds to Lust, does for his Reason know;
Seasons or Measures; whence Joys in excess,
For growing more, make Satisfaction less;
So Men's Desires, but their own Ends destroy;
Their Appetites, instead of pleasing, cloy;
By Reason, which with Fears does Joys prevent,
Increasing Pleasures, does their Pains augment,
So for more Reason, Men have less Content;
Whilst Beasts, but for their Want of Reason know,
Best, when they have enough of Pleasure so,
Have, as less Thought, more Satisfaction too;
Ev'n in their Love, can their Discretion prove,
Whilst Men for Reason, are more Brutes in Love,
More Drudges are, bound more to Slavery,
Seeking in Love, more Ease and Liberty,
For Reason, make Love more unnaturally;

Whilst

Whilſt Beaſts no Freedom againſt Nature uſe,
Their Friends, with forc'd, or feign'd Love, ne'e abuſe;
Each knows, when both have had enough, or done,
In Food, or Love, will be preſcrib'd by none,
But, be rul'd by their Appetites alone;
Whilſt Men, with others Appetites comply,
For forc'd Delight, pay their dear Liberty,
For Pleaſure, do the worſt of Drudgery;
For Freedom, each Man, with his She, wou'd brave,
He grows Love's Bonds-Man, and a Fetter'd Slave,
Her, when grown odious to him, cannot leave;
Muſt waſte his Gold, Time, Life, for his Delight,
Love's Burning Martyr be, to's Appetite;
Or Marry'd Confeſſor, away to give
All that he has, that he might better Live;
Till he by yoking his own ſelf, does grow,
A Horn'd Beaſt, others Drudgery to do;
For the moſt ſenſleſs Beaſt ſo ſhou'd be known,
Since no Beaſt yokes himſelf, but Man alone;
Whoſe Thought, Speech, Reaſon, more his Folly ſhow,
As they more for Infallible wou'd go;
Who more a Fool but for his Knowledge is,
By which he's leſs Contented, as more Wiſe;
Who muſt his Innocence and Quiet loſe,
More ſenſleſly, as more he thinks, he knows;
Since he, but as he thinks, his Reaſon more,
Doubts more his Maker's Being, and his Pow'r;
Of Happineſs here, and hereafter too,
Deprives himſelf, by his vain Reaſon ſo;
Since he, but for his Knowledge, or his Senſe,
Cou'd give to God, or take at Man, Offence;

So that his Reason, does his Nonsense show,
Who proves less Wise still, as he more does know;
Whose Knowledge does his Happiness prevent,
His Guilt increase, and lessen his Content,
But for which, he were Free, Safe, Innocent.

A SONG *against Delays in* Love; *To* Celia.

KIND Opportunity's a Friend
To Lovers, tho' Time is a Foe;
The first, is like a Mistress, kind,
If that you do not let her go;
But Time, that Thief, away will take again,
What t'other for thee, did in haste, obtain:

II.

Then trust not Faithless Time, (my Dear,)
With Beauty, Love, or Happiness;
Since Time is a Discoverer,
He never to be trusted is;
Time, (whilst you have it then,) be sure improve,
And never trust a Run-away with Love:

III.

Time, like all other Truſtees, is
A Cheat, tho' a Fair Promiſer;
Both Danger then, and Folly 'tis,
To truſt our Love, or Life, (my Dear,)
With that Old Cheat, who Love, or Faith repays,
But with, our Diſappointments, his Delays.

To the Sappho *of the* Age, *ſuppos'd to Ly-In of a* Love-Diſtemper, *or a* Play.

THOU Cauſe and Subject, once of Wit, and Love!
Whoſe Love alone, cou'd Mens good Senſe improve;
For, tho' our Love of other Women does,
Good Wits, and all their Good Parts, more expoſe
Our Love of you, but more our Reaſon ſhows;
Since Man, in you, can at the ſame time, find
The Pleaſure of the Body, and the Mind;
Once, to your Shame, your Parts to all were ſhown,
But now, (tho' a more Public Woman grown,)
You gain more Reputation in the Town;
Grow Public, to your Honour, not your Shame,
As more Men now you pleaſe, gain much more Fame;
Who, for your Parts, got much more Praiſe before,
But, as your Pains, in bringing forth, were more;
But now, more Credit you from all Men gain,
As you bring forth, in Public, with leſs Pain,
Your eaſieſt Off-ſprings of your Wanton Brain;

Barren Wits, envy your Head's Off-ſprings more,
Than Barren Women, did your Tail's before;
More Fame you now (ſince talk'd of more) acquire,
And as more Public, are more Mens Deſire;
Nay, you the more, that you are Clap'd too, now,
Have more to like you, leſs to cenſure you;
Now Men enjoy your Parts for Half a Crown,
Which, for a Hundred Pound, they ſcarce had done,
Before your Parts were, to the Public known;
Whilſt you, ſcorn Cenſure, as you did before,
More ſtill, as more Men, now you pleaſe the more;
Thus, as your Beauty did, your Wit does now,
The Womens Envy, Mens Diverſion grow;
Who, to be Clap'd, or Clap you, round you ſit,
And, tho' they Sweat for it, will croud your Pit;
Since lately you Lay-In, (but as they ſay,)
Becauſe, you had been Clap'd another Way;
But, if 'tis true, that you have need to Sweat,
Get, (if you can) at your New Play, a Seat.

Upon an Old Worn-out Picture of Juſtice, *hung over the* Judges Heads *in a* Court *of* Judicature.

THAT in the Court, ſome Juſtice might appear,
Juſtice is ſtill hung in Effigie there;
The ſole Way that ('tis ſaid) ſhe ever was
Known to be executed, in that Place;
Hang'd there, ſince grown her ſelf a Criminal,
Where ſhe her ſelf, the Poor Man's Due does ſell;

So, to be liker Juſtice now-a-days,
Hang'd out of reach, ſtill in the Court ſhe was;
Hang'd out, as in the Streets, Things worn-out, old,
Expos'd are, where the New are to be ſold;
But ſo chang'd is, (from what ſhe once was,) now,
That no Man ſcarce, can her for Juſtice know;
Since, that ſo little of her now is left,
That of her Scales, ſhe ſeems by Time bereft;
Yet ſhows her ſelf, like Modern Juſtice more,
The leſs ſhe ſeems now, what ſhe was before;
For, as i'th' Courts, Tranſactions now we ſee,
A faint Reſemblance of her, yet to be;
Her Sword remaining, and her Scales rubb'd out,
But make us, whether Juſtice 'tis, to doubt;
Which ſhows, nought by her, but by Force is done,
That Cruelty, remains with her alone,
Since with her Scales, her Equity ſeems gone;
She ſeems a Homicide, without her Scales,
To ſhow, that Pow'r o'er Truth and Right prevails;
And that the Judges are corrupt, ſince they,
By Weight of Bribes, not Reaſon, Cauſes weigh:
Thus Juſtice hang'd up, does i'th' Court appear,
To ſhow, Juſt Cauſes are ſuſpended there;
That Juſtice is but in Effigie ſo,
There executed by the Judges now:
The Picture then of Juſtice on the Wall,
Now th'Abſence ſhows of its Original;
Thus, when our Friends are dead and gone, we find,
Their Pictures in their Places left behind,
Of their Departure dumb Records to be,
When we no more their Real Preſence ſee.

To a Covetous, Rich, Proud Man, who us'd to say, He was only Frugal, to make what he had Last; *and said,* He was only his own Steward, but that he might be sure not be Cheated.

IF of thy own, thou woud'st not cheated be,
Of thine let not thy own Self cozen thee,
By thy own Avarice, which does the Use
Of all thou hast, to thy own self refuse;
And if more lasting thou woud'st have thy Store,
Give more on't to thy self, most truly Poor;
Not to keep up, but part with what thou hast,
Is the best way to make thy Riches last;
Since that Heav'n covenants, you shall receive
An hundred-fold, for Riches which you give;
Your Wealth then out of Int'rest, but the more
To make of it, and multiply your Store,
Lend not the Rich, but give now to the Poor;
Since your Desires, which with your Stores increase,
Make them, as more, but for your own Use, less;
Who, but as your Command, Wealth, Pow'r, grow more,
Have but the less your Passions in your Pow'r;
Then, as your Riches, Honours multiply,
Lessen your Avarice, Pride, Vanity,
Your Wealth, Fame, Virtue, more to magnifie;
And since, that Popularity you crave,
Let not your Pride, make you your Vassal's Slave;
Your Avarice, to lose all that you have:

Since you but talk of Lordſhips, Liberties,
Think, you can make free, grant, releaſe, demiſe;
Whilſt you are not enfranchis'd, or have Pow'r,
To be free of your own Free-Lands, one Hour;
Over your ſelf you have no Royalty,
Freedom, Command, Diſpoſal, Seigniory;
In Villanage to Gold, and Tyrant-Care,
Enſlaving Paſſions, and your ſervile Fear,
(In ſpight of Birth, Wealth, Pow'r) a Vaſſal are:
You, tho' you ride vaſt Circuits o'er your Land,
No Uſufruct have of it, or Command;
Since by your Wealth's, and your Command's Increaſe,
Your Pow'r o'er them, and your own ſelf, grows leſs;
Your Lording Paſſions your Free-Will controul,
Keep you their Priſ'ner, in your narrow Soul;
You no Lord are, but Steward of your Land,
To raiſe your Rents but cannot them command:
Then ſince a Steward, caſt up your Account
Once right, and ſee, to what your Stores amount;
And ſince you ſeem ſo much for Cyphering,
Number your Plagues, by Com your ſelf to bring,
To the juſt Computation of your Store,
You'll find, the more you have, you want the more;
Since your Deſires, more with your Stores increaſe,
You Poor, Rich, Proud Man, (as you muſt confeſs)
The more you have, have, for your own Uſe leſs;
Then a ſtrict Reck'ning with your own ſelf make;
Your own, let not your Avarice from you take,
The more you ſpare ſtill, but the more to lack:
Subtract your Hopes, and multiply your Fears;
Divide your precious Time, and add your Cares

At Foot of your Account, it will appear,
How much behind-hand with your ſelf you are,
And Heav'n; whoſe Bounty too you but abuſe,
Which of its Loans expects ſome Pious Uſe;
Whilſt you, that you are wrong'd by Fate believe,
And that you from it ne'er enough receive;
That Providence itſelf's your Debtor too,
And for you, does not what you merit do:
But when all's done, do more than you are wont,
With Heav'n, but once caſt up true your Account;
You'll find, that much is wanting to the Poor,
All to the Rich, who runs with Heav'n o'th' Score,
Repays it leſs, as his Debt's to it more;
Puts Providence off, to its utmoſt Day,
Tho' he for none ſtays, thinks that Heaven may:
But ſince in Wealth you place your Heaven here,
Think not of t'other, hope not to come there;
That is a Purchace Rich Men ſeldom make,
Who never their Live's laſt, or deareſt Stake
Can manage, but the more they ſcrape or get,
Are but more backward to pay Nature's Debt:
So that your Plenty grows your Miſery,
Which you does leſs, the more 'tis, ſatisfie,
Increaſing Av'rice, does fear Vanity;
Guilt, Want, thus of your Credit, or your Eaſe,
Becomes but your Deſires, Pains, Fears increaſe;
Your Stores are juſtly then your Shame, Fear, Grief,
Since too much, not enough for your Relief;
For ſince the more you have, the more you crave,
You needs muſt want more, but the more you have;
Then, if at more Wealth, Honour, you'd aſpire,
Your Store augment not, leſſen your Deſire;

Since he, who all Things wants, is not ſo Poor,
As he, who more he has, but wants the more;
The Miſer's Want ſo, ſhou'd be more his Shame,
As but more Voluntary, more his Blame;
For, Poor Mens Wants, or Miſeries, are none
Of their Faults, but their Fate's Faults are alone,
Whilſt the Rich Miſer's only are his own;
Who, in ſpight of Providence, or Fate,
Made, by his Thrift, in a more Wanting State,
So, for his Fortune, more Unfortunate;
Who, by his Thrift, ſhows his Diſhoneſty,
Who, the Uſe of, what he has, will deny,
To his own ſelf ſo, but moſt ſelfiſhly;
Refuſes his own ſelf, his own Relief,
By which, he is, (of all) the greateſt Thief;
For, as Self-Murther is the greateſt Crime,
Self-Fraud is ſure, the greateſt Sin in him.

To a Young Writer, *and* Critic, *who ſought His Reputation, by Writing againſt thoſe who writ before Him, ſaying,* He wou'd ſpare none.

You were a Critic, e'er you were a Wit,
More for Ill Nature, than Good Senſe, thought fit,
(Your eaſieſt Way) to lay your Claim to it;
Since 'tis, (we know) leſs difficult, young Friend!
To find out others Faults, than ours to mend;

Thus,

Thus false Wits, as false Braves, at Honour aim,
Not by their Merit, but another's Shame,
And get Praise only, by all others Blame;
So you, the Faults of all ill Scribblers show,
By worse of yours, as fearful Mimics, who,
Become themselves, but more Ridiculous,
That other Men, they may but more expose;
As Criminals, their Brethrens Faults make known,
But to 'scape Condemnation, for their own;
And the worst Witnesses against 'em, are,
As in their Crime, they had the greater share,
And they themselves, just Condemnation fear;
Then, if you would a good Example show,
To all ill Writers, prove your own Wit, you,
Shou'd write yet less, to make them do so too;
But you (perhaps,) with ill Examples seek,
Rather than good, your Brethrens Faults to check;
Since ill Deeds, sham'd with worse, make Men refrain
From them, more than all good Instructions can;
Dull Reprehensions yet, (but often times)
Confirm Men rather in, than mend their Crimes;
And turn what they design another's Blame,
Into their own Disgrace, Confusion, Shame;
You more disgrac'd so, by your Satyr are,
By which you show, you'll no ill Writer spare,
For, had you e'er meant to spare any one,
Your self in Print sure, you had never shown.

Y

In

In Praise of Healthful, Free, and Careless Poverty; *which is but* Man's Want *from His* Avarice, *His* Shame *but from His* Pride.

A SONG.

I.

HERE, nothing to Desire, Hope, or Admire,
Is the best Means to perfect Happiness;
Since that the more Men here Admire, Require,
Their Wonder, Want, with more, will more increase:

II.

He, who less Craves, or Hopes, has less to Fear,
We with our Stores, Hopes, Cares, or Fears augment;
Then Want is Ease, lessning Vain Hope, Fear, Care,
Since Fortune's Gifts take from us our Content:

III.

Poverty, which secures Man's Life in War,
And proves his Justice, both in War, and Peace;
Which makes him more to Hope, as more to Dare,
Becomes his Honour, more than his Disgrace:

IV.

None can be term'd more miserably Poor,
Than he, who thinks enough, he never has;
Nor can be thought Rich, who still covets more,
And is, the more he has, but less at Ease:

V.

Then his Want is, moſt ſhameful Poverty,
Which is, the leaſt ſtill to be ſatisfy'd;
Since by that, which ſhou'd more his Wants ſupply,
His Satisfaction is but more deny'd:

VI.

From Surfeits of our Superfluity,
The Pleaſure, and the Taſte of it, we loſe;
Till Pleaſure, Satisfaction does deny,
And the Support of Life, its Burthen grows:

VII.

He then, who well the Race of Life wou'd run,
More than Vain Men, wou'd for his Honour do;
Shou'd Gold, that Lumber of his Life, lay down,
Life's heavy Way, the better to go thro';

VIII.

Leſt that, which his *Viaticum*, was meant,
Shou'd turn o'th' Road of Life, his Hinderance;
And his Advancement ſhou'd but more prevent,
As more, his Glory's Progreſs, he'd advance;

IX.

Leſt, like the Horſe, o'er-laden in the Mire,
He's made, by his own Provender, lie down;
And him, his Life's Proviſion, more ſhou'd tire,
Which was meant for his Aid, to help him on:

X.

X.

Then no Man is so miserably Poor,
As the Rich Miser, who wants what he has;
Nay who, the more he has, but wants the more,
Whose Want, since his Fault, is more his Disgrace;

XI.

But Want itself its own Relief will grow,
Like Hunger, but the more it grows extreme;
Does all for Poor Men, Wealth itself can do,
Lessens their Sense of Wants, increasing them;

XII.

Since them we best by bearing undergo,
Which, as grown more, are felt by Custom less;
Our Wants then so, their own Relief may grow,
Whilst Store is Want, which Av'rice does increase;

XIII.

Then Wise and Happy sure at once is he,
Who ne'r wou'd crave Insatiate Happiness;
Whom his ill Chance, from all Vain Hopes does free,
Till his Want, puts him by Despair, at Ease;

XIV.

Till he's above the Pow'r of Destiny,
By being for his Ease, so Low, so Poor,
That he can never fear more Misery,
Nor have less Hopes, whose Wants, Fears, can't be more;

XV.

For, by the Cuſtom of our Want, we grow,
But much more truly ſatisfi'd with leſs;
Our Want, is both our Eaſe, Peace, Honour ſo;
Since 'tis Content, not Wealth, gives Happineſs.

XVI.

And ſince Content's leſs, as our Store is more,
Which as more, does more our Deſires increaſe;
Then ſure, but as the leſs is ſtill our Store,
More is our Honour, Eaſe, and Happineſs.

A Panegyric, *on* QUIBLING; *to the, that way, Ingenious Mr.* Swan.

HERE, Enſign *Swan!* in Sign of my Wit now,
I'll do what's hardeſt for True Wit to do;
To wit, to write, in Praiſe of yours, like you;
I'll write the Praiſe of your Wit, in your Stile;
Show yours more, making mine to yours a Foil;
Since we can ſhow to no Wits more Eſteem,
Than in our imitating theirs and them;
And giving to their Wit, impartial Praiſe,
Tho' by it, our own Judgment we diſgrace,
And our Senſe, in exalting theirs, debaſe;
So, tho' my Praiſing your Wit, be no Sign
Of ſhowing any to the World of mine;

My

My Goose-Quill shall raise to the Skies, my Swan,
Tho' some think me a Goose, but for my Pain;
I'll write your Sham-Praise, tho' it grows my Shame,
Tho' your Wit's Commendation were my Blame;
Since if Praise, to your wrong Sense does belong,
For Quibling, right Sense in your Praise, were wrong;
And true Wit, false Sense, praising yours, wou'd grow;
Then Reason without Sense, to yours I do
Credit your Quibling, Quibling worse than you;
Whose Wit, (as 'tis ingeniously confest)
By all, if 'twere more, wou'd be less a Jest:
But thine sure is the Fashionable Wit;
Since Courts, which true Wit hate, will practise it;
Where Proud and Great Men, Common Sense despise;
And false things, more still than the true ones prize;
Always run down their Foe, true, currant Wit,
But Quibling love because a Counterfeit,
Their Fortune's make, who happiest are in it;
As if, like Bastard Children, Bastard Sense,
To good Luck had, more than he true, Pretence;
Then Quibling is most Wit, as it is least,
Since by it Men are made still happiest;
And by it are as often made, (you'll own)
At Court, as most by true Wit there undone;
Where all, who prove most happy in true Wit,
Least happy in their Fortunes are for it:
Then since true Sense brings Men to Beggary,
Quibling, to live in Courts more happily,
Sure Quibling is more Ingenuity;
And since in Courts, all Counterfeits live best,
Where true Wit, as all true things, is opprest;
Having most Reason, has done to it least;

False

False Sense, as false Faith, proves it itself true Wit,
Which, as more false, has more Friends true to it;
Since great State-Quiblers have more Reason done
To Men's Parts, as they've less, more Favour shown
To them, as they are liker to their own;
So false Wit (Friend *Swan!*) as false Dice will too,
At Court, as most (by Great Examples know)
Support those, whom the true wou'd but undo;
Then Quibling is the happiest sort of Wit,
Since Men undone by th' true, are made by it;
Whence you, with Words, *Swan!* as a Gamester play,
To make the most at least, of what you say;
And if that Wit for best and most may pass,
As it in fewest Words, most Meaning has;
Your Wit shou'd then sure for the greatest go,
Since that the true Wit's Jest, or Wit (we know)
One only Meaning has, whilst yours has two;
So, whilst the best Wit's Jests, like Mortals make,
Such as, most Mean Sense, can their Meaning take,
In Oracles, like Heathen Gods, you speak;
Whose Mystic Meaning, often when you wou'd
Go for most knowing, least is understood;
Yet 'tis confest, thou art the truer Wit,
Since ne'r the better in thy Purse for it,
For much Wit, with much Wealth, was ne'r seen yet;
So you, *Swan!* (though an Arch-Bird with your Jest)
With your Wit ne'r, *Swan!* feather'd your own Nest;
Yet tho' you have no Livings, or no Lands,
Have your Means sure to live, in your own Hands;
Who tho', *Swan!* you ne'r div'd in *Helicon*,
Have, for a Dabler still in Wit, been known,

But

But never yet your Ingenuity,
In queſtion call'd, by Starving Poetry;
For, tho' you, *Swan!* a Wit, as 'twere, have been,
To him of *Mantua*, yet ſcarce of Kin;
Tho' Quibblers, Wits, Birds of a Feather are,
As Gooſe, and Swan, ſomething alike appear.

A Song: *To a* City-Friend, (*a* Rich Banker,) *who offer'd His Poor Friend to lend him Money, or to give him Wine, or any thing to make him Merry.*

I.

YOU cannot nobly of Court complain,
'TIS Wine, much more than Gold, can make us Bleſt,
Then my Good-Friend! to chear me, give me ſtore;
Not of thy Banker's, but thy *Florence* Cheſt,
Which Want of Coin, and Senſe, ſupplies yet more:

II.

Which makes us Free, nay Happy, without Gold,
Us, without Pride too, more does Elevate;
Makes Liars ſpeak True, ſneaking Cowards Bold,
And Beggars High-flown, in the loweſt State:

III.

'Tis that, makes of a Slave, a Lord, or Prince,
A Lover, leſs a Sot, by Drinking too;
And Empty Fools, all one, with Men of Senſe,
True Freinds of Falſe, a Kind Friend of a Foe:

IV.

IV.

Then when, with Wine, you Sorrow from us take,
You, without Gold, of your Free-heart, give Proof;
Since, but more Coin we have, the more we lack,
The Poor, or Rich, drunk, own they have enough.

To a Witty Man *of* Wealth *and* Quality; *who, after his Diſmiſſal from Court, ſaid,* He might juſtly complain of it.

You cannot juſtly of the Court complain,
Who, by Loſs of your Place, your Freedom gain;
Who love your Liberty (as you ſay,) more,
Than either Titles, Honours, Wealth, or Pow'r;
Then are you Honour'd, by your Court-Diſgrace,
Which turn'd you but out of a Servile Place;
Where you a Bond-ſlave to your Paſſions were,
Your Pride, Revenge, Luſt, Avarice, or Fear,
There favour'd moſt, ſince no more Suffer'd there;
Since the beſt Grace a Good Man there can have,
Is to be made a Free-Man of a Slave;
Pow'r o'er himſelf, not others there to gain,
By being made more Great ſtill, as leſs Vain;
Since Titles, Honours, grow his Infamy,
Who them muſt buy, with Guilt, or Slavery,
And gain Commands, by Loſs of Liberty;

So

So more his Shame, must dear-bought Honour grow,
But as he more does for it, give, or ow;
And for it, he can give no Prize so high,
As are his Virtue, Faith, or Liberty;
Nor for Court-Grants, can give so great a Rate,
As he, who for 'em, leaves a good Estate,
Leaves great Commands, on others but to wait;
The best Command that any Man can have,
Over his Passions, to be less a Slave,
The less he does, of Wealth, Pow'r, Honour, crave;
To which Command, the Great, with Wealth, or Pow'r,
Attain but less, as they of both have more;
Which is, the Greater Pow'r, and Nobler yet,
As harder for the Rich, and Great, to get;
Is more, as Man with less is satisfied,
Since our own Satisfactions are deny'd,
More by our selves, as more's our Lust, or Pride;
If Av'rice, Pride, increase with Wealth or Pow'r,
Great Minds, by their Increase, are lessen'd more;
Whence, to be truly Great, or Rich, and Wise,
Fame, Wealth, Pow'r, none shou'd covet, but despise;
Wherefore 'tis said, a Man from Court shou'd go,
To go for Wise, Just, Honourable too;
Whose Scorn of Honours, Honour to him does,
Till his Humility his Glory grows,
Whilst his Vain-Glory wou'd True Honour lose;
Since all Court-Honours, which, with Titles raise
Men to more Pride, their Virtue more debase,
To make Court-Favour grow their worst Disgrace;
Whilst Love of Liberty, Contempt of Pow'r,
Less'ning Pride, Av'rice, make Man's Honour grow,

Above the World, raiſing the Humble Mind,
Make Man more Free, as more his Aims confin'd
By Reaſon are; which curbs his Paſſions ſtill,
And makes him, to his Fate, ſubject his Will,
Spight of his Fate, his Pleaſure to fulfil;
To make him, by his Patience, and Content,
Sure of his Good Chance, and his Bad prevent;
To diſappoint all Envy, and Diſgrace,
More to his Honour, to ſcorn Wealth, Pow'r, Praiſe;
Since Men deſerve leſs Fortune, Pow'r, or Fame,
But as more vainly, they to more lay Claim;
Then, he deſerves them moſt, who ſcorns them moſt,
Which moſt, but by Mens ſeeking them, are loſt;
A Court-Diſgrace, is no Man's Loſs or Shame,
Till 'tis, for his ill bearing it, his Blame;
Till it his Trouble, or Reſentment grows,
And he, for it, his Loſs of Temper ſhows;
Court-Baniſhment, is but our Change of Place,
Which oft we do, for Pleaſure, Choice, or Eaſe;
'Tis Change of Air, of Life, of Company,
Which pleaſes more, as done more willingly,
And out of our Love of Variety;
So that a Court-Diſmiſſal to your Eaſe,
Is leſs your Baniſhment, than your Releaſe;
With you ſhou'd, as with Honeſt Wiſe Men, paſs,
But rather for your Honour, than Diſgrace,
Since Crimes muſt gain, and keep at Court a Place;
And ſtill, the Honeſteſt, as Wiſeſt ſort
Of Men, chuſe or diſmiſs themſelves from Court;
The Court has then, more gracious to you been,
Putting you out, than when it took you in;

Since ſure, the greateſt Obligation ſtill,
Is that, that's done a Man againſt his Will;
Which ſpares the Lazy, Proud, yet Baſhful Wit,
The Trouble, Pains, or Shame of asking it.

Upon a Lark's *Singing in the Air, and follow'd by his Mate, given by* Celia *to her Lover, (whilſt She was walking with Him in the Fields) for a Subject to Write upon.*

THE Feather'd Songſter, like all Bards, (we find)
Sings more, as more he flies from all Mankind;
So like Men, to the World, and Vulgar Sights,
Seems leſs, but as the higher are his Flights;
Does on the Ground too, like the Poet lie,
But in his Singing never to riſe high;
Who but the more out of our Sight he goes,
Still, like his Notes, more high and chearful grows;
Riſes as much ſtill, with his Notes, as Wings,
The more out of our Sight, the more he Sings;
And ſtill the more he gets above each Cloud,
The Feather'd Poet's fartheſt from his Food;
High-flying Bards, (ſo may we ſtill obſerve)
For their High-Flights, are nearer ſtill to ſtarve;
Who, but the more above the World they ſoar,
Will mind it leſs ſtill, as their Singing more;
So, the more high the High-flown Songſters go,
And the leſs they ſeem to the World below,
The World ſeems leſs to them, above it too:

Let the ſmall Soaring Songſter's Courſe be mine,
Whoſe Flights like his, to th' open Air incline,
Who nought but Pleaſure by my Flights deſign;
More high to have them, more low wou'd I lie,
And when I from the World am forc'd to flie,
Upwards, like him, I'd do it chearfully;
Eſpecially, if follow'd by Thee too,
For then my Flight ev'n Heaven wou'd to me grow;
Who, like the Lark, ne'r ſing, or flie from Thee,
But to make Thee, (my Mate) to follow Me.

To a Pretty Young Woman, *who opening Oiſters ſaid,* She wou'd open for Her, and Me too; ſince 'twas for her Pleaſure. *A* Song.

I.

'TIS true, thou't open for us both;
Since Oiſters, which thou giv'ſt to me,
Shall fill thy Belly, thro' my Mouth,
By me be ſwallow'd, but for thee;

II.

Thus op'ning Oiſters for me, you
Say true, that for your Pleaſure 'tis;
Since that which down my Throat does go,
But more to fill your Belly is;

III.

III.

If a good Op'ner you wou'd be,
Wou'd pleaſe your ſelf, eaſe me of Pain;
Open your Legs, not Shells for me,
Your Oiſters ſhall be yours again:

IV.

Venus, that Fiſh-Wife yet afore,
Who, ſome ſay, from the Sea, did ſpring,
Cou'd never raiſe Men's Vigour more,
With Oiſters, or her own Old-Ling:

V.

In fine, my precious Oiſter-Girl!
Whoſe ſtinking Ware makes Love abound,
Thy Teeth are the moſt precious Pearl,
I e'er in op'ning Oiſters found;

VI.

Thy Juicy, Salt Commodity,
With thee makes Young and Old to deal;
Which you muſt part with ſuddenly,
Leſt kept too long, not fit for Sale;

VII.

VII.

Leſt, like dry ſtinking Oiſters too,
From keeping long, you loſe your Juice,
And Mouths, which water'd once for you,
For Want of Moiſture, thee refuſe.

To a Lawyer's *Fine Daughter, who ſaid,* A Love-Suit, like a Law-Suit, was juſtly loſt, by Non-Appearance, and Non-Claim.

YOU did my Motion to be heard, forbid,
Yet me, for want of Moving, non-ſuited;
You ſay, by bold Claims you, like Heav'n, are loſt,
That he who fears and trembles, merits moſt;
That you, as Heav'n, Men by Preſumption loſe,
You, your Bleſt, by their Self-denials chuſe;
That they their Merit loſe, of Faith and Love,
When they Love's Joys to be their Due wou'd prove;
As Beggars bold, who rather claim than ſue,
Forfeit that Pity, which were elſe their Due;
Then I, ſince thee, not as my Right, I crave,
Shou'd thee ſure, as my Right, in Juſtice have;
For as Love's Plea of *Quantum meruit*, ſhou'd
To Love's Complainant be the leſs allow'd,
The more he on his Faith and Merit ſtood;
My Merit me ſhou'd of my Right deprive,
If by it, I wou'd claim, what you ſhou'd give;

Righting

Righting my ſelf, I Wrong ſhou'd to you do,
Rob you o'th' Gift, and Obligation too;
But ſince I do not boldly to thee ſue,
Nor claim thy Heart, by my Love, as it's Due,
My Non-claim, thou ſhoud'ſt think, my Right to thee,
And no Default in my Love's Suit, to be;
Since Paſſion moſt, does Men of Speech deprive,
My Silence, for my Love's beſt Plea, receive;
Ceaſing your Trouble, you ſhou'd think Reſpect,
My Abſence, my due Diſtance, not Neglect;
Tho' to your Summons, I did not appear,
You can't condemn the Cauſe you wou'd not hear;
A Hearing to all Suitors, by all Laws,
Is ſtill allow'd, e'er they diſmiſs the Cauſe;
Therefore, if juſtly you'd condemn me, you
A Hearing to me, ſhou'd at leaſt allow;
Your Father's Counſel do not only take,
Who can a Good Cauſe of a Bad One make;
If him you hear againſt me, (as your do,)
You ſhou'd, in Common-Juſtice, hear me too,
Since hearing One Side only, ſurely you
Were more unjuſt; your Father hear not, pray,
Without your hearing too, what I can ſay;
Since that your Father's Practice ſtill has been,
Suits to Delay, he is conſulted in,
Let Love, not him, conſulted be by you,
That you, my Buſineſs, yours I beſt may do;
Since Love is but like Juſtice too, (we find,)
More to diſpatching of all Suits inclin'd,
But as leſs Mercenary, and more Blind.

To

To a Mistress, The Worst Way insatiable; *who yet said,* She car'd not for Money, or Presents, but as they were greater Proofs of Her Gallant's Love.

SAY not, my Love, I do not to thee prove,
Because I give thee nothing for thy Love;
That thou most undervalued art by me,
Because, I ne'er a Bargain made for thee;
I ne'er ('tis true,) prophan'd thy Love with Hire,
Because, bought Slaves, and Beggars, none admire;
I, like a Deity, have treated thee,
Pray'rs, Tears, Vows, Faith, thou long hast had from me,
Honour, Devotion, Adoration too,
Which more my Love does, than my Money shew;
Money, but Love's Disparagement wou'd prove,
I gave thee nothing, more to prove my Love;
Who, by my Gifts, shou'd undervalue thee,
To think thou, but for Pay, wou'dst only be
A willing, and a grateful Friend to me;
So, but for prizing thee more, (I confess,)
And to make more of thee, I give thee less;
If Love be, what most think, a Thing Divine,
'Twere Sacrilege to purchase it with Coin;
I Bribe you less, to do you Justice more,
Make you no Presents, on your Honour's Score,
Since 'tis Base Hire, not Free Love, makes the Whore;

And,

And she's a Queen, who only does require
Our Duty, but a Quean, who loves for Hire;
So her, whom we pay least, we most admire;
My Love, and Honour, for you, then I prove,
But more, as less I proffer for your Love;
Which, but because I think a Heavenly Thing,
Shou'd not, by Sacrilegious Bartering,
Be gain'd; but by Faith, Pray'r, and Charity,
Not by Prophane Bribes, or Love-Simony,
Since Men still forfeit Blessings, they wou'd buy;
For Faith in Love, as in Religion too,
Less True does, as more Mercenary show,
Does Sacrilege of True Devotion grow;
And shou'd provoke those Jealous Deities,
Whom we wou'd gain, by Hire, call'd Sacrifice;
For Love, like Honour, and Religion, so,
By Mercenary Vows, and Good Works too,
Is lessen'd, when we Traders for it grow;
Then, since I'd more still your Admirer be,
I'd not buy thy Heart, to give mine from thee,
To such, as of their Flesh wou'd be more free;
Like paying for the Box, to pay for Love,
Less Gamesome makes, Love's venturing Pusher prove;
You spoil your Eager Lover's Fancy so,
Dunning him, for your Chink still, in his Throw,
To make him leave off Playing more with you;
For what he'd freely give, when he had done,
If he might Push you, without Dunning on,
Since Dunning for the Slit, in Love, as Play,
Will, the Free Pusher's Fancy, take away,
Then for your Pleasure, let none for it Pay;

Nay, for your Honour, as your Pleasure too,
Be free to Friends, to make 'em so to you;
Since that your Hand's Insatiability,
Is much more, than your Lust's your Infamy;
Your great Demands, but their own Selves deny;
Both Ways requiring more than Men can do,
But the less able sure to make 'em so,
Either, to satisfie themselves, or you;
So you refuse Men, most Immodestly,
But that, your Kindness, they may dearer buy,
Are Chast so, from Insensibility.

A Song: *To one, who ask'd Her Lover*, What Feature, or Part of Her, He lov'd best? *She being all together Handsome, but in no particular Part so.*

I.

ALL over, I'm in Love with thee,
As thou, all over, Lovely art,
No Part of thee, but pleases me,
Except thy proud, ungentle Heart;

II.

I can't say, 'tis thy Lip, or Eye,
Or this, or that peculiar Grace,
But I, for all together Die,
Which make up thy Dear Killing-Face;

III.

Your Beauty's Glory's evident,
Tho' where it is, we cannot say;
Thus, unseen Stars i' th' Element,
Together, make the Milky-Way;

IV.

So numerous your Graces are,
In all Parts Beauty so does shine;
Our Eyes distracted, can't tell where,
Or Love, to one Part can confine;

V.

For him, who loves your Eyes alone,
A kind Look only shou'd be his;
And he, whose Lips but dwell upon
The Praise of yours, shou'd miss their Kiss;

VI.

But thee thus I love, and esteem,
Admire alike each Lovely Part,
That I no Diff'rence find in them,
But to them all, give all my Heart;

VII.

Him to the Heart Love ne'er did strike,
Who cou'd tell, what 'twas made his Wound,
Or can say what 'tis, he does like,
For Mad in Love, will e'er be found.

III.

To a Coy, Cruel Miſtreſs, *who yet did forbid her* Lover *to Complain of Her, or to Her; ſaying,* A Lover's Silence was his firſt and laſt beſt Proof of his Love and Reſpect.

WHY cauſe my Trouble, yet forbid my Grief?
Since to cry out in Pain, is ſome Relief;
Blocks weep i'th' Fire, and hunted Boards will groan,
Why give me Pain, and yet forbid my Moan?
Why me ſtill in Love's Flames your Martyr keep?
And yet forbid me to complain, or weep;
Ev'n Oak, i'th' Fire, as ſtubborn as it is,
Will weep, will ſigh, will ſhe, will groan, or hiſs;
Why wou'd you have my Heart of Oak for you
Burn out, yet of Love's Flame no Senſe to ſhow;
Since Flames have Pow'r, by Virtue of their Heat,
To give ſome Senſe to things inanimate;
Why wou'd you have us in your Flames to lie?
Without ſome Proof of Senſibility;
Me yet, you doubly cruel, will ordain
To ſuffer, yet not to you to complain,
But ſilently muſt undergo my Pain;
So like a cruel Thief with me you do,
You rob me of my Freedom, gag me too,
Will neither kill me quite, nor let me go,
Yet, if without a Hearing I muſt be
O cruel Princeſs! thus condemn'd by thee,

The Privilege of all Condemn'd I pray,
That e'er I hang my self for Love, I may
Procure but of you to hear what I say;
Complains in Love, as in the Gout, give Ease,
Since you'll not free my Heart, my Tongue release;
I've worn your Fetters willingly thus long,
But wou'd not have you put 'em on my Tongue;
Since 'tis, (at least, as we think) Ease to Pain,
Only to have Leave of it to complain;
Me, to condemn me justly, shou'd you hear,
Least you your self most guilty shou'd declare,
Of taking most unjustly, before Death,
From me, without a Hearing, so, my Breath;
If that my Mouth or Tongue, with yours you wou'd
Fain stop, I am contented that you shou'd;
Then without more Words, I'd acknowledge, you,
To me, nay my Love, wou'd more Reason do;
But if that me you still will keep in Pain,
Yet not permit me to you to complain,
But make me sue for Justice, still in vain;
Justice by Force, I to my self must do,
And to my Love, by forcing yours, and you,
Against your Will, to do your Pleasure so;
Then willingly, I'd by my Silence prove,
To you the Faith, and Honour of my Love,
Thee to thine, not by Words, but Action move.

To a Little, Crooked Woman, *with a Good Face and Eyes, tho' with a Bunch before, and behind.*

YOUR Eyes are Quivers of Love's killing Darts,
To ſhoot, thro' Lovers Eyes, into their Hearts;
Tho', like an *Amazon*, your ſelf you prove,
Both by your Back and Breaſt, a Foe to Love;
Which are at once your Honour's Guard, and Proof,
Since by them, you make Lovers to keep off;
You, as your Eyes are Love's Darts, ſeem his Bow;
Who, like it, bowing, Execution do;
Your Crookedneſs, then is your Praiſe, not Shame,
Since that your Back and Breaſt ſecure your Fame;
Becauſe your Crooked Back does lie ſo high,
That to your Belly there's no coming nigh,
Which, as your Back's more low, more high does lie;
You then all Breaſt, all Shoulders, and all Head,
To be Love's Term or Limit may be ſaid,
By which our Love-Proceedings are forbidden;
You, becauſe Saddled, never will be Ridden;
Since Nature on your Face ſuch Art beſtow'd,
She leſs has to your other Parts allow'd;
Limners in little ſo, ſhow ſo much Art
Upon the Face, they lame each other Part;
Thy curious Limner, Nature thus, (we find)
The Beauties of thy Face did ſo much mind,
Her Care of one, made t'other worſe deſign'd.

A Song. *To one, who thought to get His* Mistress *by Scribling to Her; tho' refus'd by Her, after Fighting for Her, and being Wounded.*

I.

IF shedding neither Tears, or Blood,
Can on her Hard-Heart, e'er prevail,
Thy shedding Ink will do no good,
In Love, thy Reason thee will fail;
Since Nonsense is the Proof of Love,
Reason in Love, wou'd Folly prove;

II.

Against you, were your Sense, or Wit,
In Love intended, for your Aid;
Since Reason ne'er rul'd Woman yet,
Your Sense will her, from Love dissuade;
Thy Reason will, but Reason be,
For yielding not, to that, or thee;

III.

Since she, her Lover wou'd controul,
She wisely shuns the Man of Wit;
To be still Mistress of the Fool,
To be his Wife, she does submit;
Who, but i'th' Act of Love, does claim,
To be Superiour, to his Dame;

IV.

IV.

To tickle her then, as you shou'd,
But with a Feather, never think;
To cure Love's Tetter, little good
Is there sure, to be done with Ink;
By Wine then, not with Ink essay,
Love's Itch to cure, or drive away;

V.

But cease, by Wit, or Poetry,
Truth of thy Passion, to disprove,
Thy Wit must give thy Love the Lie,
Since Nonsense is the Proof of Love;
Thy True Sense, thy True Love denies,
None can, at once Love, and be Wise.

To a Fine Singer, *who had gotten a* Cold; *and, whose* Lover *endeavour'd to stop Her* Tongue *in Her* Mouth *with His, to save Her* Honour, *(as He call'd it.)*

III.

YOUR Coldness to me, by your Cold, is now
Repay'd you, which has justly silenc'd you;
Makes it as tedious to me, thee to hear,
As to thee 'twas, to lend to me your Ear;

Dumb

Dumb are you made, for making me ſo too,
When Love I wou'd have made, or ſung to you,
Your Shame, as mine now, your Denials grow;
For ſpeaking to me then, ſo roughly ſtill,
Your Voice is now grown Harſh, againſt your Will;
And you now, full as glad, as I wou'd be,
That you cou'd ſpeak more tenderly to me;
Yet, 'tis but juſt, for thy late Crying-out,
That thy Cold now, ſhou'd ſtop thy Screaming Throat;
But you ſhou'd, now ſure, not cry out for Shame,
Since 'tis moſt Shame, to the Good Voice to Scream;
Then for your Honour, you ſhou'd hear me now,
Since your Diſcredit leſs ſure, wou'd it grow,
To hear me now, than to be heard by me,
Which, much more now, your Shame ſure ought to be;
Thy Screaming Throat, let me ſtop with my Tongue,
(Which wou'd, but leſs, thy Fame, or Honour wrong,)
Thy Voice ſhall have more Honour, by my Song;
For, ſince thy Screaming Tongue, thy Shame is grown,
Which cannot in thy Mouth, lie ſtill alone,
It, in thy Mouth, I, for thy Honour, will
Stop, till it gives more Pleaſure, lying ſtill;
To make thy Tongue, with Silence, charm me more,
Than e'er it did, by Singing, yet before;
Let me, with my Tongue in thy Mouth, hold thine,
Elſewhere hereafter, I will hold full mine;
Your Honour, by my Tongue, you wou'd not loſe,
Which won'd not let you it, by yours expoſe;
Then holding both our Tongues ſtill, yours may prove
Much more your Wit, as mine too more my Love,
Both lying ſtill, both to more Pleaſure move.

To CELIA; *Who said*, Jealousie was the Contradiction of Love, instead of the Proof of it; and, that no Man cou'd love a Woman well, of whom he thought ill.

WITH me, Dear *Celia*, do not thou find fau't,
For Jealousie, by which, I've only thought
Worse of my self, as better still of thee,
Who think thee but too great a Good, to be
Engross'd still, by so mean a Wretch as me;
Who, but less shou'd, my Value for you prove,
To think I were the sole, who thee cou'd Love,
Or th' only, who cou'd thee, to Liking move;
Since my Love, more sure, wou'd wrong thine, and thee,
To think, none else cou'd Love thee well, but me;
And if that others Love you, as I do,
Unjust, Ungrateful, must I think you too,
Not to return them, your Love, and Esteem,
Which, since they paid you theirs, is due to them;
Forgive then, for my Love, my Jealousie,
That it may be, but its own Remedy;
Since its own Cure, my Jealousie wou'd prove;
For, cou'd I think, you cou'd another Love,
My Passion, but of Rage then, wou'd it move;
So wou'd my Thoughts of your damn'd Treachery,
Cure me of my Love, Faith, and Jealousie;
Then take my Jealousie not ill of me,
Because, thou say'st, it does Dishonour thee;

Which, I ſay, does but more thy Honour prove,
As it does more, for thee too, my true Love;
My Fear for you, my Love for you does ſhow,
Who love you beſt, as worſe I think of you;
Who think there are none, who your Beauty ſee,
But muſt your Lovers and Admirers be,
And muſt be worthier of you, than me;
For as my Love, and Admiration too,
Is much more for your Virtues, Charms, and You,
Than any other Lover's that I know;
And does my Value for you more increaſe,
It makes mine, in my own Opinion, leſs;
I right your Fame ſo, by my Jealouſie,
To that, or you ſo, do not Injury;
But by that, rather Juſtice to you do,
To your Love, Beauty, Senſe, and Virtue too,
As of you, them, I ſtill more jealous grow;
Who ſhow thee, by my Jealouſie of thee,
I think thee no Bad Woman ſure to be,
Only to be but too, too Good for me;
For cou'd I all Good Thoughts of thee give o'er,
Of thee then ſhou'd I not think any more;
But if (my Dear) my Kind Diſtruſt of you,
Be my Fault, 'tis ſure its own Penance too;
For, as Intoxication 'tis of Love,
Like Drunkeneſs, 'twill its own Penance prove;
Let me be jealous, for my Jealouſie,
By which you can't be plagu'd or ſham'd, but I;
Which does my Good, not Bad Thoughts of you ſhow,
That you too Good are for me, does avow,
So rather credits, than diſhonours you;

I, but from more Love, am more jealous ſtill,
For thinking of you well, of my ſelf ill;
Who, did I now not think thus ill of you,
Cou'd now not love you, ſo well as I do;
But by my Bad Thoughts of you, cou'd not prove,
So much, my Good Will to you, or True Love;
Then I, to think worſe of you, but appear,
As you, but more my Beſt Thoughts always are;
Since, hadſt thou not been ill thought of by me,
I never more, ſure, ſhou'd have thought of thee.

In the Name of a Witty, Poor Man, *to a* Proud, Rich Coxcomb, *who upbraided Him with His Want or Poverty; ſaying,* There was a great deal of Difference between 'em.

THAT there betwixt us, is great Diff'rence, I,
Acknowledge (for my Credit) willingly;
I poor, by Chance am, but by Nature you,
You require more, I leſs, ſo leſs Want know;
I'm now worth nothing, thou wert always ſo;
Whoſe Avarice increaſes with thy Store,
I, by Worſe Fortune, cannot be more Poor;
Since I can grant my ſelf to crave no more,
Than my Deſire in my own Pow'r to have,
So craving nothing, I have all I crave;
Since all a Man can have, is but Content;
Which more Wealth leſs does give you, than prevent;
I'd rather have an empty Purſe, than Scull,
Since both together, are found ſeldom full;

I'm

I'm proud, that me for Friend no Proud Fools own;
Nor Rich Knaves of the Cheating Court, or Town;
Since Men, are by Friends and Companions known;
Thy Greatneſs ſhows more thy Mind's Littleneſs,
Since, as 'tis more, thy Satisfaction's leſs;
But leſs, (to make mine more) I ſcorn to grow,
My Happineſs, but to my ſelf, will ow,
Be pleas'd ſtill, whether Fate be pleas'd, or no;
You, but for your full Coffers, crave Renown,
I Men's Eſteem, but for an empty'd one;
Empty'd by Mercy, Truſt, Munificence,
As thine, by Rapine fill'd, and Diffidence,
By ſecret Fraud, or open Violence;
Thou, by thy Splendid, New-built Houſe art known,
I by my Worn-out, and an Ancient One;
Such Diff'rence is there betwixt thee and me,
Thee for no Wealth, or Title, wou'd I be;
But ſcorn both, which wou'd make me like thee, Vain,
Or Covetous, to make me the worſe Man;
To have, the more I gain, for my Uſe leſs,
Since Avarice, does with our Stores increaſe;
You Honour crave, for giving it your ſelf,
From your ill-gain'd Good Name, your ill-ſav'd Pelf;
Which ought to be your Forfeiture of them,
Rather than Means to get the World's Eſteem;
I Honour, but for ſcorning it, wou'd have,
For Fame, or Gold, I ſought not, but I gave;
For Coin or Blood I freely ſpent, and loſt,
And wou'd not ſave more, to my Honour's Coſt;
Or poorly either ſeek, like thee, but more,
To ſhow my ſelf in Purſe, or Spirit Poor;

You,

You, by your Pride, ſeek Fame inglorioufly,
By your vain Height, more to your Infamy,
I, Men's Eſteem, by my Humility;
You, from ill-gotten Wealth, ſeek much more Pow'r,
Which, o'er my ſelf, my Want does give me more;
More Freedom, Credit, Government, or Sway,
As my Will more does that of Heav'n obey;
Since our Deſires, to our ſelves to deny,
Is greater, than 'tis them to ſatisfie;
Is greater, as the harder 'tis to do,
And hard Achievements moſt our Honour grow;
So we True Honour have, and Happineſs,
Not for our having more, but wanting leſs;
On Fortune's Alms, poor, craving Rich Men live,
But he, who to himſelf Content can give,
In ſpight of Wealth, his Wants can beſt relieve;
Which Content, is more honourably gain'd,
As by Himſelf, in ſpight of Fate, obtain'd;
Whilſt others, for their Wealth, or Pow'r they get,
Muſt be to thoſe, they fear, or hate, in Debt;
That's to the Great, Rich, and Inſulting Proud,
Made Slaves by Bad Luck, Tyrants by the Good;
But he, who Want can honourably bear,
Is out of Shame and Need, ſince out of Fear
Of emulating Enemies, or Fate;
So, for his Ill Luck, is more Fortunate,
And left by Friends, keeps more his Pow'r and State,
By keeping in his Solitude, but more
His Diſtance with the World, than yet afore,
As more out of it, more in his own Pow'r;

Who

Who can his Wants, beſt by his Wants ſupply,
His Virtue make of his Neceſſity,
Grant himſelf all, he does himſelf deny;
In ſpight of Ill Chance, to be happy ſtill,
To live in Want, Chains free, by his Free-Will;
Who, ſince he makes none fear him, none does fear,
Whoſe Want is leaſt felt, as he moſt does bear;
Since our Life's Burthens, like Beaſt's Burthens, ſo,
From our Unquietneſs, to bear 'em too,
But more our Pains, and our Oppreſſions, grow;
He makes his Want, to his Advantage turn,
By whom, as more from Uſe, 'tis better born;
Makes his beſt Uſe of his Neceſſity,
Which him, with Force, Wit, Patience, does ſupply,
To make his Want, his All-ſufficiency.

Too much Love too little. A SONG *to* Celia; *afraid Her Lover ſhou'd Boaſt of Her Favour, whom too much Paſſion for Her, had made but leſs Kind to Her; the Cauſe of which, was not His too little Love, or Her too little Beauty.*

I.

HAD my Deſire been leſs,
My Paſſion had been more;
'Twas but my Love's Exceſs,
Which took away its Pow'r;
As when our Rage, does too much Paſſion vent,
Our Paſſion makes our Vengeance impotent:

II.

II.

'Twas not, your Want of Charms,
Nor yet my Want of Love,
Made me then, in your Arms,
My ſelf a Craven prove;
My vain Aſſault, was but your Praiſe, my Shame,
My Weakneſs does your Beauty's Pow'r proclaim;

III.

From too much Earneſtneſs,
A Jeſt my Paſſion prov'd;
Had you deſerv'd Love leſs,
You had been more belov'd;
Then fear not I, ſhou'd Freedoms with you boaſt,
Since by my Boaſt, my Fame, not thine, were loſt.

The Poor Poet's Anſwer to His Mercenary Miſtreſs, who told Him, She deſir'd a Proof at once, of His Love and Wit, rather by His Money, than His Verſes.

I.

HAD my Deſire been leſs,
My Paſſion had been more,
'Twas but my Love's Exceſs,
Which took away its Pow'r;
As when our Rage does too much Paſſion vent,
Our Paſſion makes our Vengeance impotent:

II.

MY Love and Wit, at once to ſhow,
Verſe, without Gold, I ſend you now;
He can't be, for a Wit allow'd,
Who, with his Gold, with which he wou'd
Make his Dame Humble, makes her Proud;

Makes her more Rich, himſelf more Poor,
To make her ſcorn his Love yet more;
Then, with our Gold, or Gems, to part,
To gain a Miſtreſs Proud Heart,
Wou'd our Deſign on her prevent,
So prove our Wit's Diſparagement;
By what we'd make our Dame more ſure,
More Rivals in her to procure;
Make her the greater Fortune ſo,
That more might her Pretenders grow,
Nay, Greater, and more Pow'rful too;
The Rich to think, but for their Coin,
To her, and hers, them theirs to join;
By Gifts to her, for their own ſake,
Her, and her Wealth, their own to make;
And Poor Wits, for their Wants, to grow
More bold, to ſtrive to ſteal her too;
To make to her the fierce Love,
More Kindneſs to themſelves to prove,
The Rich, by Preſents, which they give
Themſelves, not Poor Friends, to relieve,
Leſs Good to do, than to receive;
So ſelfiſhly part with their Stone,
For their Dame's Love they value more;
Thus Fond, Vain Men, by Preſents, which
Make Dames more Proud, but as mord Rich;
Their Vanity but more increaſe,
To make their ſmall Hopes of 'em leſs,
Whoſe Pride had been leſs, their Love more,
Before they were, by their Friend's Store,
Made but more Rich, as they more Poor;

Then Rich Men, who their Presents make
To their Dames, but for their own sake,
Honour they'd do them, from 'em take;
Whose Gifts infer, to their Dame's Shame,
She's a poor Mercenary Dame,
Her Honour with their Bribes, defame;
But thee, I Honour so, that I
Will nothing give, thy Love to buy;
Thou never shalt be made, by me,
More Rich, but that I made may be,
The more in fear of losing thee;
To make my Rivals more Love make
To thee, but for my Money's sake,
That, and thee from me, more to take;
For Bracelets, I, because I'm Poor,
Send Couplets, thee to set-off more;
Give thee no Ring with Gems in it,
But Po'sies, sparkling more with Wit,
Which thee (my Dear,) shall Honour more,
Than any Ring that e'er you wore;
So, with Poetic Licence, Girl
I'll make thy Hair Gold, thy Teeth Pearl,
Rubies your Lips, Diamonds your Eyes,
That thee, so more Men, more may Prize;
When we wou'd most oblige a Friend,
Presents which last most, most we send;
Then, the most pleasing, lasting thing,
Men, to their Vain Dames, send, or bring,
Is welcome Praise, or Flattery,
To get a Dame's good Graces by,
Which will last her Eternally;

And more Proud even make her grow,
Than cou'd the Richeſt Preſent do;
Gold Preſents ſhou'd you from me take,
Your ſelf you Mercenary make;
To loſe your Credit, by your Gain;
To be leſs valu'd by your Man;
But ſhe, who hers on Free-coſt loves,
By being cheap, her Honour proves;
Hire only cou'd thy Love defame,
I have ſuch Care of thy Good Name;
I'll honour thee, not to thy Shame;
Thy Love, Faith, Honour, no one ſhall,
E'er by my Bribe in Queſtion call;
In Love, and Gratitude to thee,
Thou ſhalt no Preſent have from me,
Since Hire wou'd thy Diſhonour be;
For he, his Miſtreſs moſt wou'd ſlight,
Who thinks Gold cou'd her Love requite,
Weighs her Fame with it, thinks her Light;
The more our Miſtreſſes we prize,
And call them, our Divinities;
But Hearts we to them ſacrifice;
Poor Poets can but Praiſes give,
For Bleſſings, they from them receive;
Angels below, like thoſe above,
We can but Bribe, with Praiſe, Faith, Love;
Love's Votaries their Angels wrong,
Paying them ought, but Praiſe, or Song;
And Falſe Friends, as Falſe Deities,
Are they who Bleſs for Sacrifice;
Fear, for Mens Faith in them, return,
And broken Hearts, which for them burn;

Whilst true She-Saints, and Goddesses,
Expect but Faith, from those they bless,
But broken Hearts will from 'em crave,
Whom from Love's lasting Flames they save;
As thou art my Divinity,
Thy Blessings I wou'd beg, not buy,
My Love, Faith, more to justifie,
They prize you less, who give you more,
Prophane you more, whom I adore,
Vows make a Goddess, Hire a Whore;
Praise not to give, but from her take,
Which her wou'd Mercenary make,
By Sacrilegious Off'rings so,
Robbers, of Offerers, to grow;
So to prophane, and to debase
With Off'rings, their Divine Love's Grace,
Lost but by Bribes, gain'd but by Praise.

A DRINKING-SONG. *To a Formal, Proud, Sober* COXCOMB; *who wonder'd any Man cou'd be so Idle, as to sit long in a* TAVERN.

I.

LET the Dull, Sober, and the Grave,
But fit for drudging Business have,
Let sitting still, my Hand employ,
My busie Tongue, not thoughtless Head,
Employment, which wou'd Cares destroy,
Not such, by which, more still are bred;

II.

Let all Ambitious Sots flie high,
To make their Steps more slippery,
Whilst I, with Wine exalted am,
Into the Cellar safer fall,
Since Falls in Drink, but seldom maim,
Whilst t'other break Brains, Necks, and all;

III.

Let me grow blind by Wine, not Love,
A Head-ach get, which will remove,
And of itself be gone next Day;
Whilst Aches, Sober Love begot,
Our Brains and Bodies more decay,
Make a Brisk Wit, a Thoughtful Sot;

IV.

Wine makes the Poor own they've enough,
The Tender, Finical, the rough,
The Haughty, Rich, to have no Pride,
The Man of Business, no Design,
Disputes and Scruples will decide,
Without a Lawyer, or Divine;

V.

Wine's the Brave's, Lover's Safety fo,
If they'll but drink their Passions low;
For he, whose Head is full of Wine,
To Fox'd Heart-Padders cannot stand,
Must to the Watch his Sword resign,
When he, for Wine, can't heave his Hand;

VI.

VI.

He's only Wise, and truly Rich,
Who drinks himself to such a Pitch,
As none to Envy, nor Design,
To be more Free, Happy, Rich, High,
Than when exalted by Rich Wine,
Which gives Fools Wit, Slaves Liberty.

A Letter *from* Sea, *to a* Jilting Mistress ashoar; *in Answer to a* Letter *of Hers, which told Him*, He would forget Her at Sea; *advising Him*, Not to pursue Danger there, but to return Home, to Her Arms, to be safe.

THO' I am now to Sea gone from thee, yet,
Think not, oh thee dear Soul I can forget;
Since the Sea puts me still in mind of thee,
As raging, loud, and mutable to me;
Sometimes beneath me quiet I will lie,
Then straight again is threatning, loud, and high,
Into my Face, will with more Fury flie;
Till with Salt Brine my Cheeks it does o'er-flow,
Calm and Tempestuous, in a Trice will grow;
Faithless, like thee, to those who trust her most,
Whom they trust, to their Live's, or Fortune's Cost;
Like thee, lets no Man rest in Bed alone,
But will be still tossing him up and down;

Like

Like thee, but makes a Man more giddy-brain'd,
Lets no Man long lie ſtill, or long to ſtand;
Like thee, ſtill keeps me betwixt Fear and Hope,
Betwixt the Dread of Drowning, and the Rope;
When at an End, I think my Fear, and Pain,
To gain my Port, will throw me off again;
Yet, for a while, I muſt Trade with her too,
Tho' dang'rous 'tis, to Trade with her, as you;
Since ſhe's a Jilt, mutable as thy Mind,
Changes, like thee, with ev'ry Sigh of Wind,
Her Depth, and Reaches, few (like thine) can find;
Like thee, devouring is, and Bottomleſs,
Will, what's within her Bowels, ne'er confeſs;
Since what ſhe gets once, Owners ſee no more,
She for more Ruines, like thee, ſeems to Roar;
An Invitation, like thee too, to Trade,
Their Loſs moſt, who, moſt Happy wou'd be made;
By her, by whom, they in more Hazard prove,
As her, the more they Truſt in, and they Love;
Yet, from her, I leſs Danger undergo,
As at more Diſtance, I am kept from you;
Thus, out at Sea, like Ships in Storms, I keep,
Risk leſs in her Deep, than thy Salter Deep;
Who, keeping out at Sea, have from thee found,
I hazard leſs, running my ſelf aground;
Since you raiſe Storms, as Raging Tempeſts do,
And Angry Seas, which Rough and Noiſie grow,
That Men into you, all they have may throw;
And thee, but as the Loud, and Raging Seas,
They, by their Ruine, only might appeaſe.

A

An Epistle *to a* Witty Friend, *in Excuse, for not Answering a Long One from Him, as soon as it was expected.*

AS Debtors, who ne'er pay great Debts at all,
Will still be Just, and Punctual, to the small,
To get more Credit than they had before,
And but to Cheat their Trusting Friend of more;
But when their Debt once grows too great to pay,
No wonder they, their Payment shou'd delay;
Less Long, less Witty, had your Letter been,
You my Return to that, e'er this, had seen;
So, that it might Answer itself, that I,
So much Wit, cou'd not Answer presently,
Since, too much Wit retards a Friend's Reply;
And since your Writing seem'd to cost you Pain,
I thought it Rude, to give it you again;
Did judge it to be more Civility,
To save you so, the Pains of a Reply;
You, by not Writing, did I not neglect,
But by not Writing, paid you more Respect;
Since putting you to the necessity,
Of making to my Scribling, a Reply
Had been but Disobliging Courtesie;
Troublesome Kindness sure, had been more Rude,
And to you, prov'd Ungrateful Gratitude;
Since you return still our Wit's Scarcity,
With so great and profuse Aboundancy,
That your own Letter hinders my Reply;

Your

Your Letter I might Anſwer, not your Wit,
Since 'twas too much for me, to Anſwer it;
I, by not Anſwering your Letter ſo,
To my ſmall, your great Senſe, more Reaſon do;
Which proves, that ſo great, ſo much, is your Wit,
That we, with Senſe and Reaſon ſure, think fit,
The more we have, the leſs, to Anſwer it.

The APOLOGY: *To a* Jilting Miſtreſs *of another* Man, *for Railing at the Inconſtancy of Her Humour.*

I.

I'LL own, I am to blame, to rail
At your Inconſtancy, which did
Make my Love, firſt on thine prevail;
Which thy Truth did, at firſt forbid;
Thee Change, to Juſtice, did incline,
Who, but for Love of Change, wer't mine?

II.

Since all, by Nature's given to Change,
Which does moſt firm, and ſtable ſeem,
Why ſhou'd Men think it then, ſo ſtrange,
Weak Women ſhou'd be falſe to them?
That Change ſhou'd o'er their Faith prevail,
By Nature made, more Weak, Light, Frail:

III.

Since Proud Men, who ſo much will boaſt,
Their Truth, Faith, and Stability,
We find ſtill, to be given moſt,
Their Change in Love to juſtifie;
Will in it, boldly Glory too,
Think it their Shame, their Truth to ſhow;

IV.

Since Beauty, like the Glorious Sun,
Is made, to cheer up all Mankind;
Then, Univerſal Love alone,
In Juſtice, you from all ſhou'd find;
You leaſt Juſt, as moſt Conſtant are,
To give One all, which All ſhou'd ſhare:

V.

So, ſince we ſee, you have in One,
The Beauties of all Woman-kind,
Then, Univerſal Love alone,
You ſhou'd from All, with Reaſon find;
Your Love, as Beauty, general
Deſir'd by All, is due to All.

To a Witty Young Man, *who thought by His* Wit, *to Recommend Himself to the Favour of the* Court, *and Success there.*

IF in the Court you wou'd more happy grow,
How happy you in Wit are, never ſhow;
Wit's the laſt Secret you ſhou'd there diſcloſe,
Where, to hide Wit but much more Judgment ſhows;
To ſhow your Wit there, let it not appear,
To get Truſts from the Pow'rful, Great, or Fair,
Where ſuch of moſt Wits moſt diſtruſtful are;
There ſpeak no True Word to the Fair, Proud, Great,
If the more Credit with 'em you wou'd get;
Feign Folly, to be Fortune's Favourite,
Lucky to be, ſhew not Unlucky Wit,
Where Politicians make leaſt Uſe of it;
More to be pleas'd, be laugh'd at more at Court,
And be Men's Scorn, not to be Fortune's Sport;
There hide your Wit, your Wiſdom more to ſhow;
The Dread of Fools, Wiſe Men's Averſion too,
Inſtead of making Friends, makes Enemies;
Where nought to know, ſee, feel, is to be Wiſe,
Since Fools, Knaves, fear or hate none more than Spies;
So too much Knowledge, as 'twas *Adam*'s Fall,
Strips his Court-Sons, and thruſts 'em out of all;
For as the Gameſter's Skill, when it is known,
Prevents his Gains, Wits are by Wit undone;
Moſt fear'd, leaſt truſted by the Fortunate,
Who, thoſe they fear moſt, but moſt often hate;

At Court, then Folly proves best Policy,
And seeming Senseless, Ingenuity;
Where great Fools, Knaves, of being known, are shy;
Where, to Proud Fools, 'twere more Respect, (we find)
From Wits, as less what they say, do they mind;
You then at Court, more happy still to grow,
Shou'd hide your Wit, your Wisdom more to show,
Shou'd act the Fool there, to make others so;
As Gamesters sink at Play their Coin and Skill,
Seem Empty-Scull'd, their Pockets more to fill;
For Court-Fools, like the Stage-Fools, (you must know)
Too hard for Wits so by their Nonsense grow;
Since Men, by being other's Scorn or Sport,
More Friendship, Trust, and Favour gain at Court;
Where Men take Fools Jests in the Best Sense still,
But True Jests, as they've more Sense, but more Ill;
At Court, to gain Men's, Women's Favour so,
Be sure no more Wit than they have to show;
Since each Sex fears Men most, of the most Wit,
Will such into their Secrets least admit,
For fear of their discovering their Shame,
Avoid their Courtship, but to 'scape their Blame,
Their Profit, Pleasure lose, to keep their Fame.

T.

To an Empty Coxcomb, *who call'd Himself a* Lover of Learning, *because he had a Fine* Study *of* Books, *better Bound than Read.*

BY thy Books Outſides, moſt adorn'd and ſpruce,
We read, they may be more for Show, than Uſe;
Well-cover'd Books, are like well-cover'd Men,
For fine Outſides, thought to have leſs within;
Leſs for Head-Furniture, than Houſhold-ſtuff,
Not of your Head's, but Pocket's Store, the Proof;
Their Golden Titles, Binding's Elegance,
Are all of them, you'd underſtand (perchance;)
You beſtow Gold, inſtead of Time, on them,
By th' Cover's Show, for Learning, your Eſteem;
You cloath in Glory each Sublime Divine,
And in your Study make ev'n *Stoics* Fine,
In a Fine Dreſs Philoſophers to ſhine;
You with New Coverings cloath Poets too,
Who ſure, ſo Fine elſewhere cou'd never go;
Ev'n in thy Study, Antiquaries ſeem,
Modiſh, by your Fine Outſides put on them;
The moſt Worn-out Hiſtorians, there we view,
Though Old within, without appearing New;
Ancients are Moderns, in their Binding there,
And Moderns newer, by their Dreſs appear;
There Books of Worth, by Title or by Dreſs;
Or by their Fine Outſide's Illuſtrioufneſs;
We know no more, than Men at Court we do,
By Rich Outſides, which oft Poor Inſides ſhow;

So

So there alike, each Quality, Sect, Sort,
Of Books appear, as Spruce Men in a Court,
However alike they in their Motions are,
In their Outſides, the ſame to all appear;
And for their Finery, like Courtiers too,
Are Senſleſs all within, without all Show,
If ſome have ſome Senſe, 'tis more than you know;
Your fine good Books, your Folly teſtifie,
As Fools expos'd are by Good Company;
Which ne'er did to their Senſe, or Morals good,
By which, their Ignorance, as more they wou'd
Conceal it, is but plainer underſtood;
Then ſell thy Books, gain'd by ſo much Expence,
To ſhow, by having fewer, the more Senſe:
For by wiſe Friends, from whom the weak Fools can
Gain nothing, they but more Diſcredit gain,
Their Ignorance and Folly more explain;
To get more Shame ſtill, by their vain Pretence
To Knowledge, but the leſs to prove their Senſe;
You ſuch a Lover are of Books, that you
Ne'er ſoil them, or their Faults will look into;
You fine Books, as fine Women Eunuchs keep,
Not to wake by them, by them but to ſleep;
And keep them better, more on them beſtow,
But as they are leſs uſeful too, to you;
By them, but to thy Shame, to teſtifie,
Rather thy Weakneſs, than Ability;
For more our Shame will Books, as Women grow,
As them we keep, when them we cannot know,
Our ſelves leſs able for them, by them ſhow;

Sell

Sell your Books then, but only on the Score,
Of proving your Ability yet more;
To prove ſome Senſe, or Knowledge, leſs you lack,
Sell your Books, ſomething of them but to make.

A SONG *againſt* Whining Love; *To a Timerous, Deſpairing* Lover.

I.

WHY ſtill, ſuch Swearing, Fawning, Lying,
Talking of Killing, and no Dying?
Looking ſo ſad, her Smiles to gain,
Thinking her Pity more to move,
More to compel her to Diſdain,
And gain her Scorn inſtead of Love:

II.

With ſenſleſs Speeches, ſcurvy Faces,
To get a Proud, Young Maid's good Graces;
Like Beggars you, by th' Canting Tone,
With which you'd gain her Charity,
Provoke her more, to ſhow you none,
And make your Pray'r her Grant deny:

III.

III.

Her Pity for you, leſs Provoking,
And more in vain, by your Ill-looking;
But, if ſucceſsful you wou'd prove,
In Begging, put your beſt Looks on;
For but Good Objects, Love can move,
Whilſt all the Bad, all always ſhun:

IV.

Your beſt Looks ſure, wou'd be more Moving,
To make her the more Free, more Loving;
Look on her then more chearfully,
More of her Smiles from thee to gain;
Maids, to ſad Looks, Love's Joys deny,
Which Blith, and Good, from them obtain:

V.

Such Sighing, Weeping, but diſcover
Effeminacy i'th' Male Lover,
Which does the Proud, tho' Soft Sex, move,
But leſs to Pity, than Diſdain,
To more Averſion turns that Love,
By which, Soft Fools, Hard Hearts wou'd gain.

To my Lord Chancellour Boyle, *at once Chancellour and Primate of* Ireland: *Written when the Author had a Suit depending before Him.*

JUST Clergy-Judge, Laic-Conſcience of the Laws!
Who not by Law, but Goſpel, tries a Cauſe;
Since *Summum Jus*, which is moſt Injury,
And does the Law's Injuſtice moſt imply,
You bring to Reaſon, by your Equity;
Great Caſuiſt! of Squabling Conſciences,
And Judge of Heav'nly, as of Earthly Pleas,
To give your Orators, that Bleſſing, Peace;
Not only in the Church, but Chancery,
Where you, diſpatching Suits, ſhow Charity;
So that you, your Poor Orators, no leſs,
As Chancellour, than as a Biſhop, Bleſs;
When, againſt Rules of Brib'd Laws, you think fit,
(And all Courts) to be Juſt to Friendleſs Wit,
Tho' Juſtice ſcarce in any's done to it;
Of which, you for ſo Juſt a Judge, are known,
Reaſon to Senſe, againſt Law, you have done;
Since Reaſon o'er-rules Cuſtom, in your Court,
Where you, 'gainſt Law, will Innocence ſupport;
Which, ſcarce was known in any Court before,
But where you ſat, to be too hard for Pow'r;
Since that at Law, nay more, in *Ireland* too,
Few Courts, (as we, by Precedents, well know,)
Againſt Pow'r, will ſupport the Weaker Laws,
Or, ſince the Juſter too, the Weaker Cauſe;

Which, but on Juſtice, Reaſon, does depend,
Its Right by Senſe, 'gainſt Int'reſt, to defend;
Whoſe Owner, but by Right, to Juſtice does pretend;
Or thinks, that Reaſon will, by Law, be done
To th' Cauſe, as there's more Reaſon for it ſhown;
Or, that a Man, or Cauſe, are juſtify'd
More, as more Juſtice is on either ſide;
Or, that Poor Men, by Senſe, Truth, Innocence,
Blind Juſtice, againſt Bribes, can Influence;
Since *Summum Jus*, in no Court, e'er thought fit,
To let, againſt all Cuſtom, Men of Wit
Gain any thing, (tho' ne'er ſo Juſt,) by it;
Eſpecially, in any Country, where
(The Fool's, and Knave's Cauſe is moſt Popular,)
Nor any Court, where Cuſtom is, (we know)
Too hard for Reaſon, ever will allow,
The Poor Wit's Claim, for Reaſon, he may ſhow;
Since no Courts judge Wealth the juſt Due to Wit,
But think, Wit is the Forfeiture of it,
Which it, for Fame, contented is to quit;
At leaſt, in *Deliud*, it was ne'er thought, that
Good Senſe had Title to a Good Eſtate;
For, where'er Fools, or Knaves, moſt numerous,
Are found, their Right, Poor Men of Senſe muſt loſe,
Muſt loſe their Right to Wealth, as to their Fame,
According to the Cuſtom, by their Claim;
Since moſt, with Reaſon, againſt Senſe agree,
Folly to Fortune, is the juſteſt Plea;
So Wits, who hold their Stores in *Capite*,
For ſhowing Reaſon, none have to them done,
Nor Right in any Court, have to them ſhown;

Since *Iriſh*, *Engliſh* Judges, ne'en think fit,
There any Court of Claim ſhou'd be for Wit;
Which rather its own Juſtice does prevent,
Where, but the Fool is prov'd an Innocent,
And Wit is its own Claim's Impediment;
Then if that cou'd your Court's Exception be,
Why my Claim ſhou'd not granted be to me;

I will, my having any Wit diſown,
Nay prove it, ſince a Marry'd Man I'm grown;
Nay Marry'd, Richer, Happier to grow,
Which none ſure, but a Fool, cou'd think to do;
Yet as you Chancellour and Biſhop are,
I beg you, either way, to hear my Pray'r,
That you'll diſſolve your Church-Injunction, if
You will not give my Chanc'ry-Pray'r Relief;
Since, by the Scripture-Law, your Pow'r (we find)
As Prieſt, extends to ſet looſe, as to bind;
Then, ſince no Pact, or Bargain is allow'd,
Without Conſideration, to be good;
And ſince 'twas an Eſtate, which in my Caſe,
Conſideration of my Marriage was,
Your Court, (ſince 'tis a Court of Conſcience) ſhou'd,
By right, my Title to me now make good,
Let my firſt Pact, whole Plea, be firſt allow'd;
Conſideration of my Bargain give,
Or me from it, (ſince unperform'd) relieve;
Give my Claim (as a Chancellour) Relief,
Or me relieve (as Biſhop) from a Wife,
End my Law-Suit, or my Domeſtic-Strife;
End but my Law-Suit in your Chancery,
E'er I'm undone there, by your Equity;

Since 'tis a Rule of Chancery, (we find)
Plaintiffs muſt leave there, half their Gains behind;
As the Buſh, ſhelt'ring from the Storm the Sheep,
Does half their Fleeces, e'er they leave it, keep;
Till that their very Gain becomes their Loſs,
And ev'n their Shelter, their Deſtruction grows.

A SONG: *Upon a* Sober Coxcomb, *who ſaid*, He never Drank in a Tavern, becauſe he wou'd not forfeit his Reaſon, and Reputation, to be a Sot; ſince Drinking debaſ'd a Man, to the Degree of a Beaſt.

I.

THE Sober Aſs, who never Drinks,
Is more the Dull Sot, or Brute Beaſt;
Since but the more, any Man thinks,
His Cares and Fears more are increas'd;
Then in his true Senſes ſure only is he,
Who makes his Senſe moſt with his Senſes agree;

II.

Sobriety more were Man's Shame,
Which makes Youth more Dull and Moroſe;
Brave Hero's more Fearful and Tame,
Good Wits, with much Thinking does doze;
Makes more Sots of Lovers, for want of their Wine, [whine;
Who, when they ſhou'd force Love, but beg, fawn, and

III.

But no Man can weaker be made,
By Lusty Wine, or by Stout Drink;
Which but our Weak Faculties aid,
And help us to do, talk, or think;
To make the most modest Wits more to talk on,
Our noisie weak Brothers more soon to have done;

IV.

Wine takes from weak Bablers their Speech,
It to the dumb, modest Man gives;
Makes Silent Men o'er their Cups Preach;
The Dead in Love often revives;
The Lawless Man likewise does Hand and Foot bind,
Yet opens the Heart, and unburthens the Mind;

V.

By Wine then no Reason we lose,
All by it, to all Reason do;
By Wine, more Good-natur'd each grows,
Which makes a good Friend of a Foe;
Then Drinking no Crime is, which Guilt does prevent,
Which makes Man, as more a Beast, more innocent;

VI.

So Drunkenness does not debase
Man, to the Degree of a Beast;
Does Him above Common Sense raise,
Whose Joys are most, as his Thoughts least;
Who, when in Wine-Ecstacies most high he's flown,
All Cares of Life, Fears of Death, to him, are none.

Upon

Upon Life, *and* Death; *and the Vain Love, or Fear of them.*

WHY shou'd the Fear of certain Death surprize
A Mortal Man? who living, daily dies;
Death is born with him, he but for it lives,
He then in vain, to shun or 'scape it strives;
Since from his Birth, he but begins to die,
By Life consumes, though imperceptibly;
So Death, the Thoughts of which does Life torment,
Is less Life's End, than its Accomplishment;
Then Death shou'd neither be Man's Fear, or Grief,
Which from all Fear, Pain, Grief, is his Relief;
So he from Sense fears Death, most senslessly,
Who hopes, by Death, for Immortality,
Yet fears, but out of Love of Life, to die;
From his Sense, by which he wou'd shun Mistakes,
Himself more guilty of more Error makes;
Proud of that Reason, which deludes him, so;
Which against Nature, makes him think, talk, do,
More than Beasts, who less against Nature live,
For Want of Thought, which more does Man deprive
Of Joys, he thinks more for it to receive;
Who, for his Reason, but so Senseless grows,
His Will, he to his Nature will oppose,
Which, by his Reas'ning, more his Folly shows;
Since he finds by his own Experience still,
In vain, his Reason wou'd oppose his Will,
Or thwart his Nature, which he well does know,
He must yield to, whether he will, or no;

Then

Then Reason grows but more Impertinence,
Which wou'd withstand our Senses with our Sense;
Which wou'd make Fancy thwart Experience more,
As less Man finds, that it is in his Pow'r;
Who, by his Reason, proves but more a Brute,
Whose Passions, for it, are more absolute,
Which him shou'd, of its Weakness, more confute;
Who to his Passion, 'gainst his Reason, so
Is made to yield, whether he wou'd, or no,
Who, tho' he Talks like Man, like Beasts must do;
So that, Man has less Reason for his Sense,
But as to more still, he has more pretence,
Then has, as more Sense, less Intelligence;
Whose Weak Sense thwarts more Pow'rful Nature more,
But as the less, he finds, 'tis in his pow'r;
Then Man, less Wise is, as he more wou'd know,
Whose Knowledge must, more Guilt and Trouble grow,
And consequently, prove most Folly so;
Which, by its Fore-sight, and its Providence,
But makes its Reas'ning, its Impertinence,
Man's Guilt, and Fear more, but as more his Sense;
Which makes his dubious Dread, or Mischief sure,
His Fore-sight, those he wou'd avoid, procure,
To feel them, e'er they come; the Past Endure;
To doubt the Present Good, and undergo
The Future Ill, whether it comes, or no;
Till Reason, Man's best Guide, does rather grow,
His Thought's Confusion, than his Proof of Sense;
Who, but much less, the Cause, and Consequence
Of Ills to come, by his vain Proficience knows,
Which, on his Knowledge, would his Guess impose;

Till

Till that his Reaſon's Intellectual Sight,
Grows but the Blinder, for its too much Light;
That *Ignis Fatuus*, his Reaſon, ſo,
Does his Falſe Guide, of his Conductor, grow;
Leads him, from his Experience, more aſtray,
The more that it pretends, to clear his Way;
Whoſe Search of Knowledge, more adds to his Doubt,
Plung'd in more Error, as he'd more get out.

To a Fine Young Woman, *who lent Him Money after a* Loſs *at* Play; *telling Him*, His Luck was not ſo bad as He thought it.

MY late Great Loſs at Cards, (I muſt confeſs)
Made my Bad Fortune more my Good Succeſs,
Ill Luck, which gain'd your Good Will, Happineſs;
If Fortune, cruel to me, had not been,
My *Lucy*'s Kindneſs I had never ſeen;
Who, to th' Unhappy, proves a Friend alone,
So, my Bad Luck is my Good Fortune grown,
I'd ne'er been made, had I not been undone;
Thus, Loſing *Lodam*, was my Play to me,
Since, my ſelf Happy, by my Loſs, I ſee,
Which, ſince it made me Poor, your Pity gain'd,
Which, my Good Luck, ne'er for me, yet obtain'd;
So, parting with our Gold, does often prove
The Means, of our enſuring mute our Love;
Since none for true, can their Friend's Kindneſs know,
Till Fortune does Unkindneſs to them ſhow;

Yet for the Favour I had from your Hand,
Your Eyes my Freedom, in return, demand;
And I for Money, which you lent to me,
In Love's Chains, muſt, for Life, your Priſoner be,
Who was of Gold, to bind me to you, free;
Me to you ſo, you bound effectually,
I'd not be (tho' I cou'd) at Liberty;
My Fortune then, is by my Ruine made,
I'd had leſs Good Luck, had I had leſs Bad,
Who had not of your Friendſhip elſe, been ſure,
Which my Misfortune, for me, did procure;
A Sign that 'twill, in ſpight of Fate, endure;
Since it began by that, which Friendſhip ends,
By lending Money, which makes Foes of Friends;
But, leaſt the Debt I ne'r ſhou'd ſatisfie,
My Body take into thy Cuſtody,
Bankrupts repay Debts with their Liberty;
So mine, I'm ready to give up to thee;
Accepting which, more Generous wou'd you be,
Than in your lending firſt your Gold to me;
My Loſs then, more my Gain is, I muſt own,
By which, your Pity, and your Faith, I won;
Since in my Loſs, I was moſt Proſperous,
Which you, my Good Friend, by my Bad Luck, ſhows;
Whilſt Happy Men, their True Friends cannot know,
Which all th' Unlucky, in Misfortunes do;
And I, more Happy, think my ſelf, to find,
You rather, than Dame Fortune, to me kind,
Since you Diſcerning are, whilſt ſhe is Blind;
Since ſhe proves kindeſt but to Fools, when you
To Fools (you ſay,) cou'd ne'r your Kindneſs ſhow;

Then, for my Debt, ſtill let me wear your Chains,
My Loſſes ſo, will more become my Gains;
Pay your ſelf my Debt, with my Liberty,
My Body take into your Cuſtody,
At once your ſelf, and me to ſatisfie.

To a Miſtreſs, *diſappointed by Her* Lover's *Meeting Her too ſoon; whom therefore She accus'd,* Of Want of Love for Her.

THAT of my Love, you found ſo ſmall Effect,
Ne'r think, 'twas want of True Love, or Reſpect,
'Twas more my Value for you, than Neglect;
Which rather ſhou'd, prove my Love to thee more,
As I, to prove it to thee, had leſs Pow'r;
Since Love, like Rage, when it is in Exceſs,
But, as 'tis more, can prove itſelf the leſs;
'Tis Mettle makes the Furious Courſer fall,
Who, for his Speed, comes later to the Goal;
Whoſe Haſte, is but his Speed's Impediment,
Till that, which ſhou'd moſt forward his Intent,
Does its own End, purſuing it, prevent;
I to you, had ſure but ſo Great a Mind,
That you, leſs real Proof of it, cou'd find;
Out of more Love, I was leſs to you, kind;
Yet, if my Love enough I did not prove,
In doing Reaſon to thee, and thy Love,

The

The Fault, (my Charming Dear!) was none of mine,
Shou'd not displeaſe thee, ſince 'twas rather thine;
Thou wert too Lovely, to be more belov'd,
Leſs Active I, as more by thy Love mov'd;
So 'twas my Love, my Joy's Prevention prov'd;
I, like Love's Miſer, beggar'd by Love's Store,
Had leſs Uſe of it, as I'd of it more;
Since my Deſire 'twas, took away my Pow'r;
My Pow'r, my Faith, and Love to juſtifie,
So that it was my Zeal's Extremity,
Made my Devotion ſenſleſs Ecſtacy;
'Twas only my True Love's, and Faith's Exceſs,
Which made in Fact, my Kindneſs to thee leſs;
It was my too much Paſſion, which did prove,
The Cauſe I ſhow'd you, but ſo little Love;
You loſt my Kindneſs, on my Paſſion's Score,
My Love prov'd leſs, as I had for you more.

V.

A Song: *In the Name of a* Lover, *to His Miſtreſs; who ſaid,* She hated Him for His Grey Hairs, which he had at Thirty.

I.

O Hate me not for my Gray Hair,
Since you love ſtill Variety,
The Black, the Red, the Brown, the Fair,
All in their Turns, delight your Eye;

II.

Knots of two Colours, nay of three,
Can pleaſe you better, than of one;
My Party-colours then ſhou'd be,
Better than all White, or all Brown;

III.

You, when a Garland, you wou'd make,
Not Flowers of the ſame Colour chuſe;
But Various-colour'd ones wou'd take,
Change, but in me, you wou'd refuſe;

IV.

Wou'd you a Bracelet weave, or brede,
You'd different-colour'd Ribbons take;
To ſet off your Hair of your Head,
With Powder Grey you make of Black;

V.

You the Grey Morning us'd to love,
Which promis'd you Good Days and Bright;
Why then a Grey Head diſapprove?
Promiſing you a Pleaſant Night;

VI.

Then hate me not for my Grey Hairs,
Which are not ſo much mine, as thine;
Since caus'd but by the Grief and Cares,
Thy Love gave me, ſo thine, not mine.

An EPISTLE: *To a Handſome, Brave* Young Man, *making a* Campaign *in* Flanders, *upon Miſtaken* Honour.

I'M much aſham'd, to hear ſuch Things of you,
Such brave, vain, weak Things, as they ſay you do,
Whoſe Strength of Arms, does your Mind's Weakneſs ſhow;
Nay ſhows, you had Flaws in your Head, before
That Arms or Head-piece in the Field you wore;
For, had you had a Head-piece Natural,
Then t'other you had ne'er put on at all;
Since you, to gain your Immortality,
But vainly ſeek, before your time, to die;
But Satisfaction to your Foes to give,
Your beſt Friends, ſeeking your own Death, to grieve,
Loſe your Life, that your Fame may longer live;
Till you your Honour, with your Life, expoſe,
For Fame, the Credit of your Reaſon loſe,
Since ſuch your Courage, it for Madneſs goes;
Which, thus unreaſ'nably does prove you Brave,
That your right Wits, there's none can think you have,
Who risk more your own Life, your Foe's to ſave;
To gain Fame, whilſt the Bold Things by you done,
Are thought your Good Fate's Deeds, more than your Own;
Since Happy, Bold Things, you Fame's Franticks do,
Are to your Stars imputed, not to you,
Perform'd by you, whether you will or no;
Thus Honour's Hot-Heads oft, like Drunkards, 'ſcape,
But for their Want of Good-Senſe, all Ill-Hap;

And

And but more Bold, in all their Dangers ſeem,
But as they leſs can be foreſeen by them,
Who, to their Want of Senſe, moſt often ow,
Both their Good Courage, and Good Fortune too,
Till their Vain Deeds, but their Diſhonour grow;
Since Valour, (like moſt Virtues) in Exceſs,
As more 'twou'd ſhow itſelf, but proves the leſs;
Becomes, of Noble Manhood, Brutiſhneſs;
Or, what is yet worſe, Senſleſs Vanity,
To make our Love of Fame, our Infamy;
But if you more yet wou'd your Honour ſhow,
Scorn Praiſe, that it may more your Merit grow,
So more than proudeſt Hero's will you do;
Who fear leſs what Men do, than what they ſay,
In order to take their Good Names away;
If you your Reputation truly prize,
Fear not what Fools talk of you, but the Wiſe,
And Fame, more to deſerve it, more deſpiſe;
Not like thoſe, who ſeek Praiſe, but to their Shame,
Whoſe Virtue, for their Vanity's their Blame;
Who ſatisfie not Honour, but their Pride;
Not to ſhow Courage, but their Fear to hide;
Their Honour, not from its Abundance ſo,
But from their Want of it, they rather ſhow,
In ſeeking it ſo proudly, meanly too;
So their own ſelves, by their own Pride debaſe;
Showing themſelves neceſſitous of Praiſe,
Seeking more Fame, but more to their Diſgrace;
Since that their Seeking it ſo greedily,
Shows, they have of it more Neceſſity;

As

As it, they more, from their Inferiours crave,
But your Fame ne'r to Rumour was a Slave,
Which you ſought more to merit, than to have;
For ſure, your ne'er ſhunn'd other Enemy,
Then the Brave Man's worſt Foe, his Vanity;
Your Courage never was the Fear of Shame,
Your Honour, not your Vain Deſire of Fame,
Your Virtue's Merit, not your Virtue's Blame;
To make your Aim, at more Renown, or Praiſe,
By ſeeking them, more truly your Diſgrace;
You'd rather Daring be, than ſuch appear,
Nothing but Praiſe, your Courage e'er cou'd fear;
But now, your Gallantry I'd have you prove,
Leſs by your Enmity, than by your Love;
To kill abroad your Male-Foes, do not roam,
But more to kill your Female Friends at home;
Who from your Dangers there, here undergo,
More Hazard of their Lives, than you can do
Of yours, in your provoking ſo your Foe;
So madly do not then, your Life expoſe,
Your Credit by your Honour, more to loſe,
In fright'ning here your Friends, as there your Foes;
Your vain Purſuit of Fame, in Honour quit,
Leſt Wiſe Men think your Courage, Want of Wit,
Not Honour, but Diſtraction, Cauſe of it;
Since ſure, a Mad-Man's Virtue, as his Crime,
Is no more Merit, than that Guilt in him;
Though of your Life, you are ſo laviſh, Friend!
Be not of mine, which muſt on yours depend,
Which can't laſt, if to yours you put an end;
And he's a Coward ſure, who will not dare,
To risk his Fame, when 'tis his Friend to ſpare;

Who,

Who, that I may be ſtill ſo juſtly ſtil'd,
Can wiſh you no Succeſs, in being Kill'd;
Which you ſeem much more than your Foes, (I doubt)
To do ſtill all you can, to bring about;
I wou'd pray for your Life, wer't not in vain,
For me to hope, I cou'd from Heav'n, obtain
A Wonder, that is, not to have you ſlain;
For your Eſcape, (ſince you ſuch Boldneſs ſhow)
Wou'd, as your Courage, for a Wonder go,
Which, to your Life, ſeems the moſt deadly Foe;
So that, (I'm ſure) it is a fruitleſs Pray'r,
To beg that Life of Heav'n, which ſtill you are
Determin'd leſs, than all your Foes, to ſpare.

To a Handſome Young Woman, *who lov'd Play, and ſitting up at Cards a Nights; who told Her Friend,* She wou'd Play with Him, and loſe Her Diſcretion to Him, but that She was afraid He wou'd brag of His Winnings.

TO gain my Pence, thou woud'ſt ſit up with me,
To gain more, let me but lie down with thee;
You ſit up long, when you ſhou'd lie a-long,
Which wou'd not do your Beauty ſo much wrong;
If you, to gain my Money of me, chuſe
Your Sleep a Nights, ſo willingly to loſe;
Then, ſit not up, but go to Bed with me,
The Miſtreſs of all that I have, to be;

If you wou'd ſtrip me, do't a better Way,
My Purſe, Heart, win, at a more pleaſant Play;
Which you'll do, if your Breech you'll to them lay;
You'll loſe your Fortune by your Winnings now,
Since, by your Sitting up at Cards, (you know)
Your Stock of Beauty you muſt loſe, by which,
You may, by playing with me, grow more Rich;
For Women, (it is certain) gain more Riches,
When they to keep their Bubbles, loſe their Breeches;
You, ſitting up with others, loſe (you know)
Your Money, Credit, Time, and Beauty too;
So, whilſt your Fortune you'd repair by Play,
You, by it, bring your Beauty to decay;
Loſe both your Charms, your Pleaſure, Honour too,
By loving Gold, for Mercenary go;
Nay, loſe your Time, which, at this time ſhou'd be,
More precious than thy Fame, or Gold, to thee;
Who haſt not much more Time (we may ſuppoſe)
Now left thee (my Dear Gameſome Dame!) to loſe;
Cheat not your ſelf of Pleaſure by your Play,
Since you love vent'ring all you have (they ſay)
Your Body venture againſt mine, to lay;
Then all about me, wou't thou get from me,
If I no Shuffling, Cutting, find by thee;
By which, too hard at our Sport, wou'dſt thou be
For me; puſh freely with me, then my Dear!
My Bragging of my Winnings, never fear;
Which makes the Gameſome, Vent'rous, Puſhing She,
To Play with Men, the backwarder to be;
But I, ne'er of Good Fortune (you muſt know)
Brag, as oft Honour's, and Love's Puſhers do,

But, at my Good Luck, ſilently rejoice,
And only, when I loſe Hopes, make a Noiſe.

A SONG: *To an Angry* Miſtreſs, *who rail'd at Her* Lover's *Drinking, calling Him* a Sot, for living ſo Senſleſly.

I.

AT my beſt Friend, my Bottle, ceaſe to rail,
Your ſparkling Rival, my cheap, ſafe Delight,
For you, with me, will never ſure prevail,
To quit a warm Friend, for a cold one, quite;
Since that gives Joy by Day, Peace, Reſt, by Night;

II.

Whilſt you diſturb my Senſe, Reſt, Peace, deſtroy,
With Love, my Heart, Senſe, Freedom, from me take;
And make me ſad, that gives me Heart, and Joy,
And me, as 'twere, a Brave, or Wit does make,
When I, more Sottiſh Love, leave for its ſake;

III.

'Tis thou ſo, doſt make more a Sot of me,
And make my Love for thee, but more my Shame;
By that I'm made, more Brisk, Bold, Witty, Free,
By thee, more Silent, Senſleſs, and more Tame;
So more a Sot, for leaving Wine, I am;

IV.

IV.

Since Love gives me more Care, Fear, Jealouſie,
To make my Pleaſure grow but more my Pain;
Makes me do Follies too, more ſoberly,
By which more Guilt we have, more Cenſure gain;
Whilſt Wine the Heart does cheer, inſpire the Brain;

V.

So, ſince our Life's Eaſe, and true Happineſs,
But leſs in our Senſe, than our Senſes lie;
And ſince our Thoughts our Cares, and Fears increaſe,
Who Thinks leaſt, Lives beſt, ſo moſt reaſ'nably;
Whoſe Senſe, as leaſt, yields moſt Tranquillity.

An EPISTLE *from the* Country, *in Anſwer to one from the* Town; *written jointly by a Man of* Wit, *and another of* Quality.

TWO to One, in a Letter, needs muſt be,
As 'tis at Foot-Ball, too much Odds for me;
When two ſuch Wits club to run one Man down,
How ſhall I hold up againſt both, alone?
Profuſe Town-Sparks, oft come down to us ſo,
Their Friends, with Honours done 'em, thus undo,
Their Courteſie, but out of Pride to ſhow;

Not ſo much to ſhow their Friends, their Eſteem,
As but to get the more of it from them;
Not ſo much their Poor, Humble Friends to ſee,
As ſeen, and prais'd by Gaping Clowns to be;
Their Friends, for their own Pleaſure entertain,
Or Profit, more to get of them again;
Leſs out of Friendſhip, than for Vanity,
So but oblige their Friends moſt ſelfiſhly;
To one, I meanly might again return
His Compliment, but to deſerve his Scorn;
For Fine Words, which ſhou'd moſt think to requite,
Both at once, ſure wou'd do leſs either Right;
Then, as more Favour both have to me ſhown,
I can return it leſs to any one;
So *Jupiter*, and Witty *Mercury*,
Show'd Clown *Philemon* ſo much Courteſie,
(When him ſo Low, they Viſited from High)
As did confound the Poor, Plain-dealing Swain,
How to make, or return it them again;
Your Store of Senſe, Good-Breeding, mine does ſhame,
So, ſhou'd I vainly, to return 'em, aim,
My Gratitude wou'd grow my Reaſon's Blame;
Wou'd leſs my Senſe and Reaſon to you ſhow,
As more to yours, they Reaſon thought to do;
You club Wit, not for Want, but Lazineſs,
Which ſhows, ſure, not your Wit, but Leiſure leſs;
Me, thus at once you ſhame, and honour now,
By Favours, which I can't return to you,
No *Hercules* in Wit, can deal with two;
You Both, by ſending to me ſo much Wit,
Give me more Reaſon, not to anſwer it;

By

By Silence beſt, I anſwer'd Both, till now,
Which, ſo much Wit (at leaſt) did to you ſhow,
That I think none, can anſwer yours, and you;
So you, my Silence cannot call Neglect,
Which ſhows to you, and your Wit, more reſpect,
Than ſhou'd I, to vie mine with it, affect.
By Silence, Senſe and Breeding's underſtood,
When we can't anſwer Great Men, as we ſhou'd;
Then ſince Both ſet your Wits againſt me now,
I've ſo much Wit, that none I'll to you ſhow,
Which wou'd prove leſs, thinking to anſwer you;
Since by your Witty Letter, in my Praiſe,
Your Compliments, become but my Diſgrace;
Who, ſo much more Wit, praiſing mine, have ſhown,
That all Praiſe, you wou'd give me, grows your own;
Since, giving me ſo much, you leave me none;
Which Credit it wou'd do me, does prevent,
Turns, of my Praiſe, more my Diſparagment;
So Town-Wits, like Town-Rooks, together join,
In Praiſe o'th' Squire, whoſe Ruine they deſign;
Praiſe him, and his Wit, ſo maliciouſly,
But to make more his Pride, or Vanity,
Till that their Praiſe becomes his Infamy;
As Beauties, into Affectation prais'd,
Are, by the Honours done e'm, more diſgrac'd.

An

An EPISTLE, *to a Brave* Young Man, *making a* Campaign *in* Flanders; *said to have done Wonders there, by which he was Wounded.*

DID you know, how your Wounds lamented are,
Both by the Brave, the Witty, Proud, and Fair;
Like Lover's Wounds, they wou'd grow your Delight,
And you wou'd not have 'scap'd them, if you might;
Your worst Foes so your best Friends prov'd sure, since
They fought against you, in your Fame's Defence;
For all, that by the best Friends can be done,
Is, to make their Friend's Honour but more known,
At Venture of their own Lives, and their own;
So here you triumph, being beaten there,
Whose Valour gives your Friends, as Foes, still Fear;
Whose Absence, gains the Ladies to you more,
Now, than your Presence ever did before;
And makes Court-Cowards now speak well of you,
Behind your Back, which is a Wonder, so,
That Wonders here, as well as there, you do;
Right, in your Absence, from the Court, you gain,
And of your Wounds make envious Foes complain;
A Conquerour, as here, you there are grown,
Who have more Courage, being worsted, shown,
And for your being Beaten, gain'd Renown;
In losing a Weak Place, so bravely there,
A whole Town now have gain'd, and taken here;

And

And there, as here, no Danger undergo,
But here, as there, you make Hearts ake for you;
If not your ſelf, the Ladies ſhou'd you ſpare,
'Tis Cowardiſe to put 'em ſtill in Fear;
Conſule your Honour, to bear Arms, forbear;
The Play-houſe Bully, puts up Sword, and All,
Rather than make the Ladies to look Pale;
In Love, as Arms, Men honourably deal,
Who ſpare their Foes, their Conqueſts to conceal;
To ſave a Friend, and ſpare an Enemy,
Gain o'er themſelves the Nobleſt Victory;
That is, their Paſſion, which does ſo rebel
Againſt their Reaſon, hon'rably to quell;
Therefore, leave off your tempting Danger ſo,
Leſt your Friend's Fame you call in queſtion, who
Her Love, wou'd but by her Fear for you, ſhow;
That Brave a Coward is, who does not dare
To loſe his Fame, his Miſtreſs's to ſpare;
Then ſeek not moſt diſhon'rably, that Praiſe,
Which needs muſt be your Miſtreſs's Diſgrace;
Leave Killing Men, ſince you, by Fighting, will
Your Miſtreſs, (but by her Fear for you) kill;
On Women ſpend your Mettle (as you ſhou'd)
And not on Men, to prove it Right, and Good;
Love you long Sieges, lay them to the Proud,
Or Conqu'ring Female Foes, moſt cruel ſtill
To Men, moſt yielding to their Pow'r, or Will,
Who, Friend and Foe, without Diſtinction kill;
If you ſeek Danger without Armour there,
More in your Shirt, each Night you may have here;
Encount'ring here a loving Female Foe,
Who will, too hard for you, by yielding, grow;

But

But you, who love all ſorts of Gallantry,
Slight Conqueſts moſt, as gain'd moſt eaſily;
Danger, and Difficulty, thinking ſo,
In Love, and Honour, Spurs to them, and you,
Which more your Praiſe, as more your Venture grow;
Since ſhe, who yields ſoon, makes your Conqueſt leſs,
And Brave Fools, love Things hardeſt of Acceſs.

To a Witty, Peeviſh Miſtreſs; *who, to Her Lover, who begg'd Her Picture, ſent a* Cat.

THY Picture *Vixen!* thou haſt ſent me now,
Which I, for thy true Likeneſs, muſt allow;
I, by thy Cat, may beſt remember thee,
For like thee, when I wou'd approach her, ſhe
Will Scratch, and Bite, will Mew, and Spit at me;
Yet, like thee, ſhe will Purr about me too,
The more, the leſs I mind what ſhe wou'd do;
And Fonder of me likewiſe will appear,
As the more heedleſs ſtill I ſeem of her;
But ſhe, when on my Knee, I'd have her ſit,
Againſt her Will, will Mew, Scratch, Bite, or Spit;
And from me, with more haſte, will friſk away,
The more I ſtrive, to make her with me ſtay;
To Play with her, nor thee, can I prevail,
Tho' ſhe, like thee, will Play with her own Tail;
Like thee, ſhe's good for nothing, but to kill,
Like thee, moſt often does it, ſitting ſtill;

A Wanton Tyrant is ſhe, like thee too,
And lets a while her creeping Priſ'ner go;
Some Freedom ſeems to give him, but in vain,
To put it, by her Mercy, more in Pain,
And lets it looſe, to pat it back again;
Gives it ſome Hopes, but more to torture it,
Still makes it trembling, in her Preſence ſit,
Uneaſie in her Company to ſtay,
Yet dares not (for its Life) to run away;
Like thee, with what ſhe means to kill, will Play;
To it, more cruel, by her ſhort Reprieve,
Is ſhe, which ſhe does, more to plague it, give,
Than it from Torment, Death, Fear, to relieve;
So does her Pleaſure of its Terror make,
Gives it ſome Hopes, but all from it to take;
Reſpites its Death, but with more Cruelty,
To make her Priſ'ner die more painfully;
My Skin too ſhe, for ſtroaking hers, will claw,
And ſcratch my Face, if I but touch her Paw;
The Wanton Puſs of my Heart, are you to,
Who, but to kill me, pat me to you too,
Yet will not kill me quite, nor let me go;
Yet I, thy cruel Picture love to ſee,
Since, wer't not ſuch, it like thee cou'd not be;
So, like thee, ſhe does moſt in Playing kill,
Does take us more too, by her ſitting ſtill;
Her Eyes, like thine, are Piercing, Fierce, and Grey,
And in the Darkeſt Night, can find her Prey;
She has a Tabby-Coat, as well as you,
And licks her Face all over (as you do)
E'er that, like thee, ſhe does on Killing go;

And when I'd get her to ſit on my Knee,
O'th' top o'th' Houſe ſhe will be ſtraight with me;
And, even while ſhe taſtes of Love, will Squall,
Tho' ſhe ne'er yet got Hurt by any Fall;
Stroaking her Furr, a Pleaſure is to me,
As ſtroaking thine, wou'd Pleaſure to me be;
So much thy Puſs, thy Picture is (I find)
It, when I ſee it, brings thee to my mind,
To the ſame Actions, Humours, is inclin'd,
Purrs all the Day about me, Progs by Night,
For Raw Fleſh, which ſhe mumbles out of ſight,
Mews, Scratches, Squalls, when ſhe has moſt Delight.

A SONG: *To a* Proud Miſtreſs, *who ſaid,* She wou'd Marry no Man, who cou'd not carry a Coronet behind His Coach, or had not ſome Crown, or other: *declaring*, She wou'd Exchange Her Love for nothing but Honour.

I.

SINCE none muſt dare,
Your Chains to wear,
Unleſs he wears ſome kind of Crown,
To gratifie
My Miſtreſs, I
Have but, as a Poor Poet, one;

II.

So but with it,
Title to Wit,
I ſeek, which loſt by Praiſe would be;
For which, no Grace
I ſeek, or Place,
But what your Heart may give to me;

III.

No Wealth, or Fame,
Honour, Good Name,
Seek, but by Praiſe I give to you;
Being whoſe Slave,
I've all I crave,
And, by your Chains, but prouder grow;

IV.

Kings, to the Shame
Of their Kind Dame,
Degrading Honours on beſtow;
But Poets raiſe,
More, by their Praiſe,
The Humble She, whom they lay low;

V.

Kings to their Dames,
Give Titles, Names,
As Huntſmen to their Bitches do;
For Sport they give,
To them bequeath,
The Names of Counteſs, Ducheſs too;

VI.

Them, ſo Kings raiſe,
To their Diſgrace,
Whoſe Titles forfeit Men's Eſteem;
Th' Immortal Wit,
When he thinks fit,
With Praiſe, makes Goddeſſes of them;

VII.

So the Cheap She,
Preferr'd to be,
The Deifying Poet's Theme;
For his Love, ne'er
Shall Scandal fear,
But get by him, a Greater Name;

VIII.

Thee then I ſhall,
My Goddeſs call,
Saint, Angel, ſuch Stiles Poets give;
By which, the Fame,
Of each Kind Dame,
In Verſe Immortal, ſtill may live;

IX.

Since her Fame's more,
As is her Store,
Of Chriſtian Faith, Love, Charity;
She who does ſhow
Her Bowels ſo,
In Scorn of Fame, loves honorably;

X.

But she who does
Her Honour lose,
To have her Name by Titles grac'd;
Deserves more Shame,
Selling her Fame,
By Honours rais'd, is more debas'd;

XI.

I honour her,
Who ne'er will fear,
For me, the Public Name of Whore;
She has my Heart,
Who dares to part
With Fame, or Honour, on my Score;

XII.

For Honest She,
Can never be,
Which to Love does not Grateful prove;
To Love she's just,
Who mine will trust,
And pawns her Honour, for my Love.

To

To a Little Drawer, *and my Great Friend, ſince the* POET'S *only Friend, in* Lombardſtreet.

LET me but Credit have with thee, my Boy!
In *Lombardſtreet*, let Bankers Boys be coy;
Let me have my Fill of thy *Florence*-Cheſt,
The Cheſt, my Boy! that thou ſhalt think the Beſt;
Let Half-Pint-Drinkers Cheſts of Money keep,
Which Reſt diſturb, but thine are Helps to Sleep;
Their Cheſts afford them but more Cares, or Fears,
Thy *Florence*-Cheſt does eaſe our Pains and Cares;
Does us with Satisfaction beſt ſupply,
For he that's Drunk, may Love or Fate defie;
If he can Pay his Reckning for thy Wine,
Or Credit has with thee, he wants no Coin;
More, than the Goldſmiths coz'ning Prentices,
You trade in that, which makes the Poor at Eaſe,
Can Priſ'ners, Lovers from their Chains releaſe;
With Wine, more ſparkling than their Gold, you can
Reſtore Joy, to the loſt, or broken Man;
Beſt Uſe of Money you to Miſers give,
When Wine, which gives Joy, for it they receive;
The Dying too, for Love, you can revive;
Beſt all our Cares, Wants, Pains too, can you cure,
Drown Rich Men's Fears, and Poor Men's Hopes enſure;
You to Men's Empty Heads, and Pockets, can
Afford wherewith their Credit to maintain;
When from your *Florence*-Cheſt your Sparkling Store
Makes our Wants leſs, our Satisfactions more;

Will

Will, Joys to all your Cuſtomers impart,
Give ev'n to Lawyers Wit, to Cowards Heart,
Truth to the Courtiers, to the Cullies Art;
To the cloſe Lovers Open-heartedneſs,
Thou mak'ſt 'em, when they have enough, confeſs
To Drunken Sinners, who give thee no Coin,
Thou't give Repentance, next Day, by thy Wine;
Thy Wine, which Aid to all our Wants, affords,
Gives Points to Men's Wits, Edges to their Swords,
Nay, ſharpens both their Weapons, Thoughts, and Words.
You make the Coward, for a Bravo paſs,
Yet drown Diſputes, and Quarrels, with the Glaſs;
You can make Old Men youthful, Matrons kind,
The Modeſt Wife ſhow all, the Husband blind;
So, you revive the State of Innocence,
Since no Sex, in Good Wine, can give Offence;
You give Good Nature to the ſurly Knave,
Freedom of Speech, to th' Priſ'ner, or the Slave,
Frankneſs, and Mirth, to th' Formal, and the Grave;
Friends, Foes, Diſputes with Words, or Blows you'll end,
Prove the Truth of a Lover, or a Friend,
Make Men and Women, Flinchers diſcommend;
So, for my beſt Friend, I you my Boy may go,
A Friend to Truth, Faith, Love, and Honour too;
Nay, Love himſelf, is not ſo kind a Boy,
From Fame, Love, Buſ'neſs, ſuch a good Decoy;
Nor, making us ſtark Blind, gives half the Joy,
As we, my Boy! have from good Wine, and Thee,
When we Drink with Thee, till we cannot ſee.

V.

The Wasted Lover's *Complaint, of a Mercenary Mistress, and a Pocky One.* A SONG.

I.

I Suffer now, for the dear Sake
Of Two dainty Doxies at once
My Heart does, for *Betty*'s Love, ake,
For *Jenny*'s my Head, and my Bones;

II.

My Bleer-Eyes, for one of 'em, weep,
For t'other too, somewhat else does;
My Heart for one, cannot I keep,
For t'other, scarce can I my Nose;

III.

The first robs my Nights of my Rest,
The other, my Days of my Ease;
One steals still my Heart from my Breast,
My Money, God t'other will seize;

IV.

I, wasted in both Purses so,
Have neither of them at command;
Yet from the Dear Jades cannot go,
Tho' to them now, scarce can I stand;

V.

V.

Whilst one of 'em squeezes my Purse,
The other does make me to squeeze;
Hands into my Pockets will force,
Whilst mine I force up to her Knees;

VI.

For either's Love thus I pay dear,
Still whether I pay, or am paid;
Yet less, what I spend on 'em, fear,
Than of what they give, am afraid.

In the Praise and Defence of OLD AGE: *To a Vain Young Man, who said,* There was nothing to be said for it; and that it was more dreadful than Death, since it made the Best Life more Contemptible than the most Ignominious Death.

WHY shou'd Old Age, to most, so dreadful be?
Which, there are none but wish, and pray to see;
What we, by that, lose in our Apetites,
It, in our Sense and Temperance, requites;
Age, with our Body's Imbecility,
But best our Sense, and Soul, does fortifie;

Weak'ning the Body, ſtrengthens more the Mind,
Which, as more Weak the Body grows, (we find)
Is, to reſiſt ſtrong Paſſions, more inclin'd;
Age, makes Man his mad Paſſion's Fury ſway,
His Lawleſs Senſes, ſuſter Senſe obey,
When Youth his Senſe, wou'd to his Luſts betray;
Age makes us Viſage Death, that Bug-bear, who
Makes Life more tedious, by Man's Living, grow;
For daily Fear of it, which, more he will
Yet ſuffer, as he does live longer ſtill;
Tho' Death's afar off Grim, 'tis Tame, when near,
So keeps our Huffing Youth but moſt in fear;
Whilſt Age has leaſt Cauſe for Anxiety,
They, who can leaſt live, leaſt ſhou'd fear to die,
To whom, Life is but Pain, Shame, Miſery;

Yet, Want, Shame, Pain, Age beſt can undergo,
Fortune's, and Love's worſt Diſappointments too,
Since Luſts benum'd too, with our Members grow;
Then Death to Men, fated with Life, is Eaſe,
Leaſt to the Tir'd, to th' Bed-rid a Releaſe;
To the Long-liv'd, the ſole Variety,
Who have done all they can'd before, but Die,
And Repetition is worſt Drudgery;
The beſt of Life, is but the ſame thing ſtill,
The Feaſt is loath'd, when we have had our Fill;
So Death, like Sleep, its Younger Brother, then
(Since Life gives Pain, Fear, Labour, to moſt Men,)
Shou'd our Deſire of our Averſion grow,
Our Comfort be, but of our Terror too,
Exalts the Soul, laying the Body low;
And puts an End to Trouble, Pain, Fear, Grief,
So ſhou'd not be Life's Dread, of its Relief;

Nor shou'd Age for a State of Dotage go,
By which alone, we can know that we know;
Since all True Knowledge, but Experience is,
Without which, none can Skilful prove, or Wise;
True, Just, Exemplary, Brave, Virtuous be,
Which all Men are much more still, as (we see)
Their Wills and Inclinations, but more free;
From Passions of Love, Av'rice, Pride, or Rage,
Which are most weak, as Men are most in Age;
Thus Age, what Virtue ne'er cou'd compass, does,
Makes the Soul, in the Jail the Body, loose;
And them does best for Dissolution fit,
Which find it hard, each other else to quit;
Age, weak'ning Bodies, strengthens thus our Souls,
Till Sense, our Senses (which Sway Youth) controuls;
And the Mind, by the Body's Weakness, grows,
To curb strong Passions, but more vigorous;
Age, for this Life and t'other all does fit,
Supplies Decays of Sense, and Loss of Wit,
By Men's Experience, only gain'd from it;
Lust's Wild-Fire, in Old Age too, must expire,
For Want of Fuel, to keep in the Fire,
When Life's its sole immoderate Desire;
Weak Age, can more than Strength of Reason do,
Cures Life of the Desire of Living too;
Tho' most Old Men their rotten Carcasses
Love, as the Poor, their crazy Courages,
More, as of them they've had a longer Lease;
And, with their Old, Weak Inconvenience, will
Dispense more, for their Old Acquaintence still;
Nay ne'er will leave them, till by Force they must,
And headlong are, by Fate, out of 'em thrust;

Yet since we must Die, by Necessity,
'Twere Weakness, not to do it willingly;
When the Soul's Shame, the worn-out Carcase grows,
Of it we shou'd more freely then dispose,
And to part with it, shou'd the sooner chuse;
As we still are more generous, or free,
Of all our worn-out Old Cloaths, as we see,
They of less Use, more Shame will to us be;
Our worn-out Life so we shou'd cast away,
Rather than suffer Scorn for its Decay,
For more Pain here, Ease, Rest elsewhere delay;
When Life grows tedious, and our Living Pain,
From Death's sound Sleep, 'tis Madness to refrain,
Since when Fate has decreed it, 'tis in vain;
For Mortals to resist Death's Blow, of Grace,
Which puts the Poor, Old, Worn-out Man at Ease;
Since Life, when Pleasure ceases, is but Pain,
To the Despis'd, Old, Weak, and Senseless Man;
Yet Age is not without its Pleasures too,
Did Weak Old Dotards how to use 'em know,
He's happy'st, who has less of it to go;
Thus Old Age is the Happiest Age, since that
Can only make Man not fear Death, or Fate,
But to desire to change his Mortal State;
Age then shou'd not Contemptible be thought,
By which, to Scorn of Life, Death are we brought;
Can be from other's Scorn but more exempt,
As we for Life, from Age, have most Contempt;
So Death shou'd rather give us Joy, than Grief,
Since less our Punishment, than our Relief;

Then

Then Old Age may for Honourable go,
By which our Wants, Cares, Fears, and Troubles too,
But more ſupportable ſtill to us grow;
And we leſs fond of Tedious Life are made,
As of approaching Death but leſs afraid;
For ſince Death ends our Fear, Pain, Shame, and Grief,
And Life prolongs our Fear, Shame, Pain, and Strife;
So Dreadful nought to Living is, as Life;
For which, we ſuffer our Mortality,
Who, but by Death, can live immortally;
So, to live longer, we ſhou'd ſooner die.

Upon GOLD; *Preferring* STEEL *to it, as the more Uſeful, and therefore the Better* Metal.

I.

THOU Contradiction to Man's Eaſe,
Tho' call'd Conveniency to Life,
Deſign'd our Comfort's beſt Increaſe,
Yet Cauſe of Danger, Care, Fear, Strife;
Man's Happineſs, to Miſery;
His Plenty, to Neceſſity;

II.

Deſign'd, of Old, th' Officious Aid,
To Commerce and Society,
Art now the World's worſt Make-bate made,
To make Man his own Enemy;
Once, Soder of each broken Vow,
The Cauſe of Friends Diviſion, now;

III.

III.

Design'd, to make Life's Burthen light,
Its heavy'st Load and Care; yet art,
Meant to keep Faith and Love upright,
Now, the Corruption of each Heart;
More Cause of Death, less Aid to Life,
Than Steel, which now makes here less Strife;

IV.

For Guilty Steel was never known,
But Open Mischiefs here to do;
But by thee, Private Wrongs are done,
Who most art thy Preserver's Foe;
Steel can the Body but annoy,
You Soul and Body both destroy;

V.

Nay Steel does now your Office do,
That very Melancholy Cure,
Poor Mortals have, for Want of you,
Whilst more you make them still endure;
From Heavy Hearts, for Want of thee,
And Spleen you give them, Steel does free;

VI.

In all Obstructions of Man's Ease,
Steel is more Sovereign than you;
Whilst you their Cares and Pains increase,
Men's Business Steel will surely do,
And them from Cares and Fears will free,
From being Sick, for, or by thee;

VII.

VII.

Men falſly call you Sovereign,
Who, for Want, are no Remedy;
Who give the Reſtleſs ſtill more Pain,
The more, for Eaſe, they by you ſty;
Like other Remedies, ſo you,
In curing one Grief, give us two;

VIII.

You, but a Quackiſh Cure, then are
Pretending, to be general;
To give Eaſe, you give Pain, Care, Fear,
The ſame Cure of all Ills, in all;
A Cure, worſe than is the Diſeaſe,
Our certain Pain, uncertain Eaſe;

IX.

A Cure then you, like others, are,
If Man too much does take of you;
You, of his Hopes, become his Fear,
His Grief of his Relief, will grow;
Whoſe Dangers, Pains, will more increaſe,
The more he Safety ſeeks, and Eaſe.

In Answer to a Merry Doctor's *Advice, which was,* To drink my Spleen and Love away.

BY Wine, that common Cordial for all Grief,
In vain I seek, for Love or Care, Relief;
Drowning my Sense, can't my Desires, or Cares,
Nor stupefie my Troubles, Pains, or Fears;
I spoil the Strength of my Wine, with my Tears;
It turns, by my soure Humour, Vinegar,
And, from my Sighs for Love, takes too much Air;
Till Dead, and not Reviving, 'tis to me,
Me, from my Spleen's Oppression, cannot free;
Nor raise my Joy, my Trouble stupefie,
For Love, Care, Grief, can be no Remedy,
Nor with new Healths, wash from my Memory;
Or Breast, Old Griefs, which still lie heavy there,
And I must still, with Love's Heart-burning bear;
Fuming in my Head, Broiling in my Breast,
In spight of Wine, to keep me from all Rest;
Tho', for some Griefs, both of the Breast and Head,
Wine's an effectual Remedy ('tis said);
To make thee Drunk with Love, to bring up all,
We Love's Heart-burning, or its Sickness call;
The Breast by new Qualms, from old Pains to free,
But Wine (alas!) can ne'er ease mine, or me;
Chloris, in spight of Wine, lies heavy there,
No Tavern *Haustus* can my Stomach clear;
My Friends, like Quacks, repeat their Dose in vain,
In spight of Wine, my Grief will still remain;

My

My Fev'riſh Thirſt of Love, I ne'er can quench,
Tho' me, thus oft, my Tavern-Doctors drench;
Wine does the Hot Fit of my Love renew,
Recals my long loſt *Chloris* to my View,
Whoſe Health mends mine, tho' others make me Spew;
But turn my Pleaſure into Nauceouſneſs,
And make my Grief but more, as my Senſe leſs,
With her Health, reaſ'nable is Wine's Exceſs;
When I, by Wine, and Loſs of my Senſe, wou'd
Recover my good Humour, (if I cou'd);
As loſing Gameſters gain, by Loſs of Senſe,
In Wine, Loſs of Concern for Loſs of Pence;
But I my Grief, drinking her Health, increaſe,
Wine will, in petty Paſſions, (I confeſs)
Change Thoughtful Love to Chearful Thoughtleſneſs;
In Wine, my Soft Love can't be drown'd by me,
Like Oil mix'd with it, uppermoſt 'twill be;
So ſtill I Drink, but as I Love, in vain,
To cure my Heart-ake, with an aking Brain,
In Head, and Breaſt, to feel next Day, more Pain;
Wine will Deſire, as Thirſt, but more increaſe,
By which, we wou'd have all Deſires to ceaſe;
So Love, like Sorrow, Drinking drives away,
With more Grief, to return th' enſuing Day;
As all Exceſs of Mirth, at firſt, is ſeen,
With Joy beginning, to conclude with Spleen;
Yet your Advice I kindly muſt receive,
Since th' only 'tis, (my Friend) as I believe,
You take your ſelf, of all th' Advice you give;
To which, if you wou'd add your Company,
Wine then wou'd be my Cure infallibly,
Since Phyſic works beſt, when the Doctor's by.

A Song: *To an* Old Miser, *who drank out of a* Cup *of* Gold, *which he never had above a quarter fill'd, and generally with Ill Wine.*

I.

GIVE me not empty Cups of Gold,
But one, worth more, fill'd with Rich Wine;
Of more worth, as it more does hold,
More from its Wine than Gold, does shine;

II.

Which makes us not more covetous,
Of its pure Metal, than pure Drink;
But Wine, which makes us generous,
Like it, and ne'er of Gold to think;

III.

Not such Cups, as give us more Cares,
But more Joys, when we Dine, or Sup;
Such as all Jealousies, or Fears,
Take from us, when we take them up;

IV.

Not empty great Gold Cups, which keep
Emptier Owners more awake;
But fuller, which give sooner Sleep,
Our Peace, or Rest, not from us take;

V.

Not that Cup, which shines, or weighs most,
Altho' 'twere made of purest Gold,
Think I best, as it most does Cost,
But rather, as it most does Hold;

VI.

For I can ne'r be Merrier,
For the Gold Cup, but for its Wine;
Since it my Heart much more will cheer,
Me to more Joys, Ease, Rest incline;

VII.

Whilst th'empty Golden Cup, awake,
May keep me, t'other makes me sleep;
Which I'd have my Friend from me take,
But to my Self the Rich Wine keep;

VIII.

Whether the Cup be Rich, or no,
It is no matter to the Wise;
If it Rich Wine does overflow,
Silver or Gold, we shall despise;

IX.

Since 'tis not Gold's, or Silver's Store,
Is of Man's Joys, or Ease the Proof;
Who, as he has more, thirsts for more,
Whilst Drunkards own, they have enough.

To a very Noiſie, Talkative, Shallow Coxcomb; *who ſaid*, He wou'd Cure my *Spleen*, by his *Converſation* and *Diſcourſe*, if I wou'd hear Him.

YOU Talk ſo much, you leſs to purpoſe Speak,
Still to be leſs Heard, the more Noiſe you make;
To drive Friends, when you'd ſpeak with 'em, away;
Your quick Speech our Conception does delay;
You talk ſo much, we mind leſs what you ſay;
Talk not at all, or leſs then, if you wou'd
By more be heard, or be more underſtood;
He who talks leaſt, is in the Right i' th' Wrong,
Since Right grows Wrong, talking of it too long;
The more you talk, we know your Meaning leſs;
As Stammerers, from their Talk's Eagerneſs,
Their Minds, by Haſte to ſpeak 'em, leſs expreſs;
Your Haſte to ſpeak, but takes your Breath away,
Till your Speech interrupts what you wou'd ſay;
And does your Tongue to Lapſes more betray;
Thorough-pac'd Tongues thus apteſt are to ſlip,
As Horſes, thorough-pac'd, more oft to trip;
Let your Tongue, to go ſurer, go more ſlow,
And ſay leſs, that you may more Reaſon ſhow;
Who, more you talk, ſhow more Impertinence,
Then Speak leſs, but to prove more yet your Senſe;
At leaſt, talk not ſo much, ſo quick, ſo loud,
Whoſe Senſe leſs, for much Talk, is underſtood;
For your lame Thoughts, your quick Speech is to blame,
As oft the Horſe's Mettle makes him lame;

For Want of Words, your Want of Reaſon, ſo,
Might ſure for Modeſty, nay Prudence go;
More Spirited, in leſs Words, is good Senſe,
Does but much more our Reaſon influence;
As Spirits on our Body's Humours, ſo,
Work better, than dull, heavy Potions do;
Senſe in few Words, in Operation quick,
Will beſt down with the Witty Splenetic,
Whilſt much Talk, like much Phyſic, makes them ſick;
To make the Melancholy Man endure,
Leſs from his bad Diſtemper, than Ill Cure;
Thus, whether you have any Senſe, or no,
Speak leſs at leaſt, your Judgment more to ſhow,
And let us ſooner ſtill your Meaning know;
For if what you ſay, be True Senſe and Good,
'Twill be thought beſt, as ſooneſt underſtood,
Which by your Talking leſs, the better wou'd;
If Bad, it wou'd more Reaſ'nable appear,
The leſs our Expectation of it were;
Then Talk leſs, but your Reaſon more to ſhow,
Which proves Senſe, whether Men have it, or no;
Since Man moſt by his Speech ſhows what he is,
Ev'n the Weak Fool, is in his Silence Wiſe.

The Covetous Lover's *Answer to His* Kept Mistress, *who said*, If he lov'd Her so Well, as He pretended He did, He wou'd not Keep Her so Ill; more to His Shame and Dishonour, than Hers.

THY Torn Cloaths, as Torn Ensigns in the War,
Proofs of your Virtue, not Dishonour, are;
Which like them, only manifest and show,
There still has been old tugging too, for you;
Yet, by thy Ragged Coat it does appear,
As by the Colt's, you ne'r bestridden were;
Since *Phillis*'s Fine Coat, as Filly's too,
Does, that She's kept for Riding, likewise show;
Then for my Credit, yours too will it be,
That you (Fine Dear!) are kept thus Ill by me;
For if True Beauty more is seen, as less
It, for its Charms, is owing to its Dress;
And the Fine Shape's, as the Fine Face's Proof,
Is more, as less Art's us'd to set it off;
Then me, (pray) for your Ill Dress, do not blame,
Which is more for your Honour, than your Shame,
The Honour of your Beauty, and your Fame;
In Rags I keep thee for thy Credit so,
For thy Sake, and my Satisfaction too,
My Love, thy Beauty, but the more to show;
Since, shou'd I keep thee Finer, I shou'd be,
But more in Pain, and Fear of losing thee;
Thus I (my Dear!) now keep thee but thus Ill,
Out of more Kindness, but to keep thee still;

And

And keep thee worſe, the better but to prove,
The Pow'r of thy true Beauty, my true Love;
Since, but as Beauty leſs to Dreſſing ows,
Or Art, its Excellency much more it ſhows;
The Fine, by Nature, are lik'd more, as leſs
Their Finery ſeems owing to their Dreſs;
Then, but becauſe your Honour's, Beauty's Fame,
I'll keep from Cenſure of the World, or Shame,
I keep you, but more barely, poorly ſo,
Out of more Love, and Honour ſtill for you;
Since Women's Honour ſuffers much more, by
Their Dreſs's, than their Features Finery;
For a Fine Woman's Pride, her Shame we call,
Who, the more ſet out, ſeems more ſet to Sale.

A SONG: *In the Name of an* Engliſh Lover, *to a* Spaniſh Miſtreſs, *who ſpoke* Engliſh, *and call'd Him a* Boracho, *that is,* A Hogskin of Wine.

I.

WHY ſhou'd you me *Boracho* call?
Since you (my Dear!) are liker one;
Who raiſe me, but to make me fall,
My Senſe, with Love of you, to drown;
You, more like a *Boracho*, are,
The Cure of Love, and Eaſe of Care:

II.

II.

Since the ſole Diff'rence that I know,
There ſeems to be, 'twixt it and thee,
Turning it up, I joyful grow,
Turning up thee, more ſad ſhall be;
More glad, as it grows emptier,
More ſad, as you more full appear;

III.

So both wou'd more my Pleaſure be,
Were it like you, you more like her;
Were it, or you, ne'er forc'd on me,
But both at Pleaſure, taken were;
If, giving me Joys, it wou'd grow
No Lanker, or no Fuller you;

IV.

If it, when I turn her Tail up,
More empty wou'd not grow to me;
Nor thou, the more I thee ſhou'd ſtop,
The fuller, to my Sorrow, be;
With me, like my *Boracho*, too,
Then all the World o'er ſhou'd you go;

V.

WHy ſhou'd you me ſo call;
You'd now (ſince Love's *Portmanteau* grown)
With your *Boracho*, go and come;
Abroad, move with him up and down,
But to lie ſtill with him at Home;
Be like the *Dons Portmanteau* ſo,
At once Life's Eaſe, and Luggage too.

To

To a Sickly, Peeviſh, yet Ambitious; Vain Male-content; *Angry with the* World, *yet Afraid to Die, and leave it.*

WHY ſo much out of Humour, are you here,
So fearful yet, of going hence, elſewhere?
Why thus aweary of your Stay below,
To Reſt eternal, yet afraid to go?
Why, with the ſame Joys, ſtill diſguſted here?
Or here, but their Incertainty to fear,
Yet, not deſire to go to that Place? where,
Your Faith alone, wou'd make 'em to you ſure,
Where they, nay you, might evermore endure?
Are you in Pleaſure, or Proſperity?
Then you ſhou'd rather wiſh, than fear to Die,
To ſhun here, Fate's moſt ſure Inconſtancy;
To 'ſcape the Fear of Death, and Fortune's Pow'r,
To live more happy here, as evermore:
In Pain are you? Then wiſh this Life to quit,
If but to be, as ſooner out of it;
The Pain, or Shame, the Trouble, or the Grief,
Does it grow here, of your Ambitious Life?
To have above you, ſo many below,
Why not to Heav'n, to get above all, go?
Out of a High Place, fear you to be thrown?
Why go not where no Change was ever known?
What are the Stale Allurements of this Life?
That they ſhou'd make, two ſuch Old Friends, at Strife?

The Soul, and Body here, ſhou'd ſet at odds,
And hinder Mortals from becoming Gods?
Since Pleaſures here, will from us poſt away,
Thither let's haſte, where fix'd Joys for us ſtay,
Where we, nor they, can ever know Decay;
If Change of Pleaſures, Life, or Reſidence,
Be Satisfaction, why not haſten hence?
From Joys, which leave us, if we do not them,
Nay try'd, are contrary to what they ſeem;
Whoſe very Being, they themſelves deſtroy,
Which cannot ſatisfie, but they muſt cloy,
So more our Pain, or Grief, as more our Joy;
Since Glory's volatile, Wealth, Joys, unſure,
Why take not offer'd Joys, which ſtill endure?
Why more to this Life's Labour, Danger, Pain,
For Fame, Eaſe, Safety, Pleaſure, ſeek in vain?
Since our Deſires crave more, the more they gain;
Which, with our Wealth's, and Honour's, Stores Increaſe,
To make us, as they grow more, leſs at Eaſe;
To make (but as the more is our Succeſs)
Our Happineſs, and Satisfaction leſs;
Since our Gains, more our Avarice and Pride
Increaſe, to make us but as more ſupply'd,
To be but the leſs pleas'd, or ſatisfy'd;
Since more Stores, more Deſires but multiply,
Our Plenty grows more ſhameful Poverty,
Honour increaſing Pride, our Infamy;
So Honour, Wealth, are more Diſparagement,
Which, growing more, more leſſen our Content,
Our Satisfaction, by Succeſs, prevent;
Then we, by Pow'r's, Wealth's, Honour's, vain Increaſe,
Augmenting our Deſires, enjoy 'em leſs;

Nay,

Nay, leſſen our own ſelves, to make 'em more,
Who, for them, have our Minds leſs in our Pow'r;
Since Stores, Stiles, by which Men are Vainer made;
Great Souls of Honour, by their Height, degrade;
By which they ſhow, their Spirits are more poor,
But as they want ſtill, to ſupport 'em more;
Whilſt that Poor Great Man's Spirit beſt is ſhown,
Which is ſupported by itſelf alone,
And under Want, or Shame, does ſuffer none;
Who ſeeks not Honour, to his Virtue's Shame,
But Honour, to deſerve it, does diſclaim;
His Merit (more to prove it) will diſown,
Since Virtue's leaſt by Oſtentation ſhown,
Which makes Man more Immortal ſtill elſewhere,
As leſs he ſeeks to live in Glory here;
Which here, but by his vain Preſumption too,
As elſewhere, will his Condemnation grow;
Since Virtue of its Merit is debarr'd,
But more, as it claims for it more Reward;
The Credit of our Fame, as Wealth we loſe,
Which our Shame, but by too much Seeking, grows,
And being of it but too Covetous;
Preſumption will the Fame we crave deny,
Here, elſewhere forfeit Immortality;
The Reputation of True Senſe, or Wit,
Which makes Man ſooner die, to live by it;
To live by Monument, or Epitaph,
But to renew Friends Grief, and make Foes laugh;
To ſee Proud Man record his Vanity,
To Defamation of his Memory;
Which, to ſupport his Family's juſt Pride,
Had better with him in Oblivion dy'd;

Since moſt Great Tombs their Little Gueſts belie,
With ſome ſuch Libelling damn'd Flattery;
As here, in Hopes of an Immortal State,
I' th' Space of Six Foot, lies the Deathleſs Great;
A Lie, but more to make the Marble ſwear.

The COUNSEL, *a* SONG: *To a very Proud* Miſtreſs; *pretending to be very Peculiar in Her* Love, *and angry, She was call'd a* Common Good.

I.

SINCE all, you call Honour, or Fame,
On others, not you, muſt depend;
You more will but loſe your Good Name,
The more that you to it pretend,
Your Honour, like Men's Fame of Courage, or Wit,
Is ſooneſt loſt by your pretending to it;

II.

For all ſorts of Hypocrites, (know)
As well in Religion, as Love,
The more their True Faith they wou'd ſhow,
The leſs its True Merit they prove;
Stand not on your Honour then, more to your Shame,
Your ſelf, by pretending to Fame, to defame;

III.

III.

But if you wou'd not be thought looſe,
Appear not to be ſo be ſtrait-lac'd,
Since hiding Love, it you'd expoſe,
Be more by Feign'd Virtue diſgrac'd;
Since Hypocrites ſtill appear niceſt to be,
O! then to be thought leſs looſe, ſeem thou more free;

IV.

Thy Favours in Publick diſpenſe,
To all the World in general;
That, that my ſeem Indifference,
Which others wou'd Impudence call;
And let all your Kindneſs ſeem Common, that ſo,
You, for the leſs Common with all Men may go;

V.

For ſince that Peculiar is now,
A Stile of moſt Infamy grown;
In calling you Common, (then know)
More Honour I to you have done;
Since 'tis much more eaſie for Women, (we find)
One Man to reſiſt, than to keep off Mankind;

VI.

The Woman then, ſo like the Man,
For being by Numbers brought down,
Leſs Shame or Diſcredit ſhou'd gain,
Than ſhe that's o'ercome but by One;
So more for your Honour then ſhou'd it be held,
The more that the Men were, to whom you did yield.

To

To NATH. LEE, *in* Bethlem, *(who was at once* Poet *and* Actor*) complaining, in His Intervals, of the Senſe of His Condition; and that He ought no more to be in* Bethlem *for Want of Senſe, than other* Mad Libertines *and* Poets *abroad, or any* Sober Fools *whatever.*

MORE happy you, miſtaken Man! are now,
(If your own Happineſs you cou'd but know)
In Loſs of Knowledge, you complain of ſo;
The firſt and true Cauſe of all Miſery,
That ever fell upon Humanity;
By which Loſs, others you the better bear,
In Chains unfelt, more happy then you are,
Since by them, free from Thought, Pain, Care, or Fear;
More free, more happy, as your Senſe is leſs,
Since 'twas your Senſe was your Unhappineſs;
The Want of which, frees Men from Cares, Fears, Pains,
Which Lovers feel, in Female-Keepers Chains;
Wits abroad ſuffer, but for ſounder Brains;
For whoſe Food, and whoſe Lodging, none take Care,
Shut out of Doors, kept Hungry, Poor, and Bare,
Since Great Men their Poetic Fury fear;
For telling Naked Truths, like Mad-Men, ſtripp'd,
For their Poetic Laſhing Fury, Whipp'd;
And having, only, too much Wit, or Senſe,
More to the World's, and vain Great Men's Offence;

Since

Since, to Diſcov'ry of their Want of Wit,
Therefore, can never pardon'd be for it;
Whilſt you grow Wiſer now, for Want of Senſe;
Whoſe Fuſtian Nonſenſe now, gives none Offence,
But rather by that, and your late crack'd Brain,
You beſt, your Gaping Audience, entertain;
Now, not in Word, or Action, are to blame,
Nay, ſhowing all you have, are free from Shame,
Nor now, moſt madly ſtarve your ſelf, for Fame;
Which, if your Wits you had had ever right,
You wou'd have had more Reaſon, ſtill to ſlight;
Now, for the World, more Sport you make, and more
May Rail, at Small and Great, than e'er before;
More happy are, for having leſs your Mind,
For Want of Senſe, no Want of it you find;
Your Fancy now, does all your Wants ſupply,
Which once, but by your Frantic Poetry,
Kept you ſtill, in much more Neceſſity;
You, but becauſe you ſtarv'd, fell mad before,
Now Starving, does your Wits to you reſtore;
So thy Life is (like others) much all one,
Whether thou now, haſt any Senſe, or none;
You did, before that you were mad, engage
With Numbers, and in your Poetic Rage,
Laſh'd (as your Keepers you) the madder Age;
In Poetry, wou'd have your own mad Way,
In ſpight of all, your ſober Friends cou'd ſay;
Thought others mad, from your own Madneſs too,
Becauſe, they did not Talk, Think, Do, like you;
You mutter'd Fuſtian, to your ſelf before,
'Gainſt Friend, and Foe, (to ſhow your Wit) did roar;

Which

Which made your Vain, Poetic Rage, appear
Leſs reaſ'nable, as you more ſober were;
You had High-flights, above all common Senſe,
To draw to you your Staring Audience,
Whom you, more to your Pleaſure, entertain'd,
The leſs they did your Bombaſt underſtand;
Abroad, as here, thy Life was much the ſame,
Pleaſing the World, as now, but to thy Shame,
But now, 'tis true, thy Shame is not thy Blame;
Nor doſt thou find, in *Bethlem*, difference,
Betwixt thy Diet, Habit, or thy Senſe,
When thou, by Fancy, hadſt to Wit Pretence;
Thou, by thy Fate, wert, as a Poet, ſtripp'd,
A Thing to ſtare at, and, by Critics, whipp'd;
A Crack'd, and Hot-head, as a Poet, had,
Which made thy Friends, thy Company to dread,
Wert forc'd to Rave, in Poetry, for Bread;
Wert in thy Wits, out of thy Senſes more,
'Gainſt Foes, and Friends alike, didſt always roar,
Who wou'd have held thy Scribling Hand, before;
When, to your Ruine, you made uſe of it,
Who, (ſince in your own Fancy, ſuch a Wit)
Avove all ſober Men's Senſe, Spake, and Writ;
Delighted with your own Hot-headedneſs,
Wou'd never, your own Want of Senſe confeſs,
Or rave in Verſe, for Friend's Entreaty leſs;
Like *Tom* of *Bedlam*, didſt a Feather wear,
In thy Poetic Scribling Hand, or Ear,
To make thee, but a Mad-cap, more appear;
And by thy Vain, Fantaſtic Uſe of it,
To ſhow but leſs thy Senſe, as more thy Wit;

To draw the Vulgar to thee, didst delight,
Who thee did, for their Sport, with Scorn requite.
And came to hear your Fustian then, as now,
To please themselves, not out of Love to you:
As now, the Rabble to thee does resort,
That thy Wants of thy Wits may be their Sport:
Yet, in your Right Wits are you, when you say,
You shou'd not be the sole Wit, who shou'd stay
In *Bedlam* when, Poets more mad than thee,
About Streets, amongst Sober Men, we see,
Who so mad are, to hope, that Good Sense shou'd
Be priz'd by all, thoi by few understood;
So mad, as e'er to hope for Praise, or Fame,
For Wit, from those whom they for Folly blame,
Which Ignorance, or Envy, turns to Shame;
Heroe's and Lovers, stark mad are, who strive
For their Whore's Honour, to deserve thy Wive;
Who, but as they more Ease would have, and be
(More for their Pride, and Pleasure, still) more free,
Take with their Bodies, and their Heads, more Pains,
To lose their Rest, and wear Proud She-Foe's Chains;
Nay, Triumph in their Frantic Slavery,
In scorn of Peace, Honour, or Liberty;
The Covetous are arrant Madmen too,
Who, starv'd and stripp'd, for others sakes will go,
For Strangers, call'd Friends, whom they cannot know;
Their gaping Kinsman, or impatient Heir,
Who ne'er to them, will, what they are, appear;
So, from themselves, to Foes, call'd Friends, they give
Their Money, who, that they may better live,
Will wish them Dead, but for their Living grieve;

Whose Grief, for their Friends Dying, is but more,
Because, they did not Die for them before,
Or have not left 'em all their Wealth, or Store;
Whilst t'other damn themselves, for Gold they save,
Bury't, that it, their Foes, call'd Friends, may have,
Who, for it, with 'em bury'd in their Grave;
Mad likewise is, each Crack'd-brain'd Prodigal,
Who, whilst he lives, gives, from his own self, all
To those, who him but Mad-man, for it, call;
At others Pleasure, not his own, he lives,
Takes Pains for Pleasure, which, to Foes he gives,
By which, he Scorn, for Praise he seeks, receives;
And for his Honour, does his Money quit,
Which only can be the Support of it;
Each Heroe, like a *Tom* of *Bedlam* too,
With Feathers in his Cap, about does go
A Stroling, and so far, and near, does roam,
To make each Man's House, where he comes, his Home;
So does his Peace, or Ease, he Fights for, leave,
Which he might, did he not Fight for 'em, have;
Which yet, he has less, as he seeks them more,
Who, by his Pride, lessens his Fame, and Pow'r;
Since 'tis your Humble, Self-denying Man,
Does Pow'r o'er others, yielding to them, gain;
And by his Self-condemning Modesty,
Not Boldness, Fame does get, and justifie;
The Roaring Drunkard too, runs mad about,
The Dread, and Sport of all the Rabble-Rout,
Ne'er leaves, till he does to a Dark Hole go,
And is shut up, for Mischief he wou'd do,
And lies in Straw, till he does Sober grow;

Each Antic Courtier, mad for Pride, we hold,
Who, for his Shape's ſake, goes in Winter cold;
The Men of Buſineſs ſhou'd for Mad-Men go,
Who ſtill the more they do, have moſt to do;
Who, tho' Eaſe is, (as vainly they pretend)
Of all their Labour but their only End,
Are for their Labours, or their Wealth's Increaſe,
The more they get ſtill, but leſs at their Eaſe;
The Soldier ſays too, he but Fights for Peace,
Which, if he wou'd have, he the ſooner might,
Not Fighting on, but leaving off to Fight;
Who tho an Atheiſt, ready is to die,
A Martyr, for his Immortality;
The Roaring Church-Men, ſeem but Mad-Men too;
Who, gainſt the Rules of Life they Preach-up, go;
Think to guide Men by what they ſay, not do;
And madly talk of things above the Moon;
As if to them, tho not to others known;
Yet Faith they Preach-up, by their Lives diſown;
In fine, the whole World's giddy, running round,
So Light-Heads in it only can be found;
Mad likewiſe is the *Bedlam-Doctor* ſure;
Who thinks a Crack-Brain'd Poet e'er to cure,
Since Poets Courts have ſtriv'd to cure, in vain;
By ſtarving Wits, and keeping them in Pain,
To make their Bodies Smart, correct their Brain;
Who ſtripp'd and whipp'd, their Jeſt nor Keeper ſpare,
Tho' ſtarv'd, and in Obſcurity kept bare,
Like Mad-Men, keep their Keeper ſtill in Fear;
And are ſo mad to ſtarve, and ſooner die,
To live but longer in their Poetry;
To get by ſtarving, Immortality;

And Praise from envious Rivals, for their Wit,
But when they cannot better be for it,
When they the World, and Praise it gives, must quit;
So to be most Mad, may they well be said,
Who starve alive, only to live when dead;
Who rather Voluntary Want endure,
Pain, Grief, than have from Critic's Lash their Cure;
Out of their Wits, more to be reckon'd so,
As they more Wit, but by less Reason show;
By Wit, which yet but to more Praise pretends,
As it but most abuses its best Friends;
Whom to be less in their Wits, Wise Men deem,
As more Wits in their own Conceits they seem,
To lose, by craving Praise, all Men's Esteem;
To prove their Madness more, as more their Wit,
Since more pleas'd, as more whipp'd, and starv'd for it;
To make but of their Penance, their Delight,
Be thought less in their Wits, as more they write;
Like the Mad Priest, who scribled o'er and o'er,
One Sheet, to be still, but as he writ more,
By the most Wise, and Sober Men, less read,
As by them less heard, as the more he said.

A SONG. To a Jilting Half-Mistress, Who Swore Fidelity to her Lover, by His Eyes, which afterwards grew Sore.

YOU, by my Eyes swore Faith to me,
By which, your Perjuries I find,
Which, (since they were sworn by, by thee)
By Love or thee, are stricken Blind;
The Breach of Faith so you commit,
Yet I must punish'd be for it;

II.

In Love, as Trade, Joint-Partners so,
Must suffer for the Fault of one;
And th'Innocent must undergo
The Damage, by the Guilty done;
Whilst the False Partner's Breach of Trust,
Most Loss and Shame is to the Just;

III.

Thy Perjury my True Faith damns,
Whose Innocence must suffer now,
All Love's damn'd Tortures, and his Flames,
But for my wrong'd True Faith in you;
The Body's Sin so must torment
The Soul, which gave it no Consent.

To a French Doctor, whose Name was LeRoy, or King; and who was as Generous as an Emperour.

POOR Poets, who no Money have to give,
By Verse must make them live, who made 'em live;
Since Money's but a poor Return to you,
Who never like your griping Brethren, do,
Whose Patients Lives are but from Dangers freed,
Not as their Veins, but as their Purses bleed;
But you can Life upon the Poor bestow,
Without Return, like Life's First Giver too;
Nay, like the Great Physician of the Soul,
Do Good against our Wills, our Fates controul;
Nay Good, without Thought of Reward, can do,
Can save poor Patients, and their Money too.
A Practice but Particular, in you;
With Bitter Words, no Sow'r Looks, or Morose,
To Patients more offensive than their Dose,
Do you, make yours, their Hopes, or Patience lose;
Nor, like some of your Faculty, do you,
Make your Poor, Weak, Sick Patients undergo,
What others often from their Doctors do;
Who from their Weakness and Ill Humors, more,
Oft suffer, than from all their own before;
In your self you, (what is most hard to do,
By those, whom of your Faculty, we know)
All Evils cure of your Profession too;
Pride's Tympany, Hydropic Avarice,
Against which, few can give themselves Advice;

Unlike

Unlike them, you make Patients ne'er endure,
Less Danger, Pain, from their Disease, than Cure;
We both serve the same Saving Deity,
The God of Physic, and of Poetry;
By which, Men think to live immortally:
Cou'd I prevent your Death, as mine you do,
You then shou'd live by me, as I by you;
Which, if by any's Art, it cou'd be done,
Cou'd be, by none sure, so sure as your own.
You make Fate on you, you not on it wait,
Thus over-pow'ring it, you grow Fate's Fate;
Not, like your Brethren, its Minister,
Fate's King, and not its Executioner.

III.

A SONG: *To the Indifferent in* Love.

I.

BE Friend or Foe,
More Kindness show,
Or show me yet more kind Disdain;
Your Torturing Indifference,
Worse than your Scorn,
Is to be born,
My Passion does to Rage Incense;
To make us, of your Mercy, more complain,
When constant Cruelty wou'd end our Pain:

II.

If I muſt Die,
Kill ſuddenly,
If Sentence on my Life muſt paſs;
I, by more Grief, more Eaſe ſhall gain,
Diſpatch in Love,
As Death will prove,
But much more Pity, as more Pain;
More Cruelty, more Mercy were, and Grace,
By which, vain Hope, and certain Fear, wou'd ceaſe:

III.

To end my Care,
Give ſoon Deſpair,
To make me leſs of thee complain;
Give no more Hopes, if no more Love,
In Mercy, do
To More Cruel grow,
Thy Kindneſs to me, more no prove;
Since Love, like Cordials given us, in vain,
More cruel is, prolonging Life, by Pain.

To an Affected, Proud JILT, *who Quarrel'd with Her Friend, for calling Her,* A Common Good, or Bleſſing; *tho' She ſaid,* She, for Her Honour, had no Lovers at all.

IF that, to be Cloſe-Fiſted, be the Blame
Of Men of Honour, and a Scile of Shame,
To be Cloſe-Thigh'd, in Women, is the ſame;
Why Honour to Men, ſhou'd it only be,
To be ſtill of their Fleſh, accounted free?
Yet, ſhou'd it be the Woman's Loſs of Fame,
Which gives the Puſhing Heroe his Good Name,
Be the Man's Honour, yet the Woman's Shame?
Shou'd Chearful Giving, Givers more diſgrace?
The Voluntary Gift, bribes moſt our Praiſe;
Great Ladies, like Great Men, are but more Great,
But the more they, themſelves Communicate;
Juſtice, the World's great Miſtreſs, in her Hall
Of *Weſtminſter*, for being general,
Or Common, is but ſu'd to more, by all;
And only more, ſhou'd all Men's Cenſure fear,
But as ſhe, to more Suiters, does appear,
In Love, or Pity, more Particular;
Since Honour lies in Generoſity,
Which nothing can (when ask'd by Friends) deny;
The Dame of the moſt Hoſpitable Heart,
Who, to Mankind, her Bowels does impart,

Her Love does then more Honourably prove,
As she seems Nobly Freer of her Love;
For sure, if Selfishness be most the Shame,
Of a true Great Man, or a Noble Dame,
She who scorns most her Honour, or Good Name,
When 'tis to serve, or pleasure her True Friends,
In spight of Fame, justly to more pretends;
The less her Debt of Love is, by her Pride,
To her Friends Love, ungratefully deny'd;
So she shou'd, for most Honourable, pass,
Who least, for one Man, fears from all Disgrace;
Who, Honour, Int'rest, does for Love defie,
Who, rather than let them, who love her, die,
Can to them nothing, which she has, deny;
She more Disgrace, shou'd rather undergo,
Whose Pride lets her, to Love, no Justice do,
But on her Honour, stands dishon'rably,
And of her self, more to her Infamy,
So vainly Choice is, or so Niggardly;
That she her self, will, from her Pleasu Fast;
Rather, than let her Friends her Bounty taste;
Nay, thinks her self more Honourably Kind,
As more to one, her Charity's confin'd;
Whilst she less Worthy of your Praise appears,
The more she thinks to gain more Worshippers,
As fewest Men, she favours, or she hears;
Tho', ev'n the Gods themselves (all Mortals know)
Wou'd lose our Praise, their Glory, shou'd they grow
Particular, and but their Favour show
To one poor, single, kneeling Supplicant;
But they their Grace to all, who seek it, grant;

Then

Then Angel-Women but like Angels are,
More fam'd and honour'd by Men's Public Pray'r;
They then are mean, unheeded Goddesses,
Who bring but few Devoto's on their Knees,
Who will but hear Particular Complaints,
So must have few, and senseless Supplicants;
Your Pride does you then of our Praise defeat,
'Tis Public Worship makes Earth's Angels Great,
That House most Noble is, which most does Treat;
Common is not a Stile then of Disgrace,
To be call'd Common, is the greatest Praise;
The Commonwealth, is the Concern of all,
The Commons House, we Honourable call,
And the Proud Town yields to the Common Hall;
The Common Law, is that which bears the Sway,
But for which, God's Law Man wou'd not obey;
The Common Good, does most our Service claim;
For being so, why then, a Common Dame,
Shou'd we not, but as more a Common Friend,
Esteem the more, more commonly commended?
Why shou'd that Epithet of Common, prove,
Honour to Friendship, yet Disgrace to Love?
Why must that Epithet, to all apply'd,
But Woman, be the Stile of Pow'r, and Pride,
Yet she be for it, but more vilify'd?
The Sun, the greatest Beauty free of all,
If 'twere not Common, would have none so full
Down on their Knees to it, or it so call
A Deity: Why shou'd all Public Men
Get Praise and Fame by that Stile, which has been
The Public Woman's Infamy and Blame,
If Praise be due still to the Public Name?

And she most prais'd is, most remarkable,
Who most known is, and follow'd by the Rabble;
Queans, Queens alike, are to the Public known,
Why then to Women, shou'd it be alone,
Shame to be known by all, to Men Renown?
Women, like Books, shou'd valu'd be the more,
As by more Men, more tumbled o'er and o'er;
And her, the best sure, like them, shou'd we call,
Who has not been by one Man known, but all;
The Public is the noblest Proof of Wit,
Beauties get Praise but by the Test of it;
Each is most follow'd for her Public Fame,
So Public is a Stile of Praise, not Shame;
Whilst that of Private or Peculiar grows,
To a Great Woman's Honour, infamous;
Man's Public Name, and Open Heart's his Praise,
Why shou'd they be, the Public Dame's Disgrace?
The Public Stamp, the Price of Gold does raise;
And Books, as Coins, are priz'd more by most Men,
As the more current, both about have been;
She, who most Public Approbation has,
For the most Honourable she, shou'd pass;
Like Armour, each shou'd for her Public Proof,
Go better with most Public Chapmen off;
'Tis no Dishonour, to be ask'd and woo'd,
Of many Lovers, Women shou'd be proud;
Then Infamous we her can only call,
Who (more to her to Shame) has had none at all.

To a Proud Miſtreſs, *who uſ'd to ſay*, Her Lover's Courtſhip was Her Diſhonour; *bidding Him ſtill*, to be Gone.

I.

LOVE, which we cannot help, can go
For no Fault, till Preſumption 'tis;
Why ſhou'd you, Men's admiring you,
(If Proud, as you ſeem) take amiſs?

II.

Love without Hope, is Puniſhment
Enough, for your bold, loving Swain;
Since I ne'r ask'd your Love's Conſent,
Why ſhou'd you give me your Diſdain?

III.

If more you'd under-value me,
Your ſelf then over-value ſo,
As not to let your Pride to be,
My Hinderance from ſerving you;

III.

Shou'd I obey you, leave you now,
I ſhou'd but leſſen more your Train;
Since but in vain I follow you,
You, by my Love, but Honour gain;

V.

V.

Indulge your Pride, if not my Love,
Since to me you no Pity ſhow;
My Love in vain your Praiſe does prove,
Thus honour'd by my Love you grow.

I.

Upon the Favour of a Cook-Maid, *who ſtaid a Hungry* Lover's *Stomach, in Her* Larder.

LARDELLA was, or ought to be the Name,
Of the warm, juicy, wholeſome, Kitchen-Dame,
Who burnt no Fleſh, yet did my Heart inflame;
Made my Blood, like her Pot, boil o'er, till that,
She, like it, made its Froth to quench its Heat;
And like her Roaſt-Meat, with her Dripping ſo,
Made my Fleſh keep itſelf from burning too;
Stirr'd up the Fire in her Hearth, and my Breaſt,
And made herſelf, for Love, a bounteous Feaſt;
So did the Hunger of Love's Famiſh'd lay,
Whoſe Stomachs for a Set-Meal cou'd not ſtay;
I ſo, who love a wholeſome, ready Bit,
More than to ſtay for better, did think fit,
The Cook-Maid, to quell Hunger, then ſo ſpicy,
Who, when i'th' Kitchen ſhe and Hunger fry'd,
Into her Larder me ſhe led aſide;

First,

First wound, at once, her Jack up, and my Love,
That it, and I, might in her Service move,
More briskly, and to her more useful prove;
By which, she show'd, 'twas her Care, and Concern,
No Flesh, she had the handling of, should burn;
Which made me have more Stomach still to her,
Wherefore, I follow'd to the Larder, where
She bid me fall to, what best pleas'd me there;
When I, that I might my worst Hunger stop,
Fell to her Free Flesh, eating her Lips up;
And without more Entreaties (as we say)
To satisfie me, claw'd her Flesh away,
Who wish'd me, all the while, much better Cheer,
Which, tho' 'twas coarse, I thought more wholsome Fare;
And therefore did more greedily fall on,
Than I to Flesh, more dainty, should have done;
For to those, who their Chaps with Dainties treat,
The most Coarse Fare, becomes most delicate;
Because it is, as 'twere, a Novelty,
And I before, no Cook-Maid's Flesh did try;
Yet, since Good Fare, by the Good Stomach's made,
But Good, or Ill, as that is Good, or Bad,
And Nothing's best, but what we ne'er yet had;
Then that Flesh, for Good Stomachs, is the best,
Which is not Rarest, but is Readiest;
So to her Best, I greedily did fall,
First thought, I cou'd have eaten her up all;
Yet I, but for my Fasting, found on Proof,
I sooner of my Cook-Maid had enough;
I did my Self, and Treater, entertain,
Who did her best, to please me; then again,

Making

Making Excuses for her Homely Fare,
Which, I told her, (with Thanks) she might forbear;
Saying, She best would satisfie me still,
When I her Belly, she, not mine, did fill;
Since, to Good Stomachs, which mind least their Fare,
The best, the cheapest, and the readiest are;
And to the Hungry, least Nice in their Taste,
The Welcome, not the Dainty, makes the Feast;
So not behind, in Love, with her to be,
Her Belly I fill'd, as she mine for me;
The Difference betwixt us, only was,
She me to Satisfie, to Treat, or Please,
(Or that, at once, both's Hunger she might Ease;)
But out of others Bellies spar'd, what she,
To satisfie my Hunger, spar'd not me;
Whilst I, to fill her Belly, ('tis well known)
Did even spare it hers, out of my own;
Yet pardon me, (Dear Cook-Maid!) that I tell,
You Treated me, since it you did so well;
Thy Kindness, 'twere ungrateful to deny,
And I cannot ev'n with a Cook-Maid Lie,
But (if I like her) Roast-meat must I cry;
Since *Cupid*, in Form of a Scullion-Boy,
Himself, to ease my Hunger, did employ,
My Heart but to supporn, not to destroy;
Not with his Common Dart, has wounded it,
But has transfix'd it, with the Cook-Maid's Spit,
Made it a Sacrifice i'th' Kitchen Fire,
To satisfie my Hunger of Desire.

A SONG: *Upon a Vain, Fooliſh* Coxcomb, *who was Baniſh'd the* Court, *for owning a* Witty Libel, *Written by Another.*

I.

THE Witty Lines you call your own,
Are more, for their Wit, your Diſgrace;
By which, your Folly more is ſhown,
Who wou'd, for others Wit, get Praiſe;
The Libel made by Wits, on Vain Fools, ſo
You make your own, by Vanity, you ſhow;

II.

Thus Handſome Brats, whom Foul Sires own,
The more for theirs, they'd have 'em paſs;
Make Senſe, and Beauties, of the Son,
More the vain Owning Fool's Diſgrace;
Who, more the Brat's True Wit, True Shapes appear,
Show, they but leſs their True Begotten were;

III.

Yet the Sharp Lines you boaſt of ſo,
Which ſo, both Knaves and Fools expoſe,
Had ne'er been made ſure, but for you,
As all the Court and City knows;
Their Author thus, in ſome Senſe, are you then,
As moſt (indeed) you have their Subject been;

IV.

Byth' Libel's Wit, and Truth, 'tis shown;
'Twas made on you, not by you; so,
Yet more your Shame, the Libel's grown,
But as the more 'tis own'd by you;
Since Fools are not expos'd for Want of Wit,
So much, as for their Vain Pretence to it.

To a Young Courtier, *who was as great a* Gamester *as a* Talker, *and* Adviser *of others, and too Open in declaring His* Mind.

IF that, at Court, you'd show more Sense, or Wit,
There show it less, more to demonstrate it;
To prove your self there, more for Counsel fit,
Your Counsel keep, let none your Weakness know,
The more your Strength of Parts, you mean to show;
And, if at Court, (which is a Lottery)
Young Pusher! you your Fortune mean to try,
Depend not on your Parts, your Wit, or Sense,
To give you, to more Fortune, more Pretence;
If there you'd Play a Profitable Game,
Let not your Friend, or Foe, discern your Aim;
Since Gamesters, for each other, are too hard,
By Playing still the least Suspected Card;
At Court, concealing what you drive at, you,
But with less Skill, more Fortunate will grow;

Both

Both your Design, and Art from all conceal,
That better with 'em you may know to deal;
Seem a Plain-Dealer, more a Cheat be,
By Fraud, be from Suspicion of it free;
Where Open Trut' is thought Simplicity,
Secure your Credit by your Fallacy;
Since to be cheated, our Distrust grows,
Then others cheat, your Honour not to lose;
For of necessity, we find and see,
A Man must be the Cheat, or cheated be;
To show more Cunning, it then more conceal,
Since useless 'tis, when it once you reveal;
To prove thy Sense more, show but less thy Wit,
More silent be, to make more Proof of it,
Since silent Nonsense will for Prudence go,
And 'tis true Wisdom, Folly not to show,
Which, talking too much, even Wise Men do;
Let then thy prudent Taciturnity,
Make Dulness pass for Thought or Mystery;
For Silence the Fool's Sanctuary is,
By which he's safe from Scorn or Injuries,
From others Censure, or Self-Prejudice;
Since Men, by more Wit, oft less Judgment show,
By which their Minds they let their false Friends know,
Then Silence is both Wit and Wisdom too.

Damon's *Request to* Phillis; *to give Him more Love, or more Despair.* (*A* Song.)

I.

PHILLIS! pray give me now your Heart,
Or mine to me now back again resign;
If you with yours will never part,
It is but just, I shou'd again have mine;

II.

Be more kind, or be more severe,
Your Coldness and Indifference I hate,
My living still 'twixt Hope and Fear;
An Open Foe's less hurtful than a Cheat;

III.

And Doubt is the worst sort of State,
Impatient, faithful Lovers can endure;
When once we know but our Love's Fate,
Our very Pain does Ease for us procure;

IV.

In our Despair we Comfort find,
Which puts us out of Hope, Desire, or Fear;
Or does dispose both Heart and Mind,
What we can't 'scape, by bearing best to bear;

V.

V.

Owning your Scorn, were Courteſie,
Kindneſs, no true Love for me to pretend;
Since 'tis the leſſer Injury,
To wrong a Foe, than 'tis to cheat a Friend;

VI.

So Quiet, Eaſe I cou'd regain,
No matter by what Courſe or Means it were;
When your Reprieve gives Hopes in vain,
Giving Deſpair, leſs cruel you'd appear;

VII.

Then bid me live, or let me die,
And ſay, that me you more will love, or hate;
Since ſudden Death's leſs Cruelty,
Than dubious Grace, for which in Pain we wait.

A SATYR. *Againſt* Ambition, Avarice, Oſtentation, *and* Vanity.

LIKE ſeal'd Doves, Proud Men from their Blindneſs too,
Higher and higher ſtill aſpire to go,
Till like them, they by their high-flying find,
They grow but the more giddy, weak, and blind;
So, to get out of others Sights more ſoon,
But as the ſooner made out of their own,
And in aſpiring, they grow higher-flown;

By

By their Riſe, ſwifter to their Downfal go,
To fall, as their Aims are more high, more low;
From their Deſires enlarg'd ſtill, by their Store,
Become leſs ſatisfy'd, for having more;
And from their Blindneſs, have their Reſtleſneſs,
In Queſt of Eaſe, their Labours, Pains increaſe,
Till them, their vain Hopes of true Joys bereave,
For Caſual Things out of their reach, they crave,
And Goods in Proſpect, loſe all thoſe they have;
Their Thoughts on Things which ne'r may come employ,
Till thoſe more in their Pow'r, they leſs enjoy,
Their Joys ſo their Enjoyment but deſtroy;
Till in their full Poſſeſſion and Excels,
As they grow more, their Satisfaction's leſs;
Till their Fruition, like the Lover's too,
Makes their Deſire their Diſappointment grow,
Their Pleaſure, their Diſſatisfaction ſo;
Their Wealth of leſs Uſe to them, for their Store,
Who but like *Æſop*'s Dog, for craving more,
Loſe both the Taſte and Uſe of what they had before;
The Shadow for the Subſtance fondly chuſe,
For the fantaſtic Good, the real loſe;
To make their own Ambition and Self-Love,
Like Bawds, of Aids to their Deſires, to prove
Impediments and Checks to both; but he,
Who ſtill would with Succeſs ambitious be,
Himſelf above Mankind would ſooner ſee;
Muſt with his wild, mad Paſſions not comply,
But them (which is moſt hard to do) deny,
His Pow'r, Senſe, Honour, beſt to juſtifie;
Since, as the Difficulties of the Deed
Are more, more Honour is it to ſucceed;

That

That Man may prove his Sense, Pow'r, Glory, more;
But as he has the Best, and Noblest Pow'r,
Pow'r o'er himself, which for him must obtain,
More Honour, as it is more hard to gain,
Which is more hard, as he's more Rich, Great, Vain:
Since, but as a Man's Wealth, Pride, Pow'r, are more,
His Passions grow more, so less in his Pow'r;
But that Man, all his Aims at once, has gain'd,
Who gets himself under his own Command,
Who can resist Desire, may Fear withstand,
Most Shameful and Tyrannic Bondage, which
Does most Enslave the most Proud, Powerful, Rich,
To make but their own Pow'r, and Wealth, the more
Their Danger, Pain, than others Wealth, or Pow'r;
Since, as their Wealth, or Pow'r grow greater, so
Will, both their Av'rice, Pride, Injustice grow,
So more their Enemies, and Rivals too,
Whilst than their Wealth's Increase, augments their Guard,
As likewise does, their Pow'rs Increase their Fears;
Since those we Fear or Envy, more must Hate,
Who are more Proud, Fierce, as more Fortunate,
Then Pow'r, or Wealth, make not the Happy States,
Which, but our Pride, Fear, Avarice, augment,
To give us, as more Fame, Wealth, less Content,
To make Wealth, Honour, our Disparagement,
By Vain Desires, which with them must increase,
To make our Satisfaction but the less;
Since, all our Wealth, or Pow'r, are less, or more,
But as they less, or more, are in our Pow'r,
Not, as that we possess 'em, more, or less,
But as that us, they more or less possess;

Since

Since nothing, to be ours sure, can we say,
But what we can give our own selves, or may,
From our selves, when we please too, take away;
For we grow those things Things, and they not ours,
Which have our Inclinations in their Pow'rs;
We Slaves, not Masters, of all those Things are,
Which keep us, to keep them, in Pain, or Fear;
So Prince's Guards have them in Custody,
On whom depends all their Security;
Thus become Priſ'ners to their Vaſſals, who,
That they dare not to stay without 'em, know;
At Home, or Out, without 'em, dare not go;
Then, there's no Man can many Vaſſals have,
But he must be, to more, a Truckling Slave;
Mens Honours, their Ambitious Aims Increaſe,
Their Pow'r Abroad, gains them at Home less Peace,
For having more Wealth, are but less at Eaſe;
Have Bodies, Minds, but less at Reſt, as more
At Eaſe, in Wealth, and Great in Envy'd Pow'r;
Whose Great Wealth, most prevents their Uſe of it,
Which they but less, as they have more, can quit;
They then are under the most Shameful Want,
Who their own, to their own Uſe, cannot grant;
And theirs is the the most beggarly, mean Pride,
Which, with more Pow'r, Fame, is less satisfy'd;
Man's Wealth, Pow'r, Honours, grow more his Diſgrace,
As more by them, his Av'rice, Pride, increaſe;
Till, to his Shame, his sought for Honours cuts,
Augmenting more his Pride, and others Scorn;
And his Incumb'ring, Uſeleſs Plenty too,
Of Life's Support, does its Deſtruction grow,
As a great Weight of Fruit, does break the Bough;

Which

Which else, had higher risen, lasted more,
Had it not been oppress'd with its own Store;
So, betwixt Great and Small, the Rich or Poor,
There's small Odds, since there's not a Pin to chuse,
'Twixt having no Wealth, or none for our Use;
The Case 'twixt Prodigal and Miser so,
For much the same, with Reason, ought to go;
Whom, both alike, we Miserable call,
This for his Spending, that, for Saving all;
Only the Miser's wilful Beggary,
(Since but his Fault) is more his Infamy;
Whilst the Just Poor Man's Well-born Poverty,
(For which, not he, but his Ill Fate's to Blame)
Is sure, his Honour, rather than his Shame,
Bearing which well, he gets, not loses Fame;
Since no Man's Fate, whether 'tis Good or Bad,
To be his Praise, or Shame, can e'er be said,
As, by his Fate, but by his Fault, 'tis made;
Which, to his Shame, or Credit, sure must turn,
Not as him, more or less, Men for it scorn,
But as by him, 'tis worse, or better born;
'Tis not he who has most, but wants the least,
Who shou'd be judg'd the Happy'st Man, or Best;
The Poor want less, who with less are supply'd,
The Rich want most, with most least satisfy'd,
Whose Satisfactions they themselves prevent,
Since their Increase does their Desires augment,
By yielding them, as more, but less Content;
So the Poor Miser's thriftless Avarice,
His own Desires, by their own selves, denies;
Augments his Want, but by his Wealth's Increase,
Which, but as more, makes him less at his Ease;

And him does leſs ſuffice, by growing more,
Thus he's more Sham'd and Beggar'd by his Store,
Since Man, from what he craves, not wants, is Poor;
Whilſt him, moſt Rich and Happy ſhou'd we call,
Who, for his Wants, within himſelf has all;
Since his is ſure the beſt Eſtabliſhment,
Who, from himſelf, not Chance, has his Content,
Which no Fate (if he pleaſes) can prevent;
Whilſt Wealth, which does but our Deſires increaſe,
Makes Man, for having more, leſs at his Eaſe,
His Wants, Cares, Fears more, leſs his Happineſs;
Ambition is baſe Covetouſneſs, ſo
Of Honours, by which Great Men leſſen grow,
Whoſe Height makes them, in Mens Eſteem, more low;
Whoſe Vanity grows greater, with their Fame,
Till their Affected Honour turns their Shame,
Their Oſtentation but their Virtue's Blame;
And their Neceſſity of Praiſe they ſhow,
Makes their Ambition their Diſhonour grow;
Makes their Purſuit of Fame, ſo their Diſgrace,
Whilſt them their Pride does, by their Riſe, debaſe;
Whoſe Greatneſs grows unealie Monſtrouſneſs,
For which, in Wiſe Men's Thoughts, they ſeem but leſs;
For it, are made the Public Sport, or Show,
To have, for Followers, the Rabble too;
Who, for their often ſeeing them, but turn
Their Admiration at 'em, into Scorn;
To make their Greatneſs, for which they'd be priz'd;
But more, to make them yet the more deſpis'd;
Since each moſt oft in Senſe and Spirit is,
But leſs, as he the greater is in Size;

Like all great Beasts, but for their Greatness then,
Less useful are; the Monsters too of Men,
Uneasie to themselves, and others grow,
Of Common Aids, to Public Burthens too;
With Minds more low, as they more high appear,
But true great High Minds, like each Fix'd great Star,
Seem less, as they the greater, higher are;
Whilst flashy vain Men are like Meteors, which
Are neerest falling, at their highest Pitch;
Less, for their Splendor dure, are much more low,
More Great they seem, and more they make a Show.

A Song. To Chloris *the Mercenary; who said*, There was nothing more Dishonourable to a Woman, than to be said to be Cheap.

I.

O TELL me *Chloris!* prithee tell,
(Since sure you can) the Reason why?
The best-stor'd Beauties Love shou'd sell
Most dear, and Poor Men deerest buy?
That Women shou'd Injustice do,
Before they love, and after too?

II.

You Fair in Looks, not Actions are,
From Men, exacting Pay and Pains;
Since Woman has a double Share
Of Pleasure, she shou'd have less Gains;
Not from her Labourer, require,
The more he does for her, more Hire.

III.

If you pretend your self undone,
By Credit, your Friends from you take;
Therefore you, Reparation soon,
Require, your Rifler's Gold shou'd make;
Silly, proud, craving Mistress! know,
Bribes, or Hire, more wou'd lessen you;

IV.

Thee, thy Love, I prize so, that I,
With Bribes can't undervalue thee;
For he who wou'd thy Favour buy,
A Mercenary makes thee be,
Your Love, and you, I value so,
I'll nothing give for it, or you;

V.

Of the more Value that you are,
To me you shou'd the cheaper grow;
The more dear, you grow less my Dear,
The more cheap, more I'd honour you;
Thee more, the less I give, I prize,
From Cheapness, thou't in Value rise.

To an Old Miser, *who call'd His* Gold *His* Mistress; *therefore said,* He cou'd not part with It, to any body.

GOLD is, as you say, and as most Men find,
The bright deluding Mistress of Mankind,
Which, but like other Mistresses,
Design'd but for Man's Pleasure, Quiet, Ease,
Is but the worst Disturber of his Peace;
Like an Inconstant Jilt, a Foe to Sleep,
Hard to part with, and harder yet to keep,
Bright Mistress! whom all Old Men doat on most,
Ev'n when they most the Use of it have lost;
Hard, like all Shining Beauties, to be gain'd,
More by Men's Industry, than Wit obtain'd;
Like most Bright Beauties, kept with Privacy,
To rob its Keeper of Tranquillity;
Kept, to secure, for Life, his Peace and Joy,
Which them does most by his own Care destroy;
For Cares design'd the Sov'reign Remedy,
Yet them does for its Keeper multiply,
Whose Love for it, begets its Jealousie;
Like all Bright Jilts, does most dishonour them,
Who for it show most Passion and Esteem;
And like most Shining Beauties, does think fit,
To run to Rich Fools, from Poor Men of Wit;
Tho' like them, it Man's Pleasure can but grow,
But when, for others, he parts with it too;
For whilst that it its Jealous Friend does keep,
It takes away his Quiet, Fame, and Sleep;

Since

Since Gold kept up, but like each kept-up Dame,
If not, his Friend's Enjoyment is his Blame,
If not his Eaſe, or Credit, Pain or Shame.

To a Great Country-Drinker, *valuing Himſelf upon His* Hoſpitality, *calling Himſelf* Good Company; *and having a Handſome* Wife, (*whom yet He neglected for the Bottle;*) *who drank for me all the Glaſſes I refuſ'd.*

IN vain you think, to get a Good Name, by
Inhoſpitable Hoſpitality;
Which makes us your Good-Fellowſhip avoid,
Since it is rather ſuffer'd, than enjoy'd;
For your Friends by your Kindneſs are deſtroy'd;
So, but Affronts your Invitations grow,
Made, to make Friends ſick of your Wine, and you;
Who, for your Kindneſs, dread your Company,
Since kind to them, but to their Injury,
Making them drink, till they grow more a-dry;
To make them merry, till they grow more ſad,
And are worſe treated, as more welcome made;
Till your Love leſs is by more Kindneſs ſhown,
Drinking your Friends Health, till you leave them none;
Making them ſo Good Company, till they
Have not a Thought to think, or Word to ſay;
You make them ſwallow Meat, Drink, Nonſenſe too,
Till they more empty, more you fill 'em, grow;

You

You fill their Guts, only to make 'em Burſt,
And Drink with you, till you quench Life, not Thirſt;
So Treat not your Friends, but your Enemies,
But their Diſeaſes, and Infirmities,
Till each, by Life's Supports, the ſooner dies;
Then, if you'd Treat your Friends moſt generouſly,
Preſs nothing on 'em, but their Liberty;
And if you wou'd ſeem Bountiful, and Free,
Of Freedom, then, that Dainty, let it be,
The greateſt Kindneſs you cou'd ſhow to me;
Your Wine, and Wit, ſophiſticated ſtill,
Make me not ſwallow then, againſt my Will;
Which wou'd alike, make your Friends ſick of you,
And Spue, with too much Talk, preſs'd on 'em too;
Therefore, let others Talk, thy Wit to ſhow;
Our Tender Ears, and Nice Taſtes, do not pall,
With ſo much Hiſtory, Dull Froth, or Ale,
And let thy Jeſt, no more than Wit, be ſtale;
No more than thy Beef, to want Salt, to be,
The better Entertainment ſure, for me;
If me you wou'd ſtill, with moſt Kindneſs Treat,
Force not on me, your Wit, your Wine, or Meat;
Since we with forc'd Wit, as forc'd Wine, are made,
By that which ſhou'd make more our Mirth, more ſad;
Do not, by your too Luſcious Compliment,
Eating, with Invitations, more prevent;
Since Ceremony will, in Eating, prove
Our Pleaſures Interruption, as in Love;
But, if you ſay, That any Friend ſhall be,
To any Fleſh, in your Houſe, always free,
And is more welcome (as we have been told
Oft by you) as he with it makes more Bold;

Your

Your Fine Wife's Fleſh then, my beſt Choice ſhou'd be,
Who, for my Belly-ful, thou giv'ſt to me,
Wou'd give to her, her Belly-ful for thee;
She, better emptying my Belly, wou'd
Treat me, than by your Filling it, you cou'd;
So, for thy Drinking thy ſelf Drunk, for me,
I Reaſon to thy Wife, ſhou'd do for thee;
For ſince you, by your Drinking for me ſo,
Leſs Reaſon to your Wife, are made to do;
'Tis juſt, I Reaſon do to her for you.

The Interpretation *of the* FABLE *of* Pegaſus, *ſhowing what ſort of* Horſe *he was.*

POETS, to give of their Invention proof,
Time out of Mind, have Talk'd, and Written of
Their Flying *Jennet Pegaſus*, (we find)
Begotten in their Empty Heads, by Wind;
But ſure, their Airy, Light, High-flying Horſe,
In Good Truth, is no better yet, or worſe,
Than the Good Dray-Horſe, who drags up and down,
Wine, by which Men grow more Wits, more High-flown;
Beſt Drawer of the Tavern, is he, who
Drawing Wine thither, draws Wits thither too;
Brings Good Wine thither, whence their Good Wit ſprings,
Since, but by his Help there, the Poet ſings;
Then he but is the High-flown Poet's Steed,
His Fancy's Aid, when High-flights it may need;

Whilſt

Whilſt *Pegaſus*, the Poets write of ſo,
Does but himſelf, a Horſe of Fancy ſhow,
But on Poetic Feet, alone to go;
Then 'tis the Dray-Horſe cauſes Sprightly Wit,
(Tho' without Wings) Aid and Support of it;
By dragging to the Tavern, the Good Wine,
Which, to moſt High-Flights, Poets does incline,
Exalts their Thoughts, which elſe wou'd meanly ſtoop,
To Cares, and Fears, to make their Fancies droop;
Raiſes Good Converſation to the top,
To Noiſe, and Nonſenſe, often puts a ſtop;
From the Baſe World, above the Moon, does bear
The Poor Wit's Thoughts, from Trouble, Care, or Fear;
And to them, oft does Inſpiration prove,
But more, to ſhow their Courage, Wit, or Love;
To make Men Heroes, Good Companions, Wits,
At leaſt, in their own Fanciful Conceits;
Wine makes the Modeſt Man his Silence break,
Dull Sots to hold their Tongues, the Wiſe to ſpeak;
The Noiſe of Empty, Sounding Things, to lay,
So makes ſome Wits, taking their Speech away,
Since 'tis ſome Wit, no Fooliſh Thing, to ſay;
So that the Dray-Horſe then, (we muſt allow)
Our only Aid to Wit is, that we know;
Since, by the Wine's Help, he to Taverns brings,
Each Dumb Fool's, Sober Sot's Good Humour, ſprings,
Cits Play at *Crambo*, the Hoarſe Poet Sings;
But for whoſe Help, each Sober Wit had found,
His Fancy ſtill, but as his Feet, aground.

A Song: *To a* Lewd Woman *of* Affected Modesty, *who had yet the* Art of Blushing.

I.

YOUR Modesty grows Impudence,
By which, you for a Maid wou'd pass;
So that to Virtue, your Pretence
Makes your feign'd Honour your Disgrace;
Your Truth, none wou'd in Question call,
Wou'd you pretend to none at all;

II.

You Blush, but out of Impudence,
Not to show Grace, but hide your Shame;
Which proves your Guilt, not Innocence,
And does your Modesty defame;
You Jilt us, by feign'd Virtue, more,
Were less a Cheat, if more a Whore;

III.

You Blush then, to your Infamy,
Stand falsly on your Truth's Defence,
Give your Sincerity the Lie,
The more you feign your Innocence;
Since, most Dissimulation's shown,
By its pretending to be none;

IV.

Be not so bold, in Blushing so,
Us of thy Shame more to convince,
For Bashfulness to make that go,
Which is the Height of Impudence;
For, like the Hypocrite, the Jilt,
Hiding her Faults, shows more her Guilt.

The Disappointment, *by Meeting too soon;* to Celia.

THY Beauty, which invited first my Love,
And me to taste the Joys of yours did move,
Did first both's Fatal Disappointment prove;
Thy sudden, unexpected Meeting me,
Made me to fail (in what thou met'st for) thee,
More backward, for thy Forwardness, to be;
Thy Beauty, which first rais'd my Passion so,
Its own Delay did make my Passion grow;
At once its Cause, and its Impediment,
And made my Love its own Desire prevent;
The Cause then of my Love, is now its Blame,
My Love, since not my Sin, is more my Shame;
So that my most unpard'nable Offence,
Was my most guilty, treacherous Innocence;

My Fault is more, but as my Sin is leſs,
As your Conſent begat my Backwardneſs,
My Joy was fruſtrated by its Succeſs;
So, your ſurprizing unexpected Love
More Cruelty did, by more Kindneſs, prove;
Your Favour turn'd your Kindneſs into Spight,
Yielding too ſoon, prevented my Delight;
By that Haſte you to gratifie me made,
My Joy you by your forward Love delay'd;
Ungrateful made me, by your Kindneſs ſo,
Out of more Love, leſs Gratitude to ſhow,
Out of more Service, to do leſs for you;
Yet know it is but juſt, Kind-Cruel-Dame!
You now ſhou'd without Pleaſure ſuffer Shame;
Since Pain, for Pleaſure, I'd have giv'n you, you,
Firſt made me (for my Kindneſs) undergo,
And made your too ſure Friendſhip balk my Love,
My Joy's Poſſeſſion, their Prevention prove;
Your ſudden Grant did my Deſire delay,
My Pleaſure, giving, it, you took away,
Your haſty Love did put mine to a Stay;
Too much Bliſs cauſ'd our Infelicity,
As too much Store, the Miſer's Miſery;
Since, as my Love and Paſſion was the more,
It, to do yours more Reaſon, had leſs Pow'r;
As oft the Fulneſs of the Purſe, (no doubt)
Prevents the Coin in it from ſhaking out;
Our Paſſion then, as in Revenge, in Love,
(As us 'twou'd more to Satisfaction move)
Does more our Impotence in Action prove;

As too much Haſte is our Deſign's Delay,
Too much Rage does its Execution ſtay,
Tongue-ties a Man, when he has moſt to ſay;
Enfeebles moſt his Limbs, as he wou'd more,
Exert his Paſſion, ſhow his Strength or Pow'r;
Then as our Dumbneſs oft proves more our Love,
Impotence does our Strength of Paſſion prove;
So call not Want of Love, my Love's Excels,
I'd ſhown you more, had I had for you leſs.

To the KING *my Maſter; after His Mercy, to a Fault, ſhown to ſome* Conſpirators *againſt His Power and Life.*

IF you were not, by Heav'ns peculiar Choice,
A King, you'd be ſo by your Peoples Voice;
Whoſe Subjects Volunteers, not Vaſſals are,
Their Duty, but th' Effect of Love, not Fear;
Your Pow'r does them leſs than your Juſtice aw,
Who ſo juſt are, your Will's the ſafeſt Law;
Your Mercy does your Empire beſt maintain,
O'er yours, a Pow'r more abſolute you gain,
Becauſe you can't be their Dread Sovereign;
All things are in your Pow'r, but Tyranny;
You Juſtice only to yourſelf deny,
Preſerving Traitors Lives, againſt the Law,
Who their Swords 'gainſt you, to their Danger draw;
Since againſt your Protection, their Revolt,
Wou'd their own Safety but in yours aſſault;

Luckily

Luckily unſucceſsful, ſo, were they,
Miſſing their Aim, to take your Life away;
Upon whoſe Life their Safety does depend,
Since 'tis your Faith does theirs and them defend,
Whoſe Mercy does ev'n to your Foes extend;
Till merciful you to a Fault appear;
For Kings, who Fathers of their Countries are,
Leſs Mercy ſhow, when Rebel-Sons they ſpare;
Since you, by Merciful Correction, wou'd,
Prevent by ſhedding Blood, their ſpilling Blood;
Who but the Sword of Juſtice only draw,
And that too, leſs to puniſh, than to aw,
Rebels, who madly on it dare to run;
Since leſs to your Deſtruction, than their own;
So, to be Self-Deſtroyers may be ſaid,
Who ſever wou'd their Body from their Head,
Innocent Blood to ſave the Guilty, ſhed;
Then, that Prince who to ſuch wou'd Mercy ſhow,
Wou'd by moſt Mercy, moſt Injuſtice do;
By pitileſs Good-Nature, but prevent
Free Juſtice, in remitting Puniſhment;
By Pardons wrong all th' Innocent and Good,
In ſparing cruelly the Guilty's Blood;
Then Kings by their Exceſs of Mercy, ſo,
O'th' Laws Defenders, their Offenders grow
Againſt all Good Men, Heav'n, their own ſelves too;
Letting Bad Men unpuniſh'd ſtill live on,
The ſame Injuſtice by a King is done,
In pard'ning all Men, as forgiving none;
Clemency ſtands the Worſt Men in moſt ſtead,
Since Juſt and Good Men, will no Pardons need;

Yet,

Yet, muſt I ſtill own, that the Greateſt King,
May leſs by Rigour, than by Pardoning,
Right himſelf, and his Injur'd Subjects, who
Does God's Vice-gerent, by his Mercy, grow,
As, by the want of it, the Devil's top;
Who, by his Mercy, leſſens not his Pow'r,
But ſhows it more, as o'er his Paſſions more;
Who proves his Pow'r is more, as leſs his Fear,
Who has Pow'r, Foes in his Pow'r, to forbear;
So, by his God-like Mercy, does appear
More a King, as more his own Conqueror,
When overcome, by Wretches, in his Pow'r,
Whilſt his Revenge, upon his Foes, does more
His Conſcious Weakneſs, and Fear of 'em, prove,
As him, they more, to their Deſtruction move;
He yields, to his Offenders, Glorioufly,
Who gains moſt, o'er himſelf, a Victory,
By Sparing, nay Pard'ning his Enemy;
Whilſt they, who their Offenders dare not ſpare,
But puniſh, leſs for Juſtice, than for Fear,
But Executioners of Judges are;
Kings Right themſelves, when Wrongs they can Forgive,
Their Honour ſave, by th' Criminal's Reprieve;
But you ſo guiltily ſeem Juſt, that you
Your ſelf, againſt Law, but by Mercy, ſhow,
Can, but againſt your ſelf, Injuſtice do;
Who no Wrong, to the Public, e'er have done,
But by your ſaving Lives, which Risks your own;
Are Guilty of your own Læs-Majeſty,
By Juſtice you, but to your ſelf deny,
Making Slaves Traitors, by your Clemency;

Mercileſs

Then

Mercileſs Pardons, make Kings ſhare the Guilt,
Of their Good Subjects Blood, by Bad Ones ſpilt;
And yet, if Mercy proves a Crime, it is
Such an one, as of Kings, makes Deities;
If a King's Pow'r be more, or better known,
As more by Mercy 'tis, than Vengeance ſhown;
Since nothing, to the Great, and Proud Men, who
Love Difficulties, is ſo hard to do,
As to forgive Wrongs done 'em, by their Foe;
Then, a Great King ſhows moſt, his Pow'r is more,
The leſs he ſhows, over his Slaves, his Pow'r;
Since, to ſubdue his Paſſion's Tyrannies,
Which leſſen him more than all Enemies,
Is ſure the hardeſt of all Victories;
Of Conſequence, the greateſt Triumph Man
Can Gain, is, that he o'er himſelf can Gain;
Which gives him, o'er himſelf, ſo great a Pow'r,
That that, which in Great Men, did uſe before,
To leſſen Juſtice, in him, ſhows it more;
Who ſhows his Pow'r is more, as leſs his Fear,
Who, Foes in his Pow'r, has Pow'r to forbear;
Who, his Revenge, but for his Honour's Sake,
On his Foes, in his Pow'r, dares not to take;
Who, as he has more Miſchief in his Pow'r,
Does uſe it leſs, ſo to his Honour more;
Revenge againſt Law, any Man may have,
None but a Prince, can 'gainſt it, any ſave;
A Prince, without Rage, is more Glorious far,
As the High Heav'ns, moſt without Tempeſts are;
In Mercy, Kings more Pow'r and Honour have,
Than when Mankind they Puniſh, or Enſlave,
As 'tis leſs Glorious to Deſtroy, than Save;

Then

Then all Men's Saviours, all Men muſt confeſs
Greater, than them who are preſerv'd by them;
So that, a Prince his Pow'r and Honour more,
As more his Paſſions are, in his own Pow'r;
Who ſhows, and proves himſelf, the Greater King,
In Pard'ning Criminals, than Puniſhing;
Since Princes, Devils, when they Puniſh, are
Gods, when Offenders they Forgive, or Spare.

To a LADY, *who wore Drawers in an Ill Hour.*

FROM Love to Love, I thought I had been free,
Which cou'd retard my Coming nearer thee;
Had quite paſs'd all Obſtruction, or Delays,
E'er laid in an Impatient Lover's Way,
That e'er were thought on by Shy Modeſty,
Or practic'd by Diſcerning Jealouſie,
I thought I had prevented, or paſs'd by;
I paſs'd thro' Bolts, Locks, Cabrichs, and Spies,
Yet found a Linen Guard upon thy Thighs,
To keep from me thy Virgin Treaſure, more
Than Rival's Love, or Mother's Care, or Pow'r;
A Pair of Drawers, more than Pair of Spies,
Secur'd your Honour from my Love's Surprize;
Their String, in vain to looſen, did I try,
The Girdle worn of the Virginity
Whoſe Skain Knot, more Lover's Cordiers Knot,
To hinder me from over-coming thee;

Curs'd Knot, like that which *Lapland* Witches tie,
To slacken Nerves, cramp Active Lechery,
To Men, their Use of Women to deny;
Curs'd Witches Knot! made of an Elf-lock sure,
My Bold Love's Disappointment to procure;
To render all my Strength and Passion vain,
For nothing, to give thee and me more Pain;
For nought, to make you Cry Out, as you did
Cry Out, for not losing your Maiden-head;
Not Wedlock's Noose, bilk'd Lover's Hempen String,
Which Deaths, untimely to them, often bring,
Ever interrupted more the Joys of Life,
Or, betwixt Friends, begat such needless Strife,
Or, caus'd to Lovers, more Shame, Pain, or Grief;
No Turkish Bow-String to Love's Soldier, did
His Hopes of gaining Honour, more forbid;
Or, the Brave Man's Good Fortune more prevent,
In being his Bold Aim's Impediment;
The Knot made me, but a Vain Fumbler prove,
My Hasty Passion, to retard my Love;
The Knot, so like the Jealous Marriage Noose,
Made me less Free with thee, and thee less Loose;
The Knot, Love's Tide betwixt us, did prevent,
Turn'd to my Curse that Blessing, thy Consent;
So made thy Kindness, and thy Willingness,
More my Love's Torment, as meant more its Ease;
For tho' at last, you Cry'd Out, as you did,
'Twas more to keep your Fame, than Maiden-head;
And you did but oppose my Passion more,
That it might more, so quell yours, raise my Power;
Yet 'tis not strange, that you (my Dear) should be
(Tho' I was uppermost) too hard for for me;

Since that, at that time, you, fierce Dear, did wear
The Drawers, which the Breeches were, as 'twere,
So but, as thou thy ſelf doſt by thy Dreſs,
Thy ſelf, but an Hermaphrodite confeſs;
Like one, thy Strength was but thy Pleaſure's ſpight,
Had'ſt (as the more of Man) the leſs Delight;
Yet you, your ſelf more ſtrong for me had ſhown,
Had you not ſtruggled, but let me alone,
When I'd have pull'd (as 'twere) your Breeches down;
Since over me (dear She-Sir) had your Pow'r,
(Had you had leſs of Man) been much the more.

A Song. *To a* Young Woman, *who ſaid,* She cou'd not be weary of Dancing; and that She Danc'd to no other End, but to mend Her Motions at other times.

I.

POOR *Phillis*, who does Pain endure,
From the *Tarantula* of Love,
Hopes, that her Dancing may her Cure
Of her Hot, Am'rous Frenzy prove;
That Motion, and her Swearing, may
Love's Fever without Man allay;

II.

But giddy Girl! I prithee know,
Motion turns more thy weak Head round;
The more thou woud'st bestir thee, thou,
In Love more idle wou't be found;
But since thou canst not weary be,
Of Motion, lie thou down with me;

III.

Then to some Tune I'll shake your Breech,
Since shaking it to Tunes you love;
New Motions to you will I teach,
Which looser too will make you prove;
Since Looseness does with Dancers pass,
But for a Grace, not their Disgrace;

IV.

And since that you, dear *Philis!* say,
You dance, but to that only End,
That you, but by your Dancing may,
At other times your Motions mend;
Then, but to please your Partner more,
Your tiresome Motions pray give o'er;

V.

If all your Dancing-Motions are
Your Lovers but the more to please,
Then all your Pains in Dancing spare,
To give, and have more Pleasure, Ease;
A-weary of that Motion grow,
For that, which ne'r will weary you.

The

The GOOD CONSCIENCE, *the only Certain, Lasting* Good; *since, the only in Our own* Power, *and out of Fortune's.*

IN vain Fools think, all true Felicity,
In Wealth, and Honours, Outward Goods does lie,
In Cloying Pleasures, and in Tiresome Ease,
When 'tis but in the Sound Mind's Rest or Peace;
To which, with Wealth or Pow'r we ne'r attain,
But by a Quiet Heart, and Settled Brain;
Which give us, in all Fortunes, our Content,
And best ensure the Good, the Bad prevent,
So prove our sole, safe, sure Establishment;
Without Content, Good Fortune were in vain,
But by Content, we Happiness obtain,
Since our Content, ev'n in our Loss, is Gain;
For Peace of Mind, is Rest, and Heaven here,
Securing Man from Trouble, Care, or Fear;
Which Pow'r, Pride, Plenty, but most of increase,
As our Wants, with our Avariciousness,
To make by Plenty, Satisfaction less;
So 'tis our Store of Virtue, not of Wealth,
Which gains and keeps our Mind's Ease, Body's Health;
Our Temperance of Mind, or Appetite,
Which makes our Scorn of Pleasure, our Delight;
Which does in War, secure our Peace of Mind,
In Trouble, makes us Satisfaction find;
Free, though in Gaol; and though in Pain, at Ease,
No Quarrel fear, by keeping our own Peace;

Which

Which Man can't have by Fortune's Goods, (we find)
But by the Beſt Goods, his Good Heart and Mind;
So Man's Good Conſcience is its own Relief,
From Paſſion, Shame, Miſery, Fear, or Grief;
From Nature's Debt to Death, the beſt Releaſe,
Whilſt Wealth without it, makes Man leſs at Eaſe;
But he muſt live well in the Pooreſt State,
Who ſtill contented is with his own Fate,
In ſpight of Fortune, be moſt Fortunate;
Since Peace of Mind, Eaſe, Reſt, Security,
Are all that Pow'r can give, or Wealth can buy;
Whilſt Pow'r, Wealth, which ſhou'd them for us procure,
Make oft our Lives and Joys, more ſhort, leſs ſure;
When them we can ſecure but by Content,
Which the Good Mind does give, the Bad prevent;
Whilſt Wealth, or Pow'r, augment Cares, Fears, or Strife,
By Cares for Living, more to hazard Life;
With Avarice, increaſing Miſery,
To make our Rich Want more our Infamy,
But as it is more Wilful Poverty;
So 'tis not Good Luck, but the Good Mind, that
Makes the Good Life, and the moſt Happy State,
Rewards itſelf ſo beſt, in ſpight of Fate;
Which keeps Man from the Fear of Puniſhment,
And makes him Bold, ſince Juſt and Innocent,
By his Good Conſcience to ſecure Content;
Whoſe Conſcience, Judge, Party, nay Witneſs is,
Arraigning all, within itſelf, amiſs;
Our Crimes may 'ſcape, the Judges, and the Law,
But Conſcience our own Lives will judge, and aw;
Within itſelf, will to its own ſelf, do
Juſtice, itſelf condemn, and puniſh too;

Is, to its own Crime ſo, but moſt ſevere,
Since its own Judge, and Executioner;
Its *Forum* too, from whence none can Appeal,
Where Man, of his own Juſtice, cannot fail;
And the Sole, which Innocence needs not fear,
Yet where moſt Juſtified, but the Beſt Men are;
A Court wherein, no Guile, no Favour's ſhown,
Which fears no Witneſs, is in want of none,
Clear'd, or Condemn'd, but by itſelf alone;
So Conſcience, even here, is Heav'n, or Hell,
Joy to the Juſt, Dread of the Criminal;
A Good, for which no Fate, we nothing owe,
Which, but our ſelves, can on our ſelves beſtow,
Nay, whether Fickle Fortune will, or no,
Our only ſtable, certain Happineſs,
Good Fortune cannot add to, Bad make leſs;
Heav'n, and Eternal Reſt, which here Below,
As that Above, but leſs Great Rich Men know,
The Poor, in ſpight of Fate, can on themſelves beſtow;
Thus, the Good Conſcience ſtill is underſtood,
To be, the beſt of all Things, reckon'd Good;
Since other Goods, in Fate's Pow'r, are alone,
But our Good Conſcience, only in our own,
Without which, ev'n all Happineſs were none;
Since Happineſs is truly ſuch, if no,
Not, as in others Thoughts, but ours, 'tis ſo;
For he, who is, in his own Conſcience, Juſt,
Needs not fear Fate, or Providence diſtruſt.

The Apology *for* Kindness *on* Compulsion:

To a Forc'd Mistress, who accus'd Her Lover, for Want of Love, by His Want of Respect for Her, in forcing Her to Her Pleasure in spight of Her Honour; which, *She said,* She lost by Him.

I.

THAT my Love was most Brutal, and to Blame,
In Forcing you, how (Dearest!) can you say?
Who, but to save you, both from Guilt, and Shame,
Your Honour, you'd have giv'n up, took away;
I Ravish'd thee so, but to save thy Fame;

II.

Nothing's your Crime, which was not your Intent,
Then I, by forcing to my Pleasure thee,
Did give thee Joy, thy Shame and Guilt prevent,
Of yielding too soon to my Love, or me;
Debauching thee, I thee prov'd Innocent;

III.

So, like the Kindest Lover, have I done,
Have made thee, with me, the whole Pleasure share,
Yet, wholly made our Mutual Crime my own,
Have thus, of thy Lost Honour, taken Care,
And sav'd it, tho' thy Maiden-head be gone;

IV.

IV.

To save your Honour, I have lost my own,
The Honour to be known, t'have conquer'd you;
Who, tho' I conquer'd, brag not what I've done,
Lose the next Joy to Love's Enjoyment so,
Which is, next having it, to have it known.

Upon an Ill Physician's *putting out the* Candle, *by Snuffing it: Given, by a* Witty Woman *present, for a Subject to Write upon.*

I

You, like a Doctor, on the Dying now,
Your Skill did, but, as on your Patients, show;
So, when e'er you, to save Life, go about,
You Vital Heat, which keeps it in, put out;
With Fatal Thumb, and Finger, so you steal
Life from the Vein, the Thread of Life you feel;
Your Dying Candle, like your Patients too,
Damn'd Doctor! now, is Treated by you, who,
Reviving it, have it extinguish'd, so,
At your Bold Hand's Approach, the Dying Flame
Trembled, and Paler, Patient-like, became;
So them, whom longest you wou'd keep alive,
From Dying, as it were too, wou'd revive,
Of Life, you soonest, by your Aid, deprive;
Thus, all your Patients (we see) must endure
Less Danger from their own Ills, than your Cure;

By your Skill, you (to ſave them) on them try,
And make them laſt more, you more ſuddenly,
But like your Waſted Candle, make 'em die;
Till that your Aid does their Deſtruction grow,
To make them, by it, but the ſooner ſo,
To Waſte, to Tremble, Stink, and out to go;

To a Proud, Painted LADY, *Handſome in Face, but Stiff and Formal in Her Motions and Humour; uſing Affectedly, and too often to ſay,* I proteſt.

IF us you wou'd, to Worſhip you, provoke,
Seem not a Painted Image, liveleſs Stock;
Kneeling to Statues, is Idolatry,
Move, and be Mov'd, our Faith to juſtifie,
Turn from an Idol, a Divinity;
Like Diamonds, Eyes ne'er Sparkle, till they move,
Their Value ſo, but by their Motion prove;
A Painted Flame, can nothing ſet on Fire,
Form gives us Liking, Motion our Deſire;
Your Stiff Joints but reſpect your own Long Back,
Which, ſince ſo Stiff, you ſeem afraid to Crack;
But, ſenſleſs Maid! with all thy Stifneſs, know,
You, like the Bow, kill more, the more you bow;
Leave being Stiff to Men, that they to thee,
(More to thy Credit) may the Stiffer be;
That the more Pliant you grow to their Love,
They leſs ſo, from more Love, may to you prove;

Proteſting

Proteſting Lovers, you muſt know) Stiff Dear!
But like Proteſting Chriſtians, always are,
To Statues never make vain Vows, or Pray'r;
If thou, (my Goddeſs!) wou'dſt be mov'd by me,
And ſenſible of Vows I make thee, be,
On my Knees often, I'll bow down to thee;
For nothing more I to you pray for now,
But to you Reaſon on my Knees to do,
To Sacrifice, to th' God of Love, and you;
But if to me you'll ſeem a Stock, or Stone,
Thee for my Goddeſs, I no more can own;
Since vain Idolatry were ſure my Pray'r,
To that cold Image which no Pray'r can hear;
Nor to her Supplicant afford her Grace,
For his Devotion to her, Pray'r, or Praiſe
Then to deſerve, and have my Worſhip, be,
But leſs a painted Stock, cold Stone to me,
To make me warmer Fleſh and Blood, to thee;
That I may your devouter Sinner grow,
May love, fear, ſerve, and only honour you,
Nor any other jealous Goddeſs know;
Since all that we can call Idolatry,
Is making our own ſelves, our Deity,
Of a deaf, ſenſleſs, living Piece of Imag'ry;
Since 'tis the ſame Fault in us, to make Pray'rs,
To thoſe, who will not, as who cannot hear,
Who give us, for our Faith in them, Deſpair;
To have, for wrong Faith in 'em, which ſhou'd gain
Us Joys and Reſt, Eternal Flames and Pain;
To make our Superſtitious Worſhip, ſo,
In Queſt of Bliſs, but our Damnation grow,
In Flames of Love, like Hell's, perpetual too.

A SONG. *To the Proud, Faithleſs, and Perjur'd* Jilt; *deſiring Her to Promiſe me leſs Faith and Conſtancy, not to Deceive me more.*

I.

SINCE me you ſwear, you do not love,
Of your Love am I more ſecure;
My Hopes your Faithleſneſs does prove,
Your Love to more, makes me more ſure;

II.

So, for your Want of Faith alone,
Are all my Hopes, and Faith in you;
Since you, no Truth have to me ſhown,
I hope, you'll none againſt me ſhow;

III.

Your Love of Change, makes my Love more
Me on your Faithleſneſs relie;
Since you ſtill hated me before,
I hope in your Inconſtancy;

IV.

Be more falſe, but more true to be,
To my Love, (dear Jilt!) if you can;
And ſhow thy Kindneſs but to me,
For being, like thee, thy Falſe Man;

V.

Since Likeneſs oft begets our Love,
Me ſhoud'ſt thou then the ſooner truſt;
But more a Jilt to me to prove,
And cheat me more, be thou more juſt;

VI.

Then me you wou'd but more deceive,
The leſs you wou'd deceive me, who,
Shou'd thee ſure, but the leſs believe,
More Truth you'd to me ſeem to ſhow;

VII.

Since in Love, as Religion too,
Your great Profeſſions prove Faith leſs;
So leſs Truth to me wou'd you ſhow,
The more Faith to me you profeſs;

VIII.

Out of more Kindneſs, then, to me,
To keep your Faith, no raſh Oath take;
Leſt your Vow your Temptation be,
Your Word and Faith with me to break.

In Praise of a PRISON, *call'd by its Prisoners their* College; *and written there.*

THOU! the best College art, to make us know,
Ourselves, and Mankind, which few Free-Schools do;
The prating Free-Schools of Philosophy,
Whose Sense, or Reason does in Fancy lie;
But your Philosophy is Practical,
Whilst that of other Schools, but Notional;
You teach all Ignorants of Life, their Part,
Increasing more their Knowledge, by their Smart;
By Sufferings, and sharp Necessity,
To teach them Patience, Fool's Philosophy;
By thee, the Thoughtless may be Pensive made,
Men, and the World, and thee too, best may read;
A Man, in thee, may study best, Mankind,
And the true Knowledge of the World may find;
The most hard, and most useful Knowledge, which
The World can least teach, least known, by the Rich;
Art, as a College, the best sort of School,
School of Affliction, for the thoughtless Fool;
Which teaches vain Man his own Self to know,
Most hard for proud, rich Libertines to do;
Knowledge, by Libertines but less obtain'd,
A Science, best by Fools Experience gain'd;
Which least the Bookish Men, can understand;
Dost learn Men best the False World to despise,
By their past Follies, to become more Wise;

Dost

Doſt teach the Knowing, not themſelves to Truſt,
But their Experience, its Beſt Proof, and Juſt;
So, whilſt all others Knowledge is but Gueſs,
Yours Demonſtration is, (we muſt confeſs);
You then, as all Schools of Philoſophy,
Learn us to bear, without Shame, Infamy,
To yield, by Starving, to Neceſſity;
Since the Vain Libertine, abroad, is here
For his Paſt Life, a Willing Sufferer;
More Humble, Patient, in Word, Thought, leſs looſe,
By which, he more Senſe, and Religion ſhows;
The more in Body, and in Purſe, decay'd,
The more in Mind, as in his Body, ſtay'd,
And more undone, the Better Man, is made;
Thus, we have Senſe, Peace, Quiet, Safety here,
He who has nothing, nothing has to fear;
Within thy Walls, ſo Hoſpitable *Fleet!*
A Man is Safe, from all Arreſts i'th' Street,
Of News-mongers, Whores, Borrowers, Men meet;
Courtiers, Falſe Friends, to get out of whoſe Way,
A Man, ſafe from 'em, wou'd in Priſon ſtay;
Who (the more they to Friends, were near, and dear,
Abroad) in Priſon, to them, leſs come near;
Priſons are beſt Retirements from Mankind,
Where we, from our Conſtraint of Body, find
More Liberty, both of the Tongue, and Mind;
Where Man is ſafe, from Fears, and Dangers too,
Attending all, who ſtill Abroad may go;
No Bailiff, Thief, or Pick-Purſe, fear we here,
Who Debtors, nay Creditors, fear elſewhere;
Fear not the Crowd, or Buſtle of the Great,
Which make the Proud, oft from the World retreat;

Fear not to be Run Down, in Court, or Street,
Or, to be Preſs'd into another Fleet;
Nor need a Priſ'ner fear a Dun, or Whore,
Of whom, there's nothing to be gotten more;
Needs fear no Clap, o'th' Belly, or the Back,
Or, that Proud Courtiers e'er will Viſits make
To Priſ'ners, who, ſo Poor are ſtill, that they
Can't, ev'n to Friends, their Viſits e'er repay;
Then, my Reſtraint is Liberty to me,
Which from Falſe Friends, Falſe Whore's Arms keeps me Free;
So, no Shame my Impriſonment can prove,
Which keeps me from the Shameful Chains of Love;
I (tho' a Priſ'ner) think my ſelf more Free,
Than if Abroad, a Keeper, I might be;
For Love, more to my Grief, Plague, Infamy,
Has more than Debt, caus'd my Captivity,
So Chains Abroad, ſhou'd wear more ſhamefully;
Since out of Priſon, Men are more conſtrain'd,
By Ceremony bound, by Love enchain'd;
Whom our Ambition, Luſt, or Av'rice hold,
Priſ'ners of State, Love, Fear, in Chains of Gold;
We ſo, from Worſe Ties, are in Priſon free,
In fear of Love's, nor Wedlock's Chains, can be;
Since now no Wife, or leſs Enſlaving Whore,
With Wedlock's Chains, or Love's, load Priſ'ners more,
For having put their Bodies in their Pow'r;
Nor o'er the Liberties of Men prevail,
To make themſelves o'er to the Churches Gaol,
Wedlock, to be Love's ruin'd Priſ'ner's Bail;
A Priſon is, from Marriage, a Reprieve,
To keep Men from, Hanging themſelves, alive,

About

About the Neck of a Kept Whore, or Wife;
To make a Man ſuffer more in this Life;
A Priſon ſo, may for a Convent go,
Keeps Men from uſe of Wives, and Money too,
A College, in which Fools may Wiſer grow;
Where Poor Men, well-read in Adverſity,
From Fickle Fate, learn Senſe and Conſtancy;
So the moſt Strict School of Philoſophy,
A Priſon is, and for ſuch ought to go,
Where Men, Truth, Patience, Self-denial too,
May Learn, and Practice, learn themſelves to know;
Improving both their Virtue, Faith, and Senſe,
By Wiſe Neceſſity, Chaſte Abſtinence;
Where Men, for this Life, have the leaſt Concern,
To ſcorn Death, by the Grave o'th' Living learn;
Where lie ſtill, Carcaſſes of Skin and Bone,
From which, Life, Soul, Spirit, are dead, and gone;
Our ſelves then, we beſt in the Priſon know,
Since 'tis a College, and a Convent too;
A College, where each Fool becomes more Wiſe,
A Convent, where Men Death, nay Life, deſpiſe;
Since Death is, from their Priſon, their Releaſe,
And puts them, by its Starving them, at Eaſe;
Where, the moſt Wretched Men, as in the Grave,
As well the Libertine, as Reaſon's Slave,
Equality, without Diſtinction, have;
So, from the World, the beſt Retirement 'tis,
Whence Men, their Way to Heaven, cannot miſs,
Since that, the Way to that, a ſtrait Out is;
So, but the Priſ'ner is ſaid properly,
Ev'n in this Life here, to the World, to die;

Since Priſoners ever ſuch Recluſes were,
As, we may ſwear, repent their Paſt Lives here;
And for this Life, have leaſt of Care, or Fear,
Who, whilſt Life laſts, Shame, Pain, and Want, muſt bear,
So ſtill, the ready'ſt to reſign it are;
Whoſe very Wants, their beſt Relief may be,
Their Souls may, from their Body's Priſon, free;
By Starving them, their Wants ſo beſt ſupply,
And make them Live, by Death, Eternally.

A SONG: *To a Proud, Mercenary Miſtreſs, who ſaid,* A Poor Man's Love, like His Wit, was Nonſenſe.

I.

SINCE, by the Fair Sex, Men are priz'd,
Not for their Wit's, but Money's Store,
And Wits, for Want of Coin, deſpis'd;
'Tis Nonſenſe to Love, and be Poor.

II.

Since Noble, Wiſe, Good, Rich Men are,
By Women thought, for Money's Store,
And Love can, but by Gifts, appear;
'Tis Miſerable to be Poor;

III.

III.

Since my Saint, but with Offerings,
Her Kneeling Lovers muſt adore;
Our Empty Vow no Bleſſing brings,
The heavy'ſt Curſe, is to be Poor;

IV.

Since in Love's Purgatory, Man,
In Chains, Flames, lies for evermore;
Till but his Gifts his Bliſs can gain,
It is Damnation to be Poor;

V.

Since thou, like Heav'n, Good, Glorious art,
Thou ſhoud'ſt be (like it) gain'd the more,
Not by Man's broken Gold, but Heart;
Damn thy Rich Beggar, ſave thy Poor;

VI.

Since thee the Proud, Bold, Rich Men claim,
Not on their Love's, but Money's Score;
Them then, for their Preſumption dam',
To Pains, Flames, give Joys your Poor.

III.

The World Unmask'd. *A* SATYR: *Against all Vain Pretenders, their Hypocrisie, Affectation, and Vanity; which generally make Men disappoint their own Ends, by their own Desires.*

VAIN Men seek but Appearances to save,
Not Credit so much to deserve, as have;
The less their Worth is, or their Virtue's Store,
Their Affectation of 'em is the more;
So Bullies prove, for Bragging most, less stout,
Hypocrites least Saints, seeming most devout;
False Courtiers least Friends, by most Courtesie,
Lovers less true, for open Vanity,
And great Professions, which true Faith belie;
Both Men and Women, who most strict appear,
Are given on their Honour most to Swear,
Dissemblers, or Faith-breakers soonest are;
But the more real is their Truth or Passion,
The less of either is their Affectation;
Since great Professions greater Falshood prove,
And give that Diffidence, they wou'd remove;
For Men who conscious of most Falshood are,
To the least Truths, are given most, to Swear;
Whose Words, or Oaths unask'd, unquestion'd too,
(By which, they more Sincerity wou'd show,)
Are rather Vouchers of their Falsity,
And for their Truth against it, testifie;

Who

Who being conscious of their little Truth,
Must to their Word give Credit, by their Oath;
So, whilst they'd clear Suspicion, give more Doubt;
Of Truth, which needs an Oath, to make it out;
Whilst True Men, who stand most upon their Troth,
Disparage least their True Faith by their Oath;
But Lyars most incredulous appear,
Of others Faith, as their is less sincere;
Others, from their own Falseness, most suspect,
Whose Words, as more, prove less still in effect;
Thus, out of Interest, Custom, Vanity,
Most Men professing most Truth, most will lie,
Whose Oaths, their Words, Assertions most deny;
Have, know, think least, of what they talk of most,
Vain, empty Gamesters of small Winnings boast,
The Cunning brag of more than they have lost;
Prodigals, boasting much their lavish'd Store,
But prove their Sense less, as their Losses more;
Misers their Gains, on t'other side, belie,
And, for their Credit, will their Wealth deny,
Glory more in Affected Poverty;
Which by their Avarice, is truly such,
Of Wealth have but too little, as too much,
Which as more, they more, to their own Use grutch;
The Cully for a crafty Knave wou'd pass,
The true Cheat for a Bubble, and an Ass,
Better to bring his Knavish Ends about;
The Coward brags most, but because least stout,
Talks most, and most big, to be least found out;
The silent Braves, who no Flesh dare to fear,
To Brag, or Lie, for Life nor Honour dare;

Vain Fools, more to their Shame, ſet up for Praiſe,
Old Fumblers for brisk Whore-maſters wou'd paſs,
Boaſt their Abilities, to their Diſgrace;
Young Luſty Whore-maſters, for Fumblers too,
And Impotent, with Men will often go,
But with their Women to have more to do;
Exacteſt Beauties affect Careleſneſs,
Nature's neglected, as their Beauty's leſs,
Affect ſtill more Exactneſs in their Dreſs;
Each Strict Dame in her Carr'age is more free,
The Looſe in hers, ſeems more conſtrain'd to be;
More to be with her Friend, in private, looſe,
Abroad, reſervedneſs, to 'ſcape Scandal ſhows,
Fools, but to ſtop our Ears, their Silence break,
The True Wit's dumb, whom we wou'd court, to ſpeak;
As the good Voices, and beſt Singers are,
More giv'n to hold their Tongues, whom we wou'd hear,
Mouths we wou'd ſtop, from ſinging can't forbear;
The Single Man, moſt fain wou'd Marry'd be,
The Marry'd Man, more fain from Marr'age Free;
The Free Young Maid, a Marry'd Life wou'd chuſe,
Ty'd to one Man, to be with all more looſe;
Travellers gain Reſt, but by coming Home,
Men at Home none, till that Abroad they come;
Thus is Love of Variety, Man's Curſe,
Which us to ſuch a Love of Change does force,
Rather than not change, we wou'd for the worſe;
In fine, all ſorts of Affectations ſo,
In Queſt of Praiſe, Eaſe, Shame, and Trouble, grow;
To make our vain Endeavours, loſe our Aim,
By more Pride, ſeeking more Praiſe, more our Shame,
Which Fame we merit, forfeits by our Claim;

Till

Till our own Affectation of more Praiſe,
Makes our Pretence to Honour, our Diſgrace,
And as our Pride does, by our Height, debaſe;
Whilſt our Contempt of Fame, or Praiſe of Man,
Wou'd it ſure, from him, for us ſooner gain,
As we ſeem leſs (more Praiſe to merit) vain;
Thus Affectation, of Good Mien, or Dreſs,
In Setting off, but heightens Uglineſs,
Which, but by Careleſneſs alone, ſeems leſs;
Since Affectations give themſelves the Lie,
Whilſt Truth is ſeen, thro' its Simplicity;
Our Self-Denials then, our Praiſes are,
Since Virtues beſt, by hiding them, appear;
Then he who wou'd get, and deſerve Eſteem,
Not Wiſer, Juſter, than he is, muſt ſeem,
Since Affectation does itſelf condem',
And all Vain, Self-Juſtification, does
Praiſe, elſe its Due, Pretending to it, loſe;
Provoking Envious Men to Calumny,
Who Contradiction love, Truth, Praiſe, deny;
To Vain Men, but from their own Vanity;
Yet to the Meritorious, Praiſe, or Fame,
Refuſe not, (if their Right) till 'tis their Claim,
Feign'd Virtues, more than own'd Crimes, are our Shame,
And Vain Pretenders, will but more expoſe;
No Man's ſo Faulty, ſo Ridiculous,
For Faults, or Follies he has, and avows;
Or, for Bad Qualities, which he does own,
As Good Ones, he pretends to, having none;
Which, tho' he had his Vain Pretence to them,
Wou'd loſe him, what he ſought for, Men's Eſteem.

A SONG to Lucinda: Upon the News of Her Returning to Town in Winter; and, Her Enquiry by Letter, How Things went in Town, since Her Departure.

I.

THE Town is, like the Season, sad,
Since you, and your Bright Brother Sun,
Are at such Distance, with us, made,
We Chill'd, for Want of Heat, are grown;
So, Nought but your Return sure, to us can,
Restore our Sense, and make us Live again;

II.

Our Winter's now severer grown,
Taking you from us out of Sight,
Than taking from our Eyes the Sun,
Less Chearful to us, and less Bright;
Your Coldness, Distance, shortens more our Days,
Than our Miss of the Sun's Reviving Rays;

III.

Rather than Freeze still, we wou'd Burn,
Rather than we wou'd undergo
Your Absence, wou'd have you Return,
T'enflame us, as you us'd to do;
Since it, in you, more Mercy wou'd appear,
To Kill with Love, than Save with Cold Despair;

IV.

IV.

We, like our Days, o'er-clouded are,
Now you, so far, are from us gone;
Our Short Days are, more tedious far,
By losing your Eyes, than the Sun;
Return then to us, your Eyes Brighter Rays,
You, tho' in Winter, will prolong our Days.

To Play the Fool in General, is to be Wise in Particular: To a Conceited Fop, *who pretended to be more Wise, as more Singular.*

SINCE but by Custom, not by Reason, all
Is done, which Just, Wise, Reasonable, we call;
Then Practice, Pow'r, not Justice, or True Sense,
Our Actions, Notions, Lives, must influence;
Since New Conceits, Old Practices explode,
Knowledge itself, must be then Alamode;
Experience must for Antic Nonsense go,
And Novelty the True Wit's Study grow;
Who, but his Parts, and Reason, best to show,
Try'd Truths for New Conjectures, must forsake,
Must Truth from Fancy, not Experience take,
From his Sense, not Example, Act, Think, Speak;
As Thoughts, Tongues, Stiles, change with their Ages, so
Must Reason, Fancy, Wit, and Judgment too;
Since, by the Major Vote, not Greater Sense,
By Reason not, or Good Intelligence;

But Bought Experience, all Things here, muſt paſs,
The Wit, who ſcorns Examples, proves an Aſs;
For, ſince Dull Cuſtom is too hard for Wit,
He ſhows moſt Senſe, who leaſt depends on it;
So none now, Fops for Want of Senſe appear,
Made, as moſt of their Fellow-Creatures are;
The Wits, moſt Fools are, as moſt Singular,
Who, to their Senſe, againſt the World's, adhere;
Since Men, by Numbers, not by Reaſon vote,
They muſt tell Noſes, not Examples quote;
By Reaſon, not determine what is what,
By Rules diſpute, Form'd Arguments debate,
But think, he thinks beſt, who the moſt does Prate;
Who Talks not the moſt Reaſon, but moſt Loud,
Since moſt Noiſe, not moſt Senſe 'tis, leads the Crowd;
So he, who truly has more Senſe or Wit,
(Since it makes Foes) is Mic of ſhowing it;
Who not, like Wits, the Populace deſies,
But to be Popular, with it complies,
So, making one of many Fools, is Wiſe;
And proves to Knaves, or Fools, but more his Senſe,
As leſs he ſhows it, to give more Offence,
By which, Good Senſe wou'd prove Impertinence;
To make his Foes more, than they were before,
Friends Truſt him leſs, but as his Wit is more;
More Folly, but by more Wit, to ſhow,
Since for moſt Fools, the moſt Wiſe ought to go,
When they have moſt mind to make others ſo;
As Rooks at Play, conceal their Art, or Skill,
Their Ends, beſt on their Cullies, to fulfill.

A Song. *To an* Antiquated Miſtreſs, *accuſed by Her of Falſeneſs, and not being the ſame Man He was once to Her; but call'd a* Renegade *to Love and Beauty.*

I.

ME ne'r for being fickle, blame,
Since thou but alter'd art, not I;
Who, true to Love and Beauty am,
Thy Change makes my Inconſtancy;
Who, ſince not now the ſame to me,
Mak'ſt me now not the ſame to thee;

II.

Becauſe to Beauty I am true,
When that left thee, I left thee too,
I paid thee my Love, when thy Due;
But ſince it does another's grow,
Who now ſeems Fair, as once you were,
I'm true ſo, to thy Charms, in her;

III.

Since Beauty's Due, Love is alone,
He Faithful is, that follows it;
When in a Miſtreſs it is gone,
'Tis juſt its Lover ſhou'd quit;
For he to Love does juſteſt prove,
Who does moſt, the moſt Lovely love;

IV.

By the ſame Juſtice, that I was
Thy Beauty's conquer'd Slave before;
I'm more enſlav'd by that New Face,
Whoſe Charms both me, nay thine o'erpow'r,
Muſt not your Subjects Vaſſals grow,
To her, who triumphs over you?

V.

Ceaſe then, to call me Renegade,
Since thou, ſure 'tis, art chang'd, not I;
I have the Paſſion ſtill I had,
For Beauty, love Variety;
Others I left, to come to you,
For others, juſtly leave you now;

VI.

Then as the Fire is ſtill the ſame,
Altho' new Fuel keeps it in,
So ſtill the ſame, has my Love's Flame,
Through all its Change of Paſſions been;
Since Love, Variety does love,
To Love, in Change, I Conſtant prove;

VII.

For Truth to one Old Miſtreſs, were,
To the whole Sex more falſe to grow;
And Faith to one Particular,
But Wrong to all the reſt wou'd do;
The Dues of all, to pay to one,
Were moſt Injuſtice cou'd be done;

VIII.

VIII.

Since Man's Heart is by Nature Free,
And Common, it, like Commons, n'er,
For any private Right ſhou'd be
Incloſ'd by one Particular;
Since all we call Peculiar Love,
But Wrong does to the Public prove;

IX.

You might as well, a laſting Fire
Expect, where all the Fuel's gone;
As think Love's Flames ſhou'd not expire,
Where, they have nothing to feed on;
Love's fierce Flames are, like others ſo,
But with freſh Fuel kept in too;

X.

You, with my Fellow-Servants, might,
As well as much enrag'd have been,
For letting out the Fire, or Light,
Allowing nought, to keep 'em in;
For my Change, but thy Changing blame,
'Tis you, not I, ſeem not the ſame.

Upon

Upon a LADY'S *Fine* Back-Side, *it being Her Best Side; ſeen by chance, and given for a Subject to Write upon.*

LET Fools praiſe Faces, cry to Breeches fie,
Mine Arſe on each Affected Face, I cry;
Who will mine Arſe, that is, my Miſtreſs's,
Expoſe, to make its Credit more, not leſs;
Will her mine Arſe, with my Love, and its Praiſe,
Raiſe in Eſteem above the fineſt Face;
Which does, with Love to her, my Fancy raiſe,
To which her ſalt Face me had n'er inclin'd,
Before I ſaw her beautiful behind;
Of whoſe Mien, worſe I do not think a whit,
For having neither Eyes or Noſe to it;
The Want of which, in any other Face,
Wou'd a Maid's Fame or Beauty, more Diſgrace;
The Want of which, I think, mine Arſe's Praiſe;
For what ſerve all fine Features, Noſe, Lip, Eye?
But to make Faces look affectedly;
By which, as they more Lovers think to make,
Them leſs, they by more Affectation take;
By their Good Features Multiplicity,
Which but as more, look more affectedly;
Heightning their Pride, which them but more diſgraces,
By mending their Good Looks, ſpoils their Good Faces;
Who ſurely, by their having but too many
Good Features, ne'r leave till that they leave any;
By Affectation ſtill to make 'em more,
Make 'em leſs taking, than they were before;

Much

Much Art, is Nature's worſt Diſparagement,
That Credit, which it aims at, to prevent;
Beauty does Wants imply, requiring Aid;
Deformity, by Affectation's made,
And Beauty, by Repairs, ſeems moſt decay'd;
Then, what! ſerve each Fine Feature, Lip, or Eye,
Which Graces, ſpight of Nature, multiply;
But, to make Good Looks look Affectedly,
Or proudly, to make Womens Good Looks prove,
Of Invitations, but the Checks to Love;
Thus, us, to love them, greateſt Beauties move
Leſs, by their Good Looks, Multiplicity,
Which Pride and Affectations multiply,
To make the Beſt Looks, look moſt Ugilly;
For when, with more Art, Women more wou'd pleaſe,
And take us more, they ſatisfie us leſs;
With Artful Looks, and Motions, too conſtrain'd,
Make our Love, they wou'd move more, at a ſtand;
But the Dear Bum is grateful to our Love,
Whether it, for us, does lie ſtill, or move;
Has not an Eye to Languiſh, Lip to Pout,
To Toſs up, or take Snuff at us, a Snout;
Or Mouth, or Cheek, with borrow'd Teeth, or Red,
Without a Word ſaid, Killing to forbid;
No Motions has, which Men Affected call,
Hers to beget Love, ſtill are Natural;
She, but her Modeſty, the more to ſhow,
Still hides her ſelf, as the beſt Beauties do;
Whence ſhe, not like Mask'd Beauties, is by ſeen,
For hiding to her ſelf, thought moſt Unclean,
But more deſired, for hiding, to be ſeen;

Whence, like a Bold friend, ſtill to Beauty, I
Make of it now here, a Diſcovery;
As when, by Force, Men, to no Maid's Diſgrace,
Pull off the Vizard, from the Beauteous Face;
So that I, wou'd, my Miſtreſs's Back-Side
Have ſhown, not to its Shame, but to its Pride,
To have its Fame not blam'd, but juſtify'd;
For ſuch, its Modeſty has always been,
That it before, by Man, was never ſeen;
Or ever, with its Good Will, took a Touch,
From Bold Man, but what ſhe did to him grutch;
Was, in its Looks and Actions, Spotleſs ſo,
Hard, White and Cold, as Preſs'd, or Driven Snow;
Whoſe conſtant Silence ſpoke its Modeſty,
In being never heard in Company;
Thus it, but like a Baſhful Lover too,
Does its Good Breeding, by its Silence, ſhow,
At leaſt its Modeſty, by ſpeaking Low;
Its Bold Speech ſtill endeavouring, to reſtrain,
Tho', that its Silence does, as to the Vain,
O'th' Modeſt Female Sex, become its Pain;
Whoſe Silence does, Reſpect to Lovers prove,
Since them, its Speech wou'd from it, more remove;
For as Loud Winds, wou'd down Stiff Pine-Trees blow,
Which the more Gentle, more aſſiſt to grow;
So will a Fart (ſaving to you, Reſpect)
Blow down that, which a Sigh, made more Erect;
But for its Credit, which it kept with Men,
This Beauty was as ſeldom heard, as ſeen;
Whoſe Owner's Fall (ſince it was on her Face)
Showing her Back-Side, was not her Diſgrace;

But,

But, to her Honour was, since to her Praise,
Whose Fall did her more, in Men's Value, raise.
Since my Love's made so Modest by't, (I find)
Tho' 'twas before, to go before inclin'd,
It now would be more Proud, to come behind.
Such was the Dear, Plump, Fair Thing, that the Sight,
That it did, from me, take my Seeing quite;
Fixing my Eyes upon its Snow, (I find)
Like other Snow gaz'd on, it made me Blind;
So Blind, that I, my Way to Bliss, no more
Can find, by Groping, as I did before;
For which, this Paper must make my Excuse,

Which now I Dedicate but to its Use,
The Best Breech scarce, the Worst Muse will refuse;
Nor the most Coarse Sense, or most Beastly Wit,
Which the Worst Poet, on Worst Paper, writ,
When, for its Credit, it had Use of it;
Wherefore, that my Verse may more useful be,
Dear Bum! I Dedicate it now to thee;
This Paper send you, to your Honour now,
Since that Uncleanness wou'd dishonour you,
Wou'd lessen you, nay my Love to you too;
Then I, your Truest Lover, may be stil'd,
Who send you this, to keep you undefil'd;
To serve you, like your Truest Friend, indeed,
That is, to serve you (Dear Bum!) at your need,
That at my need so, you might serve me too,
By your Best Motions, Love's Best Business do;
Who, the Support of Love's Best Business are,
For, if in Love, you did not Play your Part,
(My Dear Back-Side!) I shou'd not give a Fart,

For your Fore-Side, if that you did not move,
By which, thou art the Balance made of Love,
Which useless wou'd (but for thy Motion) prove;
Thus thou, Dear Bum! art thy Dame's Honour, Praise,
So far from being her Shame, or Disgrace;
That, but for thee (Dear Bum!) we shou'd not like her,
Who, but for thee, Love's Balance, were no Striker;
Since Women, like Clocks, but for Motion too,
Not half so well, our Past-time sure wou'd grow;
Who, like Clocks from their Motion, have their Pow'r,
To give their Keepers the more Happy Hour.

A SONG, *in Praise of* Solitude.

I.

MOST Happy he himself may boast,
Whose Happiness depends on none;
Who, for his knowing this World most,
Lives in it, to it, most unknown;
Who scorning to Proud Knaves, or Fools, to creep,
For Want of Pride, does Distance with 'em keep;

II.

Who, but the more for his Self-Love,
For others has more Charity;
His Innocence, but more to prove,
Does hide his Head most Hon'rably;
Who but the more, for his Wise Selfishness,
Of Avarice, or Vanity, has less;

III.

III.

Who but much more the wiser grows,
As of the World more ignorant;
More Self-sufficiency he shows,
Shows less his Pride, his Fear, or Want,
Is to himself a God on Earth alone,
In Want of no Good, since in Care for none;

IV.

So Solitude, just Selfishness,
Does the World's Selfishness prevent;
Makes Man's Peace more, as his Fear less,
Him more safe, as more innocent;
To gain more Honour, Ease, for want of Pelf,
By Content, all-sufficient to himself.

In Praise of Industry *and* Action, (*preferr'd to* Good Sense, Thought, *or* Wit,) *in* Business *or* Love; *to a* Mistress, *who commanded Her* Lover *to sit still, and be more Quiet, to be less Idle.*

IN Love, as Bus'ness, Industry (we see)
Will, more than Idle Wit, prevailing be;
Then he's a Fool, who does on Wit rely,
To do his Bus'ness the more speedily,
As 'twere in spight of Pow'rful Industry;

Without which, Idle Wit were more in vain,
Since without Motion, uſeleſs were the Brain;
And Life but Circulation is alone,
Of Blood and Spirits, which if ſtopt, were gone;
Nay Heav'n and Earth, but by their Motion too,
Support themſelves, both Wonders are, and do;
The various Seaſons, but by Changing can,
Do Nature's Work, the World and Man maintain;
When Univerſal Ruine, would attend
Its ſtanding ſtill, to all things put an End;
So Motion we but neceſſary find,
To the Support, as making Human Kind;
Nature's preſerv'd by that, as Man is made,
Without which, neither Beings cou'd have had;
The World at firſt (but for its Motion) was
A Melancholy, Uſeleſs, Fallow Maſs;
In Nature's dark Womb, Seeds of all things had,
(If Motion had not quicken'd them) lain dead;
Increaſe of Life, Health, Wealth, Felicity,
(You ſee) depends on Active Induſtry;
Then why muſt only you, and I, (my Dear!)
Lie ſtill, when all things elſe in Motion are?
Why muſt not we, like other Creatures too,
Nature's chief Buſineſs (we were made for) do?
Since 'tis Heav'n's Will, which ſays, That Man in vain
Was made, who does not make another Man;
Why ſhou'd we then oppoſe our Maker's Will,
Stand, ſit, or lie, againſt our Nature, ſtill?
Since we our Maker, moſt ſure, muſt offend,
As we reſiſt moſt our Creation's End;
Show your Religion, Duty then, and Senſe,
In yielding to, not thwarting Providence;

Your

Your Honour, by your Gratitude you prove,
Wou'd loſe it, if ungrateful to thy Love;
Your Pleaſure then, and mine too, ſure you will,
Both for your Honour's ſake, and mine, fulfil,
And let me not (my Dear!) let you lie ſtill;
More to the Shame ſure, both of me and you,
Since Want of Motion, Want of Senſe wou'd ſhow,
In Queſtion bring your Reaſon, Spirit too;
For if you ſtill lie ſtill, then ſtill I ſhall,
With Reaſon think you have no Senſe at all;
Since Motion beſt our Life or Senſe muſt prove,
Move more, that you may move me more to Love;
Learn of your Eyes, which from their Motion too,
Seem much more bright to me, more moving grow,
Influence both our Lives and Fortunes ſo;
Pow'r over us, but by their Motion, have,
Men, like your Eyes, can both deſtroy and ſave.

The RECANTATION. *A* SONG. *To a Vain, Inſenſible* Miſtreſs, *who ſaid,* Her Beauty, as Her Heart, was Her own; *asking Her* Lover, What He thought of Her and Them.

I.

WHEN firſt I lov'd, I thought you Fair,
Whether that ſo you were, or no;
Now my Mind's chang'd, you likewiſe are,
Who, your Charms to my Fancy ow;
Your Eyes ſo ſhine, like Stars, from borrow'd Light,
Are not, from their own Native Luſtre, Bright;

II.

II.

As the *Chameleon*, moſt Men own,
Of no peculiar Colour is,
But by Reflection has alone,
From the next thing that's near him, his;
Thy Beauty thus, is truly not in thee,
But in my Love, and does proceed from me;

III.

Your Eyes from mine, their Luſtre took;
But ſince that mine again ſee right;
Yours do not half ſo glorious look,
Nor to me ſeem (as once) ſo bright;
For, as our Eyes more open are, and clear,
Thine, but leſs bright and taking to them are;

IV.

Then why Proud, and Ungrateful too?
Shou'd that ſame Beauty make thee be;
Since that you to my Fancy ow,
Of it to me, you ſhou'd be free;
Love out of Pride then let your Eyes return,
To me they'll ceaſe to ſhine, when I to burn.

W

Againſt

Against INDUSTRY: *To a* Laborious Poetaster, *who prefer'd* Industry *to* Wit.

INdustry, Wealth and Honour often gains,
The Praise of Wit is lost, by taking Pains;
For our Heads Labour, as our Bodies too,
Does but more plain, the Wants of either show;
So more you lose the Credit of your Wit,
But the more Pains you take, in showing it;
Since, for a Man to be stil'd Labourer,
In Wit, as Law, but his Discredit were;
He's the Best Wit, as the Best Gentleman,
Who, for his Wit, or Money, takes least Pain;
For Wit, to gain Esteem, like Beauty too,
Must seem, an Artful Negligence, to show;
Must, for its Fame on Nature, more rely,
Than either upon Art, or Industry;

Since Wit, like Beauty, with Art, Pains set out,
Its Natural Perfection brings in Doubt;
The greatest Grace to both, is Careleſsneſs,
The more affected, either's Pow'r is leſs;
Not too much ty'd to Forms, nor yet too loose,
Either of them, the more Surprizing grows;
So, too much Labour on Fine Fancies spent,
As on Fine Faces, does their Praise prevent;
For like a Good Face, so too, will Good Sense
Seem, more Surprizing for its Negligence;
But Ostentation loses either's Aim,
And even makes their Merit grow their Shame,
More Pains they take for Praise, to get more Blame;

In

In fine, the Wit who too Laborious grows,
The Name of Wit, with Wits, will juſtly loſe
More, as with more Pains, he his Buſ'neſs does;
For in a Wit, Pains-taking Induſtry,
Does rather, Want of Genius more imply,
And ſhows more, Nature's Inſufficiency;
As if a Muſe, but like a Miſtreſs too,
Shou'd more, by Pains than Art, complying grow;
Fame ſhou'd be ſought, like Love then, careleſly,
Like it, beſt gain'd by Mens Indiff'rency,
As often loſt too, by their Induſtry;
For when Wit is become our Buſ'neſs too,
Like Buſ'neſs, 'twill a Wit's Diſcredit grow;
Wit ſo, like Beauty, has leſs Influence
Over the World, from Art, than Negligence;
Like Unaffected, Careleſs Beauty, gains
Moſt Praiſe for them, who take leaſt for it, Pains.

To a LADY, *with* Sleepy Eyes, *and a* Cloudy Look; *affecting to make Her* Eyes *more* Sleepy *by* Art, *than they were by* Nature.

IF ſtill you Sleep ſo, I will lay you down,
Since, but to Wake at Night, you Sleep at Noon;
Think, in your Sleep, you no Diſcredit gain,
Whatever then is done to you by Man;
So ſure, you ſeem to Sleep to us Awake,
But that, we thee to Bed may ſooner take;

You Sleep to gain Love, and your Honour keep,
Since none are Sham'd, for ought done, in their Sleep;
So, by the Twy-light of your Eyes, we see,
Like Maids, you wou'd most Kind in Twy-light be;
For you to us, half shut your Eyes, so bright,
As Ladies, who shut out the Window's Light,
When they, to Groping, Bashful Friends invite;
And you, like Fowlers, by your Winking still,
Make us to see, your Busness is to Kill;
To Kill with Kindness yet, and make Fools think,
You, to Sleep with 'em, on 'em Tip the Wink;
And that but Dog-Sleep, is your Sleep awake,
But us, the Bolder in our Love to make,
And yours, a Napping, as it were, to take;
Your Eyes eclips'd then, by your Eye-lids so,
But, as the Sun eclips'd, more Mischief do,
The less they of their Glorious Lustre show;
And as the Sun it self, seems much more Bright,
But for the Cloud, o'er-shadowing its Light.

The Poor Lover *to His* Rich Mistress, *about to* Marry *His* Coxcombly Rival; *but for His making better* Presents, *and offering* Better Settlements *to Her.*

HEav'n is not gain'd with Wealth, or Bribes, we know,
So (Divine Thing!) I nothing bid for you,
No Shining Dirt, as my Rich Rivals do;

Tho' Di'monds, Pearl, may purchas'd be with Gold,
Your Eyes, Teeth, as a Higher Rate I hold;
My Precious, and Inestimable Dear!
He who wou'd buy thy Love with Money, were
But more your Undervaluer, than I,
Who, thy Love, for thy Honour, wou'd not buy;
But beg to give nothing for it, or you
But more, how much I prize you, both to show;
He, to cry down your Charms, or Wit, does seem,
Who, at the Rate of Gold, but Values them;
Whilst I, much more, my Value of 'em prove,
Thinking, there's nought can purchase them but Love.
Is he so Richly Poor, he has but Gold
To bid for thee? 'Twas Foolish, as 'twas Bold,
To think, that thou were to be bought, or sold;
To put his Base Coin in the Scale with thee,
But Base, or Light, he thought thee sure to be;
Thee, with his Coin, to think to purchase so,
As *Turks*, their She-Slaves in Love's Markets do;
Or, as in ours, we Barter for a Mare,
To make our Hackney, and our Burthens bear;

So with his Gold, he'd make a Beast of thee,
But mounted, at his Pleasure, still to be,
And, in his Absence, Shackled, never Free;
Who, in Right to thy Beauty, Honour, shou'd
Think, there is nothing, which Injustice cou'd
Prove a fit Purchase for your Love, and them,
The more to show, for you, and them, Esteem;
But he, who wou'd put off your Chains of Love,
Wou'd, putting Wedlock's Bonds upon you, prove
But more your Undervaluer, than I,
By Bargain, and by Sale, thy Love to buy;

By which, he less Esteem wou'd for you show,
Thinking, with Gold alone, to purchase you;
That he by Weight of Pocket, not of Sense,
Shou'd, to his gaining you, have just Pretence;
When Free Gifts of our Hearts, not Money, prove,
For you, most True, most Honourable Love;
But he who thinks his Coin your Love cou'd buy,
Is more your Undervaluer, than I;
So honours you, but to your Infamy;
Since 'tis not Love of Man, but Love of Gold,
Which we for Love Dishonourable hold;
Not Love of Man, but Money, makes the Whore,
Not the Kind Act, but Coin 'tis purchas'd for;
Then I, who Bid less for you, prize you more;
Were Lovers Worth by Scales, Weight, Measure known,
Each Heavy, Rich Fool sure wou'd weigh me down;
But you, by your more certain Measure go,
Your Judgment, which can never cozen you;
Against Light Fools Wealth, you weigh Truth and Sense,
Without which, Wealth's an Inconvenience;
Weigh Native Worth, with High Birth, Great Estate,
Wou'd have your Man more Wise, than Fortunate,
In Merit rather, than Vain Title, Great;
The Bart'ring Fool, whom I my Rival call,
But puts thee, with his Base Coin, in the Scale,
Whilst I will my best Value for you prove,
Pawning my Body, Life, Soul, for your Love;
All the Stores Wise Men with Rich Fools can vie,
My weightiest Good of Life, my Liberty,
Whilst thee he'd buy, but into Slavery;
Your *Indian* Fool has but bright Shells, or Dust,
That shine, to make his Bargain sure, not just;

Not by his Native Worth, but yours, wou'd fain
Your Love, but for his Intereſt, obtain;
Gives you Rich Bribes, to take all from you ſo,
Whilſt I'd give all I have, my ſelf to you;
I court your Love, he bribes your Avarice,
Which he, (to leſſ'ning of your Worth) implies;
Thinking, that Money cou'd your Favour buy,
To make you guilty of *Love-Simony*;
For ſince thy Love, a Thing is ſo Divine,
'Twere Sacrilege, to purchaſe it with Coin;
And in the Church to ſell thy Faith, wou'd be,
But moſt Diſparagement to it and thee;
Thy Love, that moſt Divine Thing, to prophane,
And barter in the Church, for Wicked Gain;
No Hand for Gold, in a Church-Bargain take,
The moſt Diſhonourable Truck to make,
By Marr'age thought moſt Honourable ſo,
To make your Love moſt Mercenary! grow;
Which (ſince a Thing Divine) ſure ought to be,
Like Heav'nly Bleſſings, moſt Unbrib'd and Free;
Prophanely Guilty, a God's Name! you grow,
(At once) of Sacrilege, and Av'rice too;
To your Beaſt's Bed, to go for Hire, not Love,
But your Injuſtice to my Faith you prove;
Since Beauty is, like Heav'n, the Poor Man's Right,
Which he with Faith, not Off'rings, wou'd requite;
Since the Divine Gift, to our Faith, by Jove,
Whence I, to gain the Bleſſing of thy Love,
(Which the Reward ſhou'd of Devotion be)
Have but my Faith and Love, for thine and thee;
Have only buy'd my Tears, my Vows, and Pray'rs,
To make my Claim to thee, Divinely Fair!

Who

Who my ſole Goddeſs, on my True Faith, art,
Who have, to prove it, but my broken Heart;
Then let my Love-Hymns, Watching, Faſting too,
And Penance, which I for your Abſence do,
Gain here your Love, my Bliſs, my Heaven you;
Let thee my Vows to make me Happy, move,
My Faith, in chuſe, beſt my Devotion prove;
Both by my Conſtant Service, Fervent Love;
Which ſhou'd ſave thee, my Precious Soul, for me,
Who damn'd elſe to Deſpair of Joy muſt be;
Humility, Self-Condemnation too,
Are all, and the beſt Claims I have to you,
And to you my True Faith, Love, Duty ſhow;
Thou leaſt, like Heaven, ſhou'dſt his Portion be,
Who vainly thinks, that moſt he Merits thee;
Preſumption was the great Pretender's Fall,
Who Loſt, by his Pretence to Merit, all
That he cou'd Bleſſings, Joys, or Glory call;
But I, with Fear and Trembling, on my Knees,
With Penance, Watching, Faſting, Nakedneſs;
Like Devout Wreſtlers, thee my Paradiſe,
By Service, Zeal, and my Heart's Sacrifice,
Wou'd not by Merit crave, but Faith wou'd ſeize;
Thee, wou'd not by mean Offerings Prophane,
Thee not by my Right, but thy Grace, wou'd gain,
Since Divine Beings let none Serve in vain;
Let my Devotion then be not out-done,
But by my Rival's Offerings alone;
All he, to gain Salvation, mine prevent,
Can plead is, that he is an Innocent;
All I can ſay, for my Faith, Hopes, or Love,
May my Faith, your Election of me prove;

Let him lose thee, as the Presumptuous do,
Their Heav'n, because he thinks he merits you;
But thee (my Heav'n on Earth, here) let me gain,
Because I think none here, by Merit can.

A SONG. To Phillis, the Cruel, and Proud.

I.

PHILLIS! thy Pride, so general,
My Heart, in spight of me, has won,
Who but most kind art to us all,
In showing Kindness yet to none;

II.

You make me love your Cruelty,
Which, tho' 'twill not give me your Love;
Yet, takes away my Jealousie,
And makes your Scorn, my Comfort prove;

III.

Though I my Mistress can't enjoy,
No Rival need I yet to fear,
I'd rather have thee to me coy,
Than with Mankind, thy Kindness share;

IV.

I am, in Love, a Miser so,
Am pleas'd, to think you mine alone;
Nay, tho' to have no Use of you,
Only, that others may have none;

V.

Let then thy Scorn be general,
Rather than let thy Love be so;
I'd rather have no Love at all,
Than Jealousie I'd undergo;

VI.

Tho' Heresie in Love, it is,
As likewise in Religion too;
I'd rather quit the Hopes of Bliss,
Than Pain, in Hopes of Joy, to know;

VII.

Annihilation in your Heart,
I rather wou'd have undergone,
Than in Love's Flames, Despair, and Smart,
For Bliss, no sooner known than done.

In Praise of LAZINESS.

O God-like State! thou Heav'nly Laziness!
Which, in thy Rags, canst thy Professors Bless,
Ensure their Innocence, Peace, Ease, or Rest,
Ev'n here, with Poverty, to make 'em Blest;
Their Faith, and Honour, best dost justifie,
Securing their Good Name, and Liberty,
From Scandal, Care, Fear, Pain, and Slavery;

Bleſt State on Earth! for which, in Rags we go,
Hunger and Thirſt, Reproach, Shame, ſuffer too,
In ſpight of Fate, but to make ſure of you;
The Poor Man's only Joy, Reſt, Safety, which,
Like Heav'n, are leſs enjoy'd too, by the Rich;
Thou true Contempt of all Vain, Worldly Things!
Which all thy Wiſe Profeſſors, ſooneſt brings
To Peace, and Reſt; to which, Kings but aſpire
In vain, whilſt them, Supineneſs does acquire;
The Poor Man's Lot, the Rich Man's vain Deſire;
Thou Foe to Pride, Luſt, Avarice, or Strife!
True Sign of Faith, contemning Mortal Life;
Since, but on Providence, with Conſtancy,
You, for Eaſe, Peace, Life, Livelihood, relie,
Your Faith, beſt by your Sloth, to juſtifie;
For True Faith and Philoſophy, ſo you
Shou'd with Men of beſt Senſe and Morals, go;
Whoſe Want of Action, Miſchief does prevent;
Since few Men Buſie prove, and Innocent;
Then thou! reſign'd in all, to Deſtiny,
Art Chriſtian Faith, Heathen Philoſophy;

Since they, the moſt Wiſe, beſt Believers are,
Who, for this Life, are leaſt in Pain, Fear, Care;
Then, for True Stoiciſm, ſhou'dſt thou go,
The Body's Eaſe, and the Mind's Quiet too;
True Stoiciſm, Strickteſt Virtue, and
Over our Paſſions, haſt the beſt Command;
Art Conſtancy, which no Vain Paſſion can
Move, to Falſe Hopes, or Fears, Luſt, Rage, or Gain,
Pride, or Ambition, Trouble, Care, or Pain;

O

To

To Man's Inconſtancy, the ſureſt Stay
To Labour, Pain, or Grief, his Wiſe Delay,
When Paſſions wou'd, with Reaſon, run away;
Art Patience, ſo to Fate, doſt ſtill conſent;
Art Prudence, wou'dſt not certain Fate prevent;
Man's Reſignation ſtill, in any State,
To make Vain Man contented with his Fate;
His Paſſive Valour, and Firm Conſtancy,
Doſt not ſeek Vengeance, nor from Danger flie,
And doſt renounce all Active Knavery;
Thou Proof of Honour, Badge of Courage, art,
Doſt make Man bear all, at no Danger ſtart;
The beſt Badge of Nobility Men bear,
Which, for Wealth, Fame, wou'd take no Pains, or Care,
By which, Great Active Men diſhonour'd are;
For Pride, or Gain, you ſell not Liberty,
Safety, or Eaſe, for Selfiſh Induſtry,
Nor for Vain Honour, gain Proud Slavery;
You give Men, o'er their Paſſions, their Command,
And Shocks of Fate, or Death, you make 'em ſtand;
Till by their Paſſive Valour, beſt they grow,
O'er-comers of their Fates, their own ſelves too,
Since you, gainſt your own Peace, will nothing do;
True Stoiciſm are you, and maintain
Nothing in Life, is worth our Care, or Pain;
Contempt o'th' World are, beſt Philoſophy,
Innocent Life, ſo beſt Divinity,
Beſt Faith, ſubmitting all to Deſtiny;
Which makes us to depend on Providence,
More than upon our Humane Strength, or Senſe;
Since againſt Fate, our Labour, or our Pain,
Were to it as Offenſive, as in Vain;

So Lazineſs, ſtill Thoughtleſs, and Supine!
Thou doſt Men to Faith, Innocence, incline,
Doſt ev'n make Mortals lead a Life Divine;
Art more Man's True Faith, as his Pains are leſs,
Who with Content, doſt ev'n th' Unhappy bleſs,
And make 'em, in Worſt Fortune, acquieſs;
Thou, without Wealth, canſt Happineſs beſtow,
Since all our End of Wealth, Pow'r, State, below,
Is but to have here, nothing e'er to do;
Thou Heav'n on Earth art, mak'ſt all Poor Men Bleſt,
Doſt keep them Innocent, giv'ſt Peace, Eaſe, Reſt;
Then if, O Lazineſs! my Praiſe of thee,
Be ſhort of thee, 'tis long of thee, not me;
Which had been on thee, to thy Credit more,
If on me, you had had now, but leſs Pow'r.

A SONG: *To a* Lady *ſomething Superannuated, who ſtood more upon Her* Good Name, *than the* Ill Deed *of* Love; *and told Her* Lover, She was afraid, He cou'd not keep a Lady's Secret.

I.

SINCE, Silly Fool! all your Excuſe,
Why me, nay my Love, you refuſe,
Is, Fear of loſing your Good Name,
More, than to loſe your Maidenhead;
Know, Poets can reſtore your Fame,
When that is gone, may you are Dead;

III.

II.

Since Beſt Men ſpeak moſt Ill of thoſe,
Who Honour for 'em will not loſe;
If you then wou'd keep your Good Name,
And Honour, give it up to me,
Whoſe Pride 'tis, to ſave Women's Fame,
When made by their Love, its Truſtee;

III.

Your Secrets to me then expoſe,
If you wou'd not your Honour loſe;
For ſhe, who thinks her Friend unjuſt,
E'er try'd, gives him Cauſe to be ſo;
Knaves are made Juſt, by their Foes Truſt,
Diſtruſt makes Knaves, of Juſt Friends too;

IV.

Make thy Beſt Secret, mine alone,
By none elſe, ſhall it e'er be known;
For I no Secret e'er reveal'd,
But what my Friends wou'd keep from me;
Which, when from Friends it is conceal'd,
They then are made to tell it, free;

V.

Our Breach of Faith's made by Diſtruſt,
Confiding in Knaves, makes 'em juſt;
More to the Shame, it wou'd be ſaid,
Of Thee, thy Beauty, Fame, or Wit;
That thou ſhou'dſt have thy Maidenhead,
In ſpight of thee, me, thy Friends, yet.

To the DUKE *of* B——, *Imprison'd in the* TOWER, *by a* Court-Faction.

YOUR late Disgrace, is but the Court's Disgrace,
As its false Accusation, but your Praise;
Your Sufferings, which you so bravely bear,
The Punishments of your Accusers are,
Which show their Spight, you more contemn, than fear;
Us of the Court's Faults, not of yours, convince,
Since best Convictions of your Innocence;
Your Punishment, thus is the State's Offence;
So well Ill Fortune is now born by you,
That you by bearing it, above it grow,
Who no Constraint i'th' Prison undergo;
Since in it, your Free Heart, aspiring Mind,
No more can, than your Genius, be confin'd;
Your Liberty of Thought, there's no Pow'r can,
To Antique Custom, or Dull Form restrain;
So, tho' now you are, by the Court immur'd,
Your Censure must be by it still endur'd,
You are from that, that not from you secur'd;
You bear your late Disgrace, so Hon'rably,
Your Proud Foes grutch you, your Adversity;
Thus in your Prison now, you grow but more
Vain Courtiers Envy, than you were before;
Who rage to think, you turn their Spight to Sport,
Scorning Court-Pity, pity more the Court,
Which now has parted with its best Support;

Less

Leſs at your Peril, than the Sinking State,
Which you, its Prop, from it does ſeparate;
So that the Mad Court you may pity now,
The more, the leſs that it does pity you;
Where, ev'n the Looſeſt Men are Priſ'ners more,
To Tyrant-Paſſions, than you, in the *Tow'r*;
Where moſt are Priſ'ners to their narrow Souls,
Where ſtill their Fear, their Liberty controuls;
Where Reaſon, by Man's Int'reſt, is confin'd,
He ſhut up in his Little-Eaſe, his Mind,
As more t'enlarge ſtill his Deſires inclin'd;
Where Men, Love's Chains, Ties of Falſe Honour too,
Bind up to Forms, and Ceremony ſo,
That they give up their Senſe or Liberty,
To live, Proud Volunteers in Slavery,
More to their Trouble, Pains, and Infamy;
Where ev'n the moſt Unruly Libertine,
In Queſt of Freedom, does himſelf confine;
In's Pride a Prince, and yet his Paſſions Slave,
Which him a Priſ'ner, in his Looſneſs, have;
To Love, Ambition, or ſtrait Avarice,
A Bond-Slave, or, to ſome leſs Tyrant-Vice;
Or, to the curſt Old Gaoler, Cuſtom too,
Which, ev'n in Priſon, cannot Fetter you;
You, though a Priſ'ner, can your ſelf releaſe,
From Cuſtom only, the Fool's Little-Eaſe,
And the World's worſt ſort of Captivity,
Which makes us Free-Will quit, for Slavery;
Our Senſe renounce, but to comply with thoſe,
Who on our Reaſon wou'd their Wills impoſe;

The

The Senſleſs Many, who we know are Fools,
Live more Irregularly too by Rules;
But ſince no Cuſtom you to Rules can bind,
Your Thought's free, tho' your Body be confin'd,
Your Priſon's but the Enlargement of your Mind;
And makes your undiſturb'd Thoughts, now, more free,
Than they, when you your Freedom had, cou'd be;
Since with Love, or Ambition, you were ſtill
Abroad, kept from your Free Thoughts, or Free Will;
So you have Liberty, by Loſs of it,
Of your Confining Viſitors are quit;
Who, when you were at Liberty, did come,
With Viſits, to confine you more at Home;
Now you from Falſe-Friends are, in Priſon, free,
Who Friends in Priſon, never care to ſee;
You there are now but more at Liberty,
To keep the Beſt Sort of all Company,
Your own; which was impoſſible for you,
When you Abroad were, undiſturb'd, to do;
Your Life, which was the Public's, is your own,
Now but employ'd, to pleaſe your ſelf alone;
So by your Priſon, freer are you grown.

An

An Heroic Epiſtle. *To the Moſt Honourable* Match-Maker, *a* Bawd, *call'd* J. C——; *proving* *Free Love more Honourable, than Slaviſh, Mercenary Marriage.*

IF Public Spirits, which the Public ſtill
Will ſerve, altho' againſt the Public's Will,
Beget, for Public Men, the Public Praiſe,
Why ſhou'd they be, all Public Dames Diſgrace?
Whilſt Men gain (as more Public) much more Fame,
Yet Public Women get more Public Shame,
As more t'oblige all Mankind, is their Aim;
Who ſhou'd obtain more Kindneſs, and more Praiſe,
As Suff'ring, for the Public, more Diſgrace;
And why ſhou'd Men, but for deſtroying Man
From Mankind, but more Fame, and Honour gain?
Yet you, for your increaſing Human-Kind,
From Men, more Shame and Enmity ſhou'd find;
Whilſt Men get Praiſe, for being Public Foes,
Yet you, your Fame for Public Friendſhip loſe;
Who, tho' a Friend to Soul, as Body too,
Yet, for an Enemy to both you go,
And ſuffer Shame, for Charities you do;
Tho' for Sin's Aid, you Scandaliz'd have been,
Who, more the Cauſe are, to keep more from Sin,
Than Luſt's Ill Means, to draw the Frail Fleſh in;
Nay, you keep Men from Sins unnatural,
Into which they, for Want of Women, fall,

From Foul Adult'ries, Inceſt, Sodomy,
Keep the Hot Youth's Luſt, Old Man's Lechery,
To ſave the Honour of each Family;
For had you not the Brother's Luſt allay'd,
Abroad, at Home, the Siſter never had
Liv'd, or continu'd long a Spotleſs Maid;
Whoſe Pangs of Love, (if them you had not eas'd
Abroad) at Home, had her much more diſgrac'd;
And of her Father's Menial Servant, had
Her Lord and Maſter, by Reſtrain'd Love, made;
Soft Females, but for you, Hard-hearted prove,
Wou'd Murther Babes for Honour, Men for Love;
Inceſt, Rapes, Murthers, often you prevent,
Ev'n by your Guilt, keep others Innocent,
For by you, Love's beſt, readieſt Inſtrument,
Marriage, (on Free Love, the worſt kind of Rape)
Unwilling Maids, forc'd by Relations, 'ſcape;
Nay, ſhun the greateſt Sin, or Infamy,
Of Love, made by Church Bargain's Simony;
When that Divine Thing Love, i'th' Church is ſold,
Not for the juſt Exchange of Hearts, but Gold;
Thus, you do Good Turns ſtill of ſev'ral Kinds,
Of Fall'n-out Lovers, make Agreeing Friends;
To th' Faithleſs, Cruel, give Faith, Charity,
Your Houſe, from Ruine ſaves each Family;
Whoſe too Hot Heir, for Want of Woman, had,
Himſelf a Bondſman of a Keeper made;
A Fetter'd Cuckold of a Libertine,
Did you, not him, to a Looſe Woman join;
Old Mothers, and Church-Panders, Matchmakers,
But for thee, had undone too moſt Young Heirs;

So Man's, and Woman's Freedom, and their Fame,
(Keeping 'em Looſe) you keep from Guilt or Shame,
When an Ill Match had been their Honour's Blame;
Oft, for the Craving Widow, Love-ſick Maid,
You, with a Private Match, their Stomach's ſtaid,
And their Impatient, Raging Luſt allay'd;
Who, but for thee, might elſe have been undone,
Making a Firſt, or Second Match, too ſoon;
So thou then art, Love's juſteſt Inſtrument,
The World's, and Man's Deſtruction, to prevent,
Who none doſt Match againſt their own Conſent;
Which the Prieſts often, more Unjuſtly do
Thus, for the beſt Match-maker, ſhou'd you go,
Nay, the moſt Conſciencious are you ſo;
Since, in Love's Franker Bargains, which you make,
You force no Lovers Vows, for Life, to take,
Which they, but as more ſtrict, more often break;
But you make your Pairs, of their own accord,
More Honourably take each other's Word;
More Honeſtly you make each Party try,
(E'er they deal for it) their Commodity,
Which Prieſts to them, unjuſtly ſtill deny;
To turn by Ties on Love, Free-Love to Strife,
A Bed-fellow, let none have but for Life,
Of a Free-Miſtreſs, make a Slaviſh Wife;
And of a Free-man, but a Horn'd-Beaſt too,
To Drudgery to turn his Pleaſure, ſo,
To make his Free-Love, but Forc'd Labour grow;
Whence, Marriage ſhou'd go for the greateſt Force
On Conſcience, which makes Strangers oft of Courſe,
Each other take, for Better, or for Worſe;

To make that Vow which Two Free Lovers make,
For being Bound, more liable to Break;
Since all Frail Lovers, always are (we find)
To Things, as more bound from 'em, more inclin'd;
Forc'd Love's a Rape, by which, th' Unwilling Dame
May have the Pleasure, yet escape the Shame,
By the Kind Tyrant, who usurp'd her Lap,
But a Forc'd Marriage is, for Life, a Rape;
Forc'd Love does Force, but on our Friendship prove,
But Marriage is a Rape oft, on our Love;
Free Love in Woman, shou'd be less her Shame,
As less from her Friend, for it, is her Claim;
Then truly, none sure Love more dearly buy,
Than they who for it, pay their Liberty;
Thus Free Love, more shou'd a Maid's Honour grow,
But as it is more Cheap, and Private, so
Shou'd, for the Best Love, as most Modest, go;
Whilst Marriage, since for Int'rest, Public Love,
Its self so, the most Impudent does prove;
Forc'd Love, the Shame of Yielding does prevent,
Marriage is, to the Filthy Deed, Consent,
Which shou'd be more the Dame's Disparagement;
So can't be call'd, most Honourable Love,
By which, but Bond-Slaves, most Free-Lovers prove;
Each other's Gaolers, and forc'd Prisoners, so,
To Love's, and Faith's Disparagement, to grow,
Their Want of both, by Marriage, so to show.

To a Rich, Mercenary, Matrimonial Miſtreſs; *who ſaid*, The moſt Honourable Match, was that, which was made for moſt Money.

RICH, Precious Thing! you'll not be mine, it ſeems,
Becauſe you ſay, no Wit, but Wealth contemns;
Wherefore, ſince your Wealth is your Merit, you
Will it on him who loves it moſt, beſtow;
Whilſt you the Rich, the Proud, and Covetous,
For your Gallant, True Lover, or your Spouſe,
For loving Money more, but leſs ſhou'd chuſe;
My Rival, the Rich Miſer, then refuſe,
Since thee he'd ne'r, becauſe a Rich Thing, uſe;
But you great Fortunes, like your Money too,
Shun Laviſh Wits, who wou'd make uſe of you,
And to the Miſer wou'd moſt freely go;
Who, for his Covetous, Baſe Love of thee,
Thy Gaoler wou'd of thy Kind-Keeper be;
Thy Liberty out of his Love betray,
Thee, like his Gold, keep under Lock and Key:
Say not, you Marry then moſt Hon'rably,
As for moſt Coin you Sell your Liberty;
Since ſure, moſt Infamouſly wou'd you Wed,
As for moſt Money you wou'd ſell your Bed;
You with a Bargain wou'd the Church Prophane,
Turn Divine Free Love, into Wicked Gain,
Like the *Jews* Temple-Money-Changers, you,
Wou'd make the Church your Change and Market too,
Which, Love's Fair *Jew*! you ſhou'd for nothing do;

To make ſo, by the Church, your Marr'age prove,
Moſt Sinful, as moſt Mercenary Love;
Since 'twere the worſt ſure of all *Simony*,
For you to Sell i'th' Church your Liberty,
Or make me you, Life's Bleſſing, there to Buy;
Int'reſt in Love, as in Devotion too,
Wou'd prove my Sin, ev'n of my Service ſo,
My Prophane Off'ring, for my Heav'n, thy Love,
By thee receiv'd, wou'd both's Damnation prove;
Since True Love is our only Heav'n below,
Then it, but like our Heav'n above us too,
Ours but by Faith, and Broken Hearts, ſhou'd grow;
And thee, Divine Thing! ſhou'd I more Prophane,
To think thy Favour, by my Bribe to gain;
To think to gain her, whom I thus adore,
Leſs on my Faith's, than on my Money's Score,
Were of my Goddeſs, but to make my Whore;
He moſt Prophanes his Female Deity,
Whoſe Bleſſings he with Offerings wou'd Buy;
Falſe Heathen Goddeſſes claim Sacrifice,
But Service, Pray'rs, Vows, Faith, True Deities;
Then each Divine She's Faithful Worſhipper,
With Bribes, for Juſtice, wou'd diſparage her,
By Gifts, grow more her Undervaluer;
Wherefore, my Goddeſs! I ſo value thee,
For thee, to thee I'll but beholding be,
I, by Gifts, were from Obligation free;
To thee, Love, Faith, Devotion, more to prove,
But Pray'r and Praiſe, I'll give thee for thy Love;
He wou'd your Love ungratefully requite,
Who thinks his Baſe Droſs a Return for it;

Since Love, till Bought or Sold, is no *Nymph*'s Shame,
He her, who Bids Gold for her, does Defame;
Since Love is but (when Sold) a Maid's Disgrace;
But when 'tis giv'n, her Honour and her Praise;
So more my Gratitude I to you prove,
The less I think, I can repay your Love.
Wou'd thee to Gratitude by Money move;
Since you for Beauty, and for Goodness are,
A Mortal Angel, Innocent, as Fair,
Your Love is fought, repaid with Praise and Pray'r.
Since Love-Joys are like those of Heaven, which,
Are due to th' Poor, forfeited by the Rich;
Whose Hopes upon their Merits most rely,
To gain their Joys, but by their *Simony*,
Whose Bold Presumption does their Faith deny;
Whilst I, your Faithful Poor in Spirit, do,
But only by my Fear, and Trembling too,
Hope for True Bliss, to gain my Heaven, you.

A SONG. *To One who said*, She did not believe Her Gallant's Love, because He had never said any thing of it to Her before.

I.

TRUE Love, sure, needs no kind of Aid,
From Vows, Tears, Oaths, to make it good;
Love but in Silence best is made,
And by it, better understood;

II.

Like Hypocrites, ſo thoſe of Love,
Are by Eye, Lip-Devotion known;
Leſs their True Faith, and Worſhip prove,
As more Appearance of 'em's ſhown;

III.

Since True Love, like True Piety,
Does ſtill all Oſtentation ſhun;
By Silence, and by Secrecy,
It makes itſelf more truly known;

IV.

Then I have more True Love for you,
The leſs that it is by you ſpy'd;
True Love, like True Faith, more we ſhow,
As our Devotion more we hide.

To a Paſſionate, Noiſie FRIEND.

LET not your Choler your Revenge betray,
Its Purpoſe not to haſten, but delay;
If to Revenge your Wrongs, be your Intent,
Let not your Fury your Revenge prevent,
More to your own, than to your Foes Offence,
Till your ſtrong Paſſion grows your Impotence,
Both to the Weak'ning of your Pow'r and Senſe,

Does you, to your Foe's Fury, more expoſe,
Till your ſpight does, your Pow'r to hurt him, loſe,
Your Senſe of Honour, your Diſhonour grows;
Your Vengeance, which your Paſſion does betray,
Fame it ſhou'd give you, from you takes away;
Nay does, of your Revenge, your Danger grow,
Since Paſſion does but the Mind's Weakneſs ſhow,
And to prevent your Vengeance, Warns your Foe;
Ev'n on the Right Side, Paſſion turns the Blame,
Your Honour's Vindication were your Shame,
You'd loſe your Credit ſo, to right your Fame;
Rage is your Weak Head's Sober Drunkenneſs,
Which, like Pot-Valour, proves your Courage leſs;
For Men, with Paſſion Drunk, as Liquor, ſhow
They Reaſon, but for Want of Reaſon, do,
Both to themſelves, as to their Injur'd Foe;
No Wiſe Foes are, of Open Rage, afraid,
Which, of their Oppoſition, grows their Aid,
By which, leſs fit for Quarrels, Men are made;
And Men, with Paſſion Drunk, as ſhamefully,
As in their Wine, their Reaſon juſtifie;
For, if a Man be Mad, 'tis all one ſure,
Whether his Madneſs, Wine, or Rage procure,
Whether 'tis from his Heat of Blood, or Wine,
Which him, to Senſleſs Actions, does incline;
The Drunkard's Courage, is no more his Praiſe,
Than his Affront, a Sober Man's Diſgrace;
Nor can a Man's Bold Deeds his Honour grow,
When, what he ſays, or does, he does not know;
As Ill Acts are not, till our Guilt, our Shame,
Good Deeds, when not our ſelves, can our Good Name,
Procure no more, than can the Bad, our Blame;

Thus,

Thus, a Man does not Credit get, but loſe,
When 'tis the Wine, not he, the Bold Thing does;
Then Man's own Rage, but his own ſelf, does worſt,
As their own ſelves, o'er-heated Canons burſt;
He then, whoſe Mad Rage, Self-deſtructive Ire,
His Foe's Confuſion ſooner, wou'd acquire,
Is like him, who ſets his own Houſe on Fire,
That he, the Ruine of his Neighbour might
Procure, feels firſt the Miſchief of his Spight,
And vainly makes his Torment, his Delight;
So madly Reaſon to himſelf to do,
To Right himſelf, and ſave his Honour too,
Shame, Pain, of his own Rage, does undergo;
Suffers his own Revenge upon his Foes,
Till his own Prejudice his Paſſion grows,
Which, to his Foes, his Weakneſs does expoſe;
But ſure, True Hatred, like True Love, is Dumb,
To worſt our Foes, our Selves we ſhou'd o'er-come;
Our Paſſion, its own Diſappointment grows,
From our Rage, of their Danger, warns our Foes,
Which we ſhou'd keep (to make effectual) cloſe;
So, 'tis not the Loud Thunder does the Harm,
But rather, heedleſs Mortals does Alarm,
Of the Swift Light'ning's Danger, to beware,
Which we moſt, like a Silent Foe, ſhou'd fear.
The leſs, its Grumbling Menaces we hear;
But Rage, which Men, with Noiſe, ſo fiercely vent,
Fruſtrates the Miſchief of its own Intent,
Out of more Malice, proves moſt Innocent;
Our Vengance harmleſs, from our Paſſion's made,
Which makes our Wrath our Enemies beſt Aid;

Who,

Who, for our Loud Rage, ſafer from it are,
For High Words, rather ſhow, than give Men Fear;
Moſt ſafely, ſurely, he his Foes deſtroys,
Whoſe Rage, not Him, more than his Foes, annoys;
Wrath, like White-Powder, does its Aim fulfil,
By being in its Execution ſtill,
More ſurely, with leſs Noiſe, or Warning, kill;
Whilſt Loud Rage, wou'd but more Alarm its Foe,
To get the Harm, which it deſign'd to do;
To make its own ſelf but an Inſtrument,
Its Vengeance, by its Malice, to prevent,
Made, by more Paſſion, but more Impotent.

To the Univerſal FRIEND.

AT once, a Common Foe, as Common Friend,
You ſeem, ſince Friendſhip, you to all pretend
Alike, all leſs t'oblige ſure, than offend;
You, by your Honeſt Friends, who flatter none,
Are thought no Friend, for being ſo much one;
More Diſobliging, with your Courteſie,
Are you, who nothing can to none deny,
So you do Kindneſs, but Injuriouſly;
For Kindneſs, which does make no Difference,
Twixt Good, and Bad, is to the Good Offence;
In Treating all alike, the Good, and Bad,
You made Friends Foes, when Friends of Foes you made;
Benefits, which to all alike are done,
Muſt Welcome, or Obliging be, to none;

When you, betwixt Men, no Diſtinction make,
What you give all Men, you from Beſt Men take;
From the moſt truly Meritorious Few,
That which is only but their proper Due;
To give it others, but to thoſe Mens Wrong,
To whom, of Right, it truly does belong;
The Beſt, and Worſt Men, but alike to make,
So, from the Good Men, for the Bad to take
Th' Honour of Diff'ring from the moſt of Men,
Since moſt Men, Knaves, and Fools, have always been;
Praiſes, which Raſcals muſt, with Good Men, ſhare,
Affronts to the True Meritorious, are;
And when the Benefit too Public grows,
Twill Honour, Thanks, it ſeeks from all Men, loſe;
That Common Good, which, to Mankind is, done,
Rewards, and Thanks, returns itſelf alone,
Since, there's none due to that from any one;
The Public Act, it ſelf does gratifie,
Repaid in its own Coin, with Vanity;
You then, in Courteſie, to general,
Diſguſt moſt, as you moſt wou'd Pleaſure all;
Thus a Male Whore, in Friendſhip, as in Love,
You, to both Sexes, generally prove;
In giving all your Hand, to none your Heart,
Since that to all, none juſtly can impart;
Thus, your too Common Generoſity,
Like the Whore's Love, grows more your Infamy,
The more you give it, Univerſally;
Friendſhip, like Love, does true, but then appear,
When it is Private, and Particular;
In growing Public, grows the Giver's Shame,
Who, ſeeking all Men's Praiſe, gets all Men's Blame;

Obliging all, deserves the Thanks of none,
Since his Good Deeds but to himself are done;
Whose Justice, or whose Charity for Man,
End but at home, as they but there began;
Whose Friend's Want, did not cause his Noble Deed;
Who but of his Friend's Praise stood more in need;
Thus he his Good Act only sold for Praise,
To make his Bart'ring Bounty his Disgrace;
Himself a Merchant of his Benefit,
Which he did, but for what he got by it;
Not for his Wanting Friend's sake, but his own,
So makes his Kindness, but for Praises done,
Not his Gift, but his Mercenary Loan;
Who but from Selfishness lends, gives his Self
His Friend to gratifie, less than himself;
A Common Friend then, like a Common Whore,
Does but Good Turns, upon the Common Score,
More Kindness does, to make Friends do him more;
Who loving all alike, gets Scorn for Love,
Till his Free Heart does his Dishonour prove;
And till his Public Generosity,
Is but his Friendship's Blame, and Infamy,
His Public Kindness, private Injury;
Since Public Good, is oft Peculiar Wrong,
Which does but to the few Good Men belong;
Kindness to all, no one Man should repay,
Since Payment, or Returns, but take away
From the Vain Donor, more ungratefully,
Honour, that's due to Generosity;
Since the true Great Man's Satisfaction is,
More to give his Friends theirs, than purchase his;

His Satisfaction, from his Friends to ſhun,
Leſt his Good Deeds ſhou'd ſeem for Wages done;
Whoſe Praiſe for them, and Pleaſure's in 'em more,
As their Return is leſs in his Friend's Pow'r,
And more in his, his Friend's Wants to ſupply,
His Friends, more than they him, to ſatisfie;
Since Vain Fools but for Oſtentation give,
Their own Wants, not their Friends, ſo to relieve;
Not their Friend's Want of Coin, their own of Fame;
Not ſo much out of Honour, as for Shame,
To get more Credit, or to 'ſcape more Blame;
The Common Friend then, like the Common Shore,
Uſeful to ſome, ungrateful is to more;
Does of a Public Benefit, become
To moſt a Nuſance, to ſerve only ſome;
So Benefits to all alike ſtill done,
Are, being to much Kindneſs, reckon'd none;
No more to Common Friends then, Poor Men ow,
Than Poor Soils do to Showr's, which them o'erflow,
And only but whether they will or no;
Who, like Forc'd Friends, but do the Benefit,
But becauſe they can't help their doing it,
No Thanks are due to the Vain Prodigal,
Nor can One ow, the Debt that's General,
No Man's oblig'd to pay, what's lent to All;
Nor Money, which is giv'n but to relieve
The Donor's Want of Credit, which he'll give,
A Kindneſs leſs to do, than to receive,
But in Exchange of Honour, Fame, or Praiſe,
Which to him, for his Boon his Friend repays,
Which he more than his Money values, ſo,
He does the Favour, rather take, than do;

Which he does only to the Grateful Man,
But for Thanks, Praiſe, which he does for it gain;
Not for his Friend's Advantage, but his own,
So to his Int'reſt, turns his Gift or Loan,
Not for his Friend's ſake, but his own ſake done;
His Friend, to pleaſure him, does not relieve
So much, as Pleaſure by it to receive.

A SONG. *To an* Impertinent MISTRESS, *who affected Reſiſtance to Her* Lover's *Kindneſs; and Crying out, which diſcover'd Her Intrigue, ſo became Her Shame by Her Modeſty; whoſe* Lover *endeavour'd to ſtop Her Tongue in Her Mouth, by His.*

I.

VIRTUE, ſure is, but Sin unknown;
For Love, till Scandal 'tis, is none,
Not our Fault, till our Shame 'tis grown;

II.

All Virtue but Diſcretion is,
Not any Crime, is that, or this,
That is ill done, but tak'n amiſs;

III.

Modeſty proves but Impudence,
To Virtue but a Vain Preſence,
Againſt our Nature, and our Senſe;

IV.

She, who for Love lets her Friend die,
Saves her Fame, to her Infamy;
Whoring's no Sin, when Charity;

V.

To save your Fame, I lost my own,
Who but more Pleasure, as Renown,
Had had, had I our Joys, made known;

VI.

My Gratitude to justifie,
I did your Love to me deny,
Show'd my Truth to you, by my Lie;

VII.

You made your Modesty, your Shame,
Which did, what we had done, proclaim,
Your self, for Fear of Shame, defame;

VIII.

My Kiss had done your Fame no Wrong,
By stopping your Mouth with my Tongue,
Had not your own Tongue been too long.

IX.

So you may thank your Modesty,
Which publish'd most your Infamy,
Whilst my Tongue had kept Secrecy.

X.

X.

Then, for your own Fault, blame me not,
Your own Tongue sham'd you, crying out,
Whilst mine did stop your Mouth, and Throat;

XI.

I, what we did, had still conceal'd,
By my Tongue, in your Mouth, held,
Had your Tongue, not your Shame, reveal'd;

XII.

The Sin, till known, is not our Shame,
Your Long-Tongue then, not mine, pray blame,
Your Modesty 'twas, lost your Fame;

XIII.

Which made you to resist me so,
Till my Desire did Stronger grow,
So you forc'd me to Ravish you;

XIV.

Then 'twas not, what by me was done,
To thee, by my Tongue, but your own,
Which since, is your Dishonour grown.

To

To the Delaying, Vain, yet Mercenary FRIEND.

TEnacious Uſurer, in Friendſhip! you
Ne'r did one Good Turn, but to get by't two;
And are ſo Covetous, you, to your Shame,
Wou'd get, what's not your Due too, your Good Name;
To Double Uſe, put out your Benefit,
Both Praiſe, and Gain, to get at once, for it,
Which you ne'er did, but for it, more to get;
So Forc'd Loans brought you in your Debtor's Debt;
Since a Good Turn you never yet wou'd do,
Till, for our Waiting, it did Wages grow;
Was our Due from you, e'er our Debt to you;
So, ſince our Due, with Shame, or Pain, we get,
From you, to you, we nothing are in Debt;
Your Friends your Favour, with ſuch Hardſhip gain,
For what they borrow from you, take ſuch Pain,
They juſtly of the Favour forc'd, complain;
Who, for it, Wait ſo long, ſuch Duty do,
Your Grant, does their Diſobligation grow;
Which makes you more in Debt to them, than they
To you, for Time they loſe, and Service pay;
Whilſt, by your Flat-Denial giv'n us, ſoon
Your Kindneſs, Manners, to us beſt were ſhown;
Since, a Denial were a Courteſie,
Of an Unkindneſs, a Civility,
Which lets no Friend, on you depend in vain,
For any Kindneſs he wou'd from you gain;

Which

Which him, from Vain Hopes in you, beſt relieves,
Kindneſs, from your Denials, ſo receives;
Since, a Denial, which is giv'n us ſoon,
Men, for a greater Obligation, own,
Than a Slow Favour, done unwillingly
For Kindneſs not, but Importunity,
Than a Vexatious, Lingering Delay,
Which, for your Gift, our Patience takes away;
So the Slow Favour, Man does grudgingly,
Does, of a Kindneſs, turn an Injury,
But an Affront, of a Civility;
A Wrong, does of an Obligation grow;
Taking his Poor Friend's Patience from him ſo,
Till the Slow Favour a Dear Bargain grows,
Which we to gain, our Time and Patience loſe;
So nothing none can ow, for ſuch a Loan,
Granted by Force, for Oſtentation done,
Not for Men's wanting Friends Sakes, but their own;
Like a quick Death then, quick Denials too,
From Friends, who will to Friends no Mercy ſhow,
Of Injuries, but greater Favours grow;
Since he, who will not ſoon his Friend relieve,
Is kind, if him he ſoon does undeceive;
Which, but the ſooner for him it is done,
He ſhou'd ſure, for the greater Kindneſs, own,
Which brings him in his Debt, without his Loan;
Since Diſappointment, all Men needs muſt grant,
Is more our Shame, or Trouble, than our Want;
For Diſappointments, make Fools of the Wiſe,
When Want, Men, with more Patience, Senſe ſupplies;

Then he's a Friend, who ſoon does Friends deny,
Their Vain Deſires, with which he won't comply,
So them, denying them, does ſatisfie;
But, if a Friend be truly Generous,
He does himſelf, the Pleaſure which he does,
Gives himſelf, what on others he beſtows;
So, Reſtitution to himſelf he makes,
I'th' Pleaſure, which, done to his Friend, he takes;
Is, for his Doing it, before-hand Paid,
By Satisfaction, he i'th' Good Deed, had;
Whilſt he, who for the Favour, asks, or prays,
Or e'er 'tis done, long ſerves for it, or ſtays,
Makes it his own, for Precious Time he pays;
Or Flattery, he to his Vain, Great Friend,
Does give, his own Diſparagement i'th' End;
The forc'd Good Turn, is ſo the Giver's Blame,
A Wrong to the Receiver, ſince his Shame;
A Rude Affront of a Kind Benefit,
Since he's made, out of Countenance, with it,
Which, if he Pardons, he is with it, quit;
Which was, e'er 'twas done to him, ſo delay'd,
It him, of Want of Merit, did upbraid;
To make the Boon, Diſobligation, grow
An Injury, to make the Favour; ſo,
Tedious Relievers, like Phyſicians, are,
For their Relief, make Poor Men pay ſo dear,
And, for it, ſo much Pains, and Shame endure,
Their Evil's ſcarce as tedious, as its Cure;
Such Friends then, like the Mercenary Quack,
Their Cure much worſe, than t'other's Evil, make,

Keep Patients, in Vain Hopes of Remedy,
At laſt, but more themſelves to Magnifie,
Than to Relieve their Patient's Miſery;
Keep them, in ling'ring Pain, till paſt Relief,
But by Vain Hopes of Eaſe, augment their Grief;
When they more charitably far wou'd do,
If they can't do 'em Good, to tell 'em ſo,
Not of their Precious Time, and Patience too;
To cheat 'em, by Vain Hopes of Remedy,
Since Juſtice 'tis, nay Height of Charity,
Soon to deny, as to give Speedily.

To the UPBRAIDING FRIEND.

WHEN me, you poorly, Vain Rich Friend! upbraid,
With my Debt to you, you your ſelf have Paid;
When Benefactors grudge once their Good Deed,
From Obligations their Oblig'd are freed;
Boaſting about, what thou haſt done for me,
Thou pay'ſt thy ſelf my Debt, elſe due to thee;
Your Pride, at my Fame's Coſt, you gratifie,
In your own Coin, with your own Vanity;
You, (when my Gratitude you from me take,
By ſaying it, I for your Kindneſs lack;)
Become my Debtor, of my Creditor,
Make my Debt leſs your Boon, as boaſted more;
Take, for your Baſe Pelf, my Good Name, away;
Which with more Money lent, you can't repay;
So, ſince thy Money I can't Pay to thee,
A better Thing, you for it, take from me;

For your Bad Debt, take away my Good Name,
Bring me to th' Puniſhment of Debtors Shame,
For Money lent me, rob me of my Fame;
Wrong to me, by grudg'd, boaſted Kindneſs do,
More in my Debt, than I in yours to grow;
Then Satisfaction muſt I have from you,
For having wrong'd me with your Benefit,
Lent me, but to upbraid me more with it,
Till me you from all Obligation quit;
Your Love's Delay, ſeems but your baſe Diſtruſt
Of me, that I ſhou'd to you prove unjuſt;
Wrong to my Faith, your Truſting me has done,
Since you your Diffidence in me have ſhown;
You, by your Cenſure of my Truth to you,
Cancel my Obligation to you ſo;
Upbraiding me with what y'ave done, you hint,
That of your Kindneſs done me, you repent;
Or, that I did not merit it from you,
By which I'm quit from all you did, or do
For me; nay ſince your Friendſhip you repent,
Or brag of, you forbid Acknowledgment;
By your grudg'd Kindneſs you have to me done,
You Rob me of your Honour, by your Loan,
Have giv'n me Credit, till you leave me none;
Who ſhou'd thy Boaſted Kindneſs done to me,
In vain acknowledge to Mankind and thee;
Which you your ſelf, to all Mankind made known,
To my Diſparagement, as ſoon as done;
So gave me no Time to acknowledge it,
Who did, in Gratitude, my Thanks omit;

W

Since

Since I, with more Thanks, had leſs Grateful grown,
To ſeem to think, you, but for Thanks alone,
The Kind Things, which you did for me, had done;
'Twere Ill to you, (for Good done me) to do,
'Twere thankfully, indeed, to injure you;
Thus I conceal'd your Kindneſs gratefully,
Leſt that I ſhou'd offend your Modeſty;
Since we the truly Generous repay,
But beſt, at leaſt we of their Bounty ſay;
As much more ſure is made that Benefit,
The leſs Thanks, or Praiſe, Donors ſeek for it,
Which when bragg'd of, th' Oblig'd, from Thanks are quit;
So you, by Bragging what you did for me,
Me, from my Obligation to you, free;
Since Bragging of your Generoſity
To me, ſeems to ſuppoſe ungen'rouſly,
That I your Kindneſs done me, wou'd deny;
For when Men call the World to Witneſs, to
The Kind, Great, Good Things to their Friends they do,
Of their Friend's Gratitude they ſhow Diſtruſt,
Which then ſure makes it Reaſonable, nay Juſt;
Such Kindneſs, but for Oſtentation done,
Or Thanks, an Obligation is, on none,
Is thought, not for one's Friend's ſake, but one's own;
For when we Reck'nings keep, for Kindneſs paid,
Our Generoſity turns Selfiſh-Trade;
Reck'nings are only kept by Trucking *Jews*,
Whoſe Gift their Selfiſhneſs, not Kindneſs ſhews,
Whoſe Good Deed, rather is their Trade, than Loan;
Not ſo much to their Friends Uſe, as their own;
A Bargain, rather than a Benefit,
Done but for more, that may be gain'd by it;)

Since

Since thoſe Good Deeds moſt Mercenary ſeem,
Which we do Friends, not for Reſpect to them,
But to get by them all the World's Eſteem;
When Benefits, we, like the Sun, ſhou'd do,
And like it, nothing of 'em ſeem to know,
To grow like it, by them more glorious ſo;
Not as the Lawyer, or Phyſician wou'd,
Who to Mankind, but ſelfiſhly do Good;
Eſtates, Lives, ſave, for their own Livelihood.

A Dialogue, *betwixt* Chloris *and* Thyrſis, *after a Forc'd Favour; to be Set and Sung.*

Chloris. I.

WHAT haſt thou done? O how I hate thee now,
Who cou'dſt ſo Cruel out of Kindneſs grow;
Thief of my Honour, thou haſt both undone,
I've loſt my Credit, thou haſt loſt thy Love;
Thy Pleaſure now is thy Repentance grown,
Thy Theft thy Loſs, as well as mine, does prove;

Thyrſis. II.

What we have done (my Dear!) I cannot tell,
I'm out of Breath, the Joy's unſpeakable;
But this I'm ſure of, I have done no Hurt,
For all the Pleaſant Pain for me you bore,
Tho' 'twas ſo piercing, 'twas but for a ſpurt,
Which (for your Comfort) you will feel no more;

III.

III.

Chlo.
Not for my Body's Hurt, I cry out so;
'Tis for my Honour, you have Butcher'd now;
For which, thou ne'er canst make me sure, amends,
With all thy Soothing, Fawning Flattery;
The Loss I ne'er can Answer to my Friends,
Who must, with me too, share this Infamy;

IV.

Thir.
What have you Lost? You have Lost only Pain
For Joy, which Pain no more you will sustain;
Love will no more a Terror to thee be,
And you will cry no more out, (as you did)
From Pain in Mind, Heart, elsewhere, wou't be free,
Deliver'd of thy Burthenous Maidenhead;

V.

Chlo.
'Tis my Lost Honour I complain of, more,
No Gift, or Art, can that to me restore;
Wretch! I for ever am undone by thee,
And never more shall be my self again;
Nor can there any Reparation be
For me, or ought, to take out Honour's Stain;

VI.

Thir.
Honour (my silly Dear!) was never lost,
By Private Act, but Public Plaint, or Boast;
Women are Modest thought, till what they do,
Their own Tongues, Tears, or Blushes, may betray;
How shou'd Men your Loss (as you call it) know?
Since I'll be Dumb, if you your Tongue can lay;

VII.

VII.

Chlo.

My Crime will, thro' my Guilty Cheeks, appear,
May Sad Eyes, Mourning for my Loss, will wear;
Altho' I 'scape the Censure of the Croud,
My Heavy Punishment will be within;
My Pains will, Nine Months hence, confess aloud,
My Shame, and Bloody Author of my Sin;

VIII.

Thir.

If so, be thou then not in Pain a jot,
To keep that Secret which must needs come out;
The Cause of thy Shame, will thy Shame requite;
If you think, you, by me, have lost your Fame,
Make not your Loss more, losing your Delight,
Shame, for one Fault, as many proves the same;

IX.

Chlo.

Well, then I see, I can but Ruin'd be,
All Harm thou canst do, thou hast done to me;
You Cruel, Filthy, Naughty, Rude Dear Man!
I'm Guilty now, and hate the Tell-tale Light,
Your worst y'ave done, then do all that you can,
You'd do worse, not, to do't again, to Night;

X.

Thir.

If I shou'd to you, come to Night again,
Again, you'd cry out, to put me in Pain,
And make both's Pleasure, both's Displeasure grow;
Make of our Secret Love, Discovery,
Proclaim your self, what you'd have none to know,
Own my Guilt, your Shame, by your Modesty;

XI.

XI.

Chlo.

No, you muſt (if you Love me) come again,
Since, if you did not, you'd give me more Pain;
For, tho' you ſo did Hurt me, (Cruel Dear!)
If that again, to hurt me, you deny,
I, crying out for Love, ſhou'd leſs forbear,
Be leſs in Pain for Love, than Jealouſie.

To a Loud, Talkative, Minor WIT, *who us'd to repeat often, in His Vindication, the* Latin *Saying,* Loquere, ut te videam.

YOU vain Weak Wits, like vain Weak Lovers too,
Your ſelves, the more you Talk, leſs able ſhow,
Like Bullies, more you Talk, the leſs you do;
More Strength you boaſt, more Impotent you prove,
For Talk, more Weak in Arms, Diſputes, or Love;
Who, more you Prate, but make Men hear you leſs,
In many Words, leſs Meaning, but Expreſs;
Till by your Talking thus inceſſantly,
You make your Wit, your Judgment to deny,
Mens Cenſure of your Senſe, to juſtifie;
If you Talk'd leſs, your Senſe wou'd more appear,
Your Silence, wou'd your Wiſdom more declare,
And thee, Wits (who love Talking) more wou'd hear;
As your own Talk, but your own Self does pleaſe,
It can get, from your own Self, only Praiſe,
And Man's own Praiſe, is moſt his Wits Diſgrace;
The more Loud, and Inceſſantly you Prate,
'Tis leſs known, what you wou'd be driving at,
Who Deafen your few Hearers, by your Chat;

Hold then thy Tongue, to prove thy Reaſon good,
Speak leſs, to have thy Senſe more underſtood;
Your Loud Talk, takes our Hearing quite away,
The more you Talk, we mind leſs what you ſay;
Then Prattler! hold your Tongue once, (if you can)
Your Underſtanding better to maintain;
Since by concealing ſtill your Folly, you
Will, to us, more your Senſe, or Reaſon, ſhow,
That your own ſelf, you beſt, like Wiſe Men, know;
For if you could, to hold your Tongue, be brought,
We might be brought, to think, you had ſome Thought;
Had you Senſe, you might, by your Talking, find,
The more you Talk, we leſs, what you ſay, mind;
For Frothy, Pert Chat, like Wine, Sharp and Small,
The Converſation it ſhou'd mend, does Pall;
By which, it rather is debas'd, than rais'd,
And makes us ſpue, inſtead of being pleas'd;
Our Stomachs turns, e'er it can reach our Heads,
Mirth it ſhou'd give, Good Company forbids;
Wit is, like Valour, lying in the Tongue
Alone, itſelf 'twou'd Right, does much more Wrong,
Like Rage, the more ſoon up, but laſts the leſs,
To prove a Jeſt more, for its Earneſtneſs;
So you, who ſhow leſs Strength of Senſe, than Voice,
Prove your Senſe leſs, the more you make a Noiſe;
As Watches, leſs True, for Alarums go,
So Men their Falſe Senſe, by Loud Tattle ſhow;
To prove thy Senſe, let not thy Mind be known,
Silence, without Wit, proves a Coxcomb none,
Nay, tho' far from a Wit, to paſs for one;
For, if our Silence makes not our Wit out,
'Tis Wiſe to leave our Nonſenſe ſure, in Doubt;

Silent

Silent Fools ſhow, that their own ſelves they know,
And that is all the Height of Senſe can do;
As Good Wits more Senſe, in few Words, diſplay,
Small Wits ſhow moſt Senſe, but the leſs they ſay;
If Wits, who talk moſt, leaſt their Judgment ſhow;
Fools, as it were Wits by their Silence grow;
By which they ſhow, they know themſelves at leaſt,
Which the moſt uſeful Knowledge is, ſo beſt.

A SONG. *To a* Lady, *who ſaid*, Men of Wit were Atheiſts in Love, as well as in Religion; *and that* Fools were every way Faithful Adorers, ſince True Believers.

I.

THE Grave and Dull I did deſpiſe,
Now moſt my Spleen and Envy move;
Whom Want of Senſe has made ſo Wiſe,
As to live Ignorant of Love;

II.

So Fools, the Wiſe *Turks* reverence,
Whoſe Want of Senſe and Wit, ſecures
Them from thoſe Troubles, too much Senſe,
For the too Knowing ſtill procures;

III.

Since Fools in this World, as elſewhere
Are, from their Want of Senſe, moſt Bleſt;
Love's Pains or Flames, they feel not here,
But have their Senſleſs Souls at Reſt;

IV.

So you, Divine Thing! and my Fate,
But like the Deſtinies above,
Believing Fools in Bliſs eſtate,
Make our Senſe, your Doubt of our Love;

V.

If they prove to you moſt their Love,
Who have the moſt Senſe yours to know,
They who have moſt Senſe, moſt ſhou'd prove,
By knowing moſt, moſt Love for you.

Upon AVARICE. *To a Miſerable* Wretch, *who pretended to hate Vanity, more than he lov'd Money.*

THE Miſer is, ev'n in his Thriſt, moſt vain,
Who loſes all he has, but more to gain;
Who, by his Wealth's Increaſe, does rob himſelf,
Whoſe Avarice increaſes with his Pelf,
In Pain for that, by which he ſeeks his Eaſe,
Makes that his Trouble, which ſhou'd buy his Peace;
Loſes his Wealth, by keeping up his Store,
So ſtill, has but the leſs, as he has more,
By Plenty's made moſt miſerably Poor;
Is, but by his Increaſe of Wealth, undone;
Who, but for keeping all, has Uſe of none;
So ſenſleſs, ſaving, craving Avarice,
Its Satisfaction, to itſelf denies,
Which makes Man's Wealth, as more, him leſs ſuffice;
Whilſt moſt Sins elſe, their Satisfaction have,
In the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Things they crave;

Revenge,

Revenge, Ambition, Vanity, Luſt, Pride,
And Gluttony, can all be ſatisfy'd,
When they are, with thoſe Things they ſeek, ſupply'd;
But Avarice, that Wolf, of Greedy Minds,
Itſelf leſs ſatisfy'd, for Cramming, finds;
Not to be Covetous, is to be Rich,
Gain of Content, is ſure the higheſt Pitch
Th' Aſpirer ſeeks, or beſt Eſtabliſhment,
The Hoarder craves, which Av'rice does prevent;
Since Man's Deſires, ſtill with his Gains increaſe,
Which make, as more, his Satisfaction leſs,
Till his Good Luck, turns his Unhappineſs;
So Gold, the Common Miſtreſs, (ſtill we ſee)
Like other ſhining, tempting Jilts, will be,
Inſtead of the Fop's Credit, his Diſhonour,
Who too cloſe keeps her, too much doats upon her;
In being kept, or left, by her Fond Man,
Is equally his Trouble, or his Pain;
Thus is, in being kept up, or let go,
Its Lover's Joy, and his Diſpleaſure too;
Of his Ambition, his Diſhonour grows,
Till his Gain is his Reputation's Loſs;
So you, Vain Miſer! are extravagant,
In wanting what you have, for Fear of Want;
For Fear of being Ruin'd, are Undone,
Are, out of Love to your own Money, grown
So ſaving, that you leave your own ſelf none,
Since from your ſelf, for your Heirs, all you have,
With Avarice, moſt laviſhly you ſave;
For them who grudge you your Life, lay it up,
Out of your Pow'r, or Uſe, i'th' Scriv'ner's Shop;

Who

Who think, whilſt you live on, you do them Wrong,
To keep them from their own, not yours, ſo long;
Their own, who wou'd for Pleaſure part with it,
Which you cannot, ev'n for your Pleaſure quit;
Can't on your own Wants, or your Self, beſtow,
So that it ought not for your own to go,
Since you but nothing with it have to do;
Thus on Life's Road, like careful Travellers,
Your risk you Life for Gold, leſs yours than theirs,
You call your Friends, (but are your Foes) your Heirs;
You lug about Gold, but for thoſe Men, who
Moſt ſeek your Death, wou'd ſtrip you for it too;
Who but like Thieves, are ſo your Followers,
But to make all you live poſſeſs'd of, theirs;
Till you, full gorg'd, like ſucking Leeches, die,
To makes Foes, by your Death, live merrily;
Since but your Friends for your Long Life can grieve,
Whom you, by Living, of their Hopes deceive,
And them of their Inheritance bereave;
Which you gain'd, not ſo much to keep, as loſe,
Since you but uſe it leſs, as more it grows,
And of it, as 'tis more, can leſs diſpoſe;
Then leave your Avarice, but out of Thrift,
And be not by your Stores of them bereft;
For you, Poor Rich Man, are the Prodigal,
Who give, e'er you die, from your own ſelf, all;
Not to your beſt Friend, but worſt Enemy,
Your Heir, who cannot live, till that you die,
Thus of your Death, is in neceſſity;
You Muck-Worms, like the Silk-Worms, only ſo,
Labour but for your Shining Riflers, who,
Wou'd for your Pains and Gains, rob, kill you too;

Juſtly

Juſtly your Death, but for their Wealth, contrive,
Who your Heirs, of their Livelihood, deprive,
Since, till you Die, you will not let 'em Live;
Then ſay not, 'pray, you hate all Vanity,
Since, but for that, you live ſo Miſerably;
For nothing is ſo Vain, as hoarding Store,
Which, the more 'tis, makes your Deſires the more,
So you, but as more Rich, more truly Poor;
To be more Rich, more to your Infamy,
By being Guilty moſt Felonioufly,
Moſt to your Shame, of your own Poverty.

A SONG to Phillis; *Reviving Her Friend's Old Love, by Singing a New Song of His, written on Her.*

I.

LET me thy Kindneſs but revive,
Who Dy'd long ſince for Love of thee;
My Songs ſhall make thy Beauty live,
Altho' that it has Murther'd me;

II.

As Arrows ſhot back, on the Foe,
By them, at whom they firſt were aim'd,
Of their Defence, Offenſive grow,
When by their own Arms, they are maim'd;

III.

My Song's so meant, for my Love's Aid,
In overcoming Cruel thee;
Of my Help once, now thine are made,
In Conquering, and Wounding me;

IV.

My Love, meant thee to mollifie,
Stiffens thee, but into more Pride,
In giving thee more Vanity,
My Courtship has my Love deny'd;

V.

So my Songs made, to make you Love
Me more, more frustrate their Intent;
By which, more Vain, less Kind you prove,
Till by my Love, I yours prevent;

VI.

So the most Pushing Enemy,
Too forward in his Bold Attack,
Oft makes his own Artillery,
In his Assault, to force him back.

An EPITHALAMIUM *on the Marriage of Two very Ill Natur'd* Blacks, *who were to have their Liberty, in consideration of their* Match.

YOu Slaves! are now set Free, but on the Score,
Of growing much more Slaves, than e'er before;
Go freely thus, into more Slavery,
Call'd Wedlock, for your Infidelity;

For Want of Faith, in one another, you,
Bond-Slaves for Life, thus one to'another grow;
By your Church-Bondage, that of Marriage, fit
Death only can be your Deliverance;
Each, fondly thinking to get Liberty,
Each other bind more faſt in Slavery;
So, but like other Sooty Gipſies, you
Take Hands now, but to cheat each other too;
Each other to the Devil, your ſelves you give,
Like Witches, that here both may beſtriding live;
Giving your ſelves to one another, you,
But as the Devil, and the Witches, ſo
Muſt, by your Pact, Pains mutual undergo;
For, like the Devil, and the Witch, you will,
But to both's Torment, hug each other ſtill,
By your Pact, your Perdition to fulfil;
Yet, neither of you needs a Rival fear,
No Groper, either's Darkneſs, will come near;
Each other's Hue, keeps both from Jealouſie,
As Men gain Peace, by their Obſcurity;
For her Face, let thy Wife, Black Bride-groom! ſhow
Her, thou't be ſure, that no Man elſe will know,
Since none, a Favour ſure, will from her ask,
Whoſe very Face is a forbidding Mask;
Yet each, in Wedlock, (growing Chriſtian) will
Grow to each other, more an Infidel;
In Wedlock's Joys, will have the Devil's Content,
But one another's Eaſe, more to prevent,
Out of more Love, each other more Torment;
In vain then, ſhou'd I give you Devil's Joy,
Which both reſolve, by Wedlock, to deſtroy,

Who, like Black Fiends, agree to disagree,
Each other's Torment, out of Love to be,
More bound to be, with your selves, but more free;
As you'd more Freedom with each other take,
More Slaves, for Life, each other but to make.

Thanks to a Scornful Mistress, for Her Pride, and Indifference in Her Love; being to all Men alike. A SONG.

I.

FOR our Love, you requite us all,
Repaying Love to none;
Since still, your Scorn is general,
You Wrong not any one;

II.

One Way your Rigour pleases me,
If I cannot have you,
Nor in your Love can Happy be,
I'm so, since none are so;

III.

For if your Love were Singular,
'Twere Public Injury;
Since none of you deserving are,
'Tis just to let all Die;

IV.

Your Cruelty does Kindneſs prove,
Your Scorn grows Charity;
Who, ſince to none you ſhow True Love,
To none give Jealouſie.

In Praiſe of IGNORANCE; *which is, at leaſt* Knowledge, *moſt* Wiſdom. *Dedicated to the* Court; *nay, to all Sorts of* Courts.

MOST Noble Ignorance! ſtill ſcorning Pain,
And Labour, the worſt Labour of the Brain,
Shou'd not for Folly, but for Wiſdom paſs,
Since the Firſt Man's Crime, Ruine, and Diſgrace,
His Guilt and Curſe, but from his Knowledge was;
So ſince Man's Knowledge has his Ruine been,
Ignorance is the Trueſt Wiſdom then,
Since Men in it Reſt, Quiet, Safety find,
The Body's Eaſe, and True Peace of the Mind;
Then Ignorance ſhou'd for Diſcretion go,
Patron of Courage, nay of Science too,
For few wou'd Fight, or Write, did they know what they do;
And Books, the Magazines of Senſe, or Wit,
Had never ſure been written, but for it;
Then it, for Beſt Senſe we muſt needs confeſs,
Since Cauſe of all Content, and Happineſs,
Whence, what is Good or Ill, we cannot gueſs;
Whence we, for Want of Foreſight, Reaſon, Senſe,
Are ſafe, have Innocence for our Defence;

Dangers, nor Ill Luck, can fore-ſee, fore-know,
Which our Grief, our Shame, from our Knowledge grow;
Which felt and ſuffer'd, by Thought, Fear, or Care,
To ſhun 'em, (tho' they never happen) are;
So Senſe, makes Caution make our Miſchief ſure,
Our Thoughts, Fears, Cares, Cauſe for 'em to procure;
Whilſt Ignorance, for Want of Knowledge is,
And Thinking, but moſt Innocent, and Wiſe;
Shou'd, as leaſt Knowledge, for moſt Prudence go,
Snce Men leaſt Happy prove, the more they know;
Then Ignorance Good Senſe will juſtifie,
Is, as leaſt Senſe, but moſt True Policy,
Of which, the Cautious Cunning are leaſt ſhy;
Beſt Policy, which Fools wou'd hide alone,
And Wiſe Men moſt, to ſhow moſt Knowledge, own;
Who, to ſhow more Senſe, let it leſs appear,
Since Senſe keeps all who deal with it, in Fear;
And ſince in Courts, for Breeding, Wiſdom too,
Not to ſee Faults, or Follies, does it go,
The Wiſe, to know all, nothing ſeem to know;
Since Knowledge makes leſs Friends than Enemies,
Man in his Ignorance is ſafe, ſo wiſe;
Thus Ignorance for Want of Knowledge, we,
With Reaſon, moſt Diſcretion think to be,
Since ſtill more Knowledge, does more Trouble grow,
More Fear, more Guilt, but as more Knowledge too;
Then Prudent Ignorance, (we muſt confeſs)
More Reaſon ſhows, as is its Knowledge leſs,
If Want of Care, or Fear, be Happineſs;
To which a Man, for Prudent, Want of Thought,
Or Knowledge, by Stanch Ignorance, is brought;

For

For Want of Science, 'tis Philosophy,
Makes Men, for less Thought, live more happily,
More wisely then, as more insensibly;
For Want of Knowledge, to have more Content,
To live more Free, more Safe, as Innocent;
By scorning Pedantry, Thought, Sense, 'tis Wit;
Since Knowledge brings more Pain, Care, Fear with it;
Thus Ignorance, for Want of Knowledge, so,
More Reason is, Faith, and Religion too;
In Camps, for daring Fortitude has gone,
Not knowing what it did, has Honour won;
He who no Danger sees, no Fear can know,
In Court or Camp, for best Assurance so,
And Honour, daring Ignorance may go;
For Want of Sense, 'twill baffled be by none,
By no Court-Rants, School-Subtilties run down,
For Want of Reason, best maintains its own;
Thus Ignorance, for want of Knowledge, Is
More Sense, as but less Understanding 'tis;
For Want of Sense, 'tis Self-sufficiency,
To make it but on its own Self rely,
Whilst Diffidence does want of Sense imply;
By Thoughtless Ignorance, is Prudence shown,
Since 'tis Court-Policy, to show there none,
Which is most Pow'rful, as it is least known;
Thus Ignorance is most, best Policy,
Since none of Fraud, suspect Simplicity,
Which is confided in, implicitly;
Which can no Guile, in Word or Action show,
So no Man's Shame, but Honour shou'd it grow;

Its Honour, Wiſdom, beſt does juſtifie,
But by its Boldneſs, and Simplicity;
Which having to Vain Knowledge no Pretence,
Proves more its Courage, Faith, and Innocence;
Its Patience, Gravity, Diſcretion too,
Which does more Senſe (diſputing nothing) ſhow;
Since Men ſtill, for an obſtinate Debate,
Or Oppoſition, grow more Obſtinate;
Thus Ignorance, ſo ſilent, ſerious, ſhou'd,
When moſt dumb, be for moſt Senſe underſtood;
Since no Weak Fool can do his Senſe more Wrong,
Than by expoſing it with his own Tongue;
Whoſe Want of Senſe, but by his Talk is known,
The Fool who nothing ſays, ſhou'd go for none;
Who thinks of nothing, nothing e'er can fear,
Then Ignorants, who have for leſs Thought but leſs Care,
And Fear, moſt Happy, as moſt Senſleſs are;
Who for leſs Senſe, more Pain and Trouble can
Still undergo, than the more Thoughtful Man;
Then Senſe is Nonſenſe, which does Eaſe prevent,
Ignorance Wiſdom, which brings moſt Content,
Keeps Man more Safe, but as more Innocent;
Whilſt Knowledge is, (as no Man can deny)
As 'twas the Firſt Man's Fault, All's Miſery;
Then Happineſs in Ignorance ſhou'd lie;
And Ignorance ſhou'd for moſt Reaſon go,
Which Miſchiefs e'er they come, will not fore-know;
Which Senſe fears, feels, whether they come or no;
Thus Ignorance is Happineſs, ev'n here;
Safety, Peace, Reſt, as it will prove elſewhere;
Since it is Faith, and Blind Devotion too,
Believing all, ſince it does nothing know;

Thus

Thus Ignorance, in Truth, moſt Wiſdom is,
As it does know leaſt, muſt do leaſt amiſs,
Gives here, the Faithful, their Fools-Paradiſe;
For, if Joy, Peace, are more, (as Knowledge leſs,
Much Ignorance muſt be much Happineſs;
Ignorance is our Happy'ſt State of all;
For ſuch was *Adam*'s, e'er he had his Fall;
So, 'twas his Knowledge was his Firſt Offence,
But for which, he had kept his Innocence;
Man's firſt Bleſt State of Ignorance, it was,
Which now, for that of Innocence does paſs,
Since Knowledge was Man's Guilt, to his Diſgrace;
The State of Ignorance then does ſuffice,
Like that of Grace, for our Neceſſities,
Which them, for Want of Knowledge, beſt ſupplies;
Since Man's Senſe makes him more Unhappy grow,
In this Life, as he more does of it know;
And makes him leſs believe in t'other too;
Then Ignorance is Wiſdom, ſince Content
Is Faith, and Virtue, ſince 'tis Innocent,
Here, elſewhere, the Soul's Torment does prevent;
Which makes Man, Good from Evil leſs to know,
For this, or next Life, but leſs Anxious ſo;
Which makes his Mind at Reſt, that's Heaven here,
Without Ambition, Envy, Care, or Fear;
So mends his Faith, and keeps him from Deſpair,
Makes him, to hope the beſt, the worſt to bear;
Thus Ignorance, is Faith, Hope, Charity,
Makes Man, without Guile, live Licentiouſly;
Since Sin's no Sin, till known, for ſuch, it is,
Then Ignorance can nothing Act amiſs;

'Tis

'Tis Grace, by which, Men Innocent must grow,
Faith's Proof, and Guide, of Blind Devotion too;
Nay, without Faith alone, can Sinners save,
Who would (this thought) no Faith, but for it, have;
Thus Ignorance is Rest, Salvation, Bliss,
Faith, Hope, without Fear, so True Happiness,
Ev'n Ignorance, for Knowledge too may go,
Since more we know, the less we know, we know;
In fine then, Ignorance we can't deny,
Is the most Stoical Stupidity;
For Want of Sense, Faith, and Philosophy;
Since Rest, Peace, Happiness, of all the Wise,
In safe, and quiet Stupefaction, lies.
To keep Mens Minds, from Thoughts, Cares, Fears, at Rest,
In Happy Thoughtlesness, most truly Blest;
Thus Ignorance, is most Sense, as 'tis least;
For Want of Sense, so but more Rational,
Since all Thought, which we can most Reason call,
Is but to think, to have no Thought at all;
For all our Care, Fear, Guilt, are on us brought,
From having too much Knowledge, Sense, or Thought;
Then Height of Sense, is living Senselesly,
And Height of Wisdom, safe Stupidity,
As Height of Joy, but Senseless Ecstacy.

The End of the First Volume.

M 13 M